

GOLD
KEY

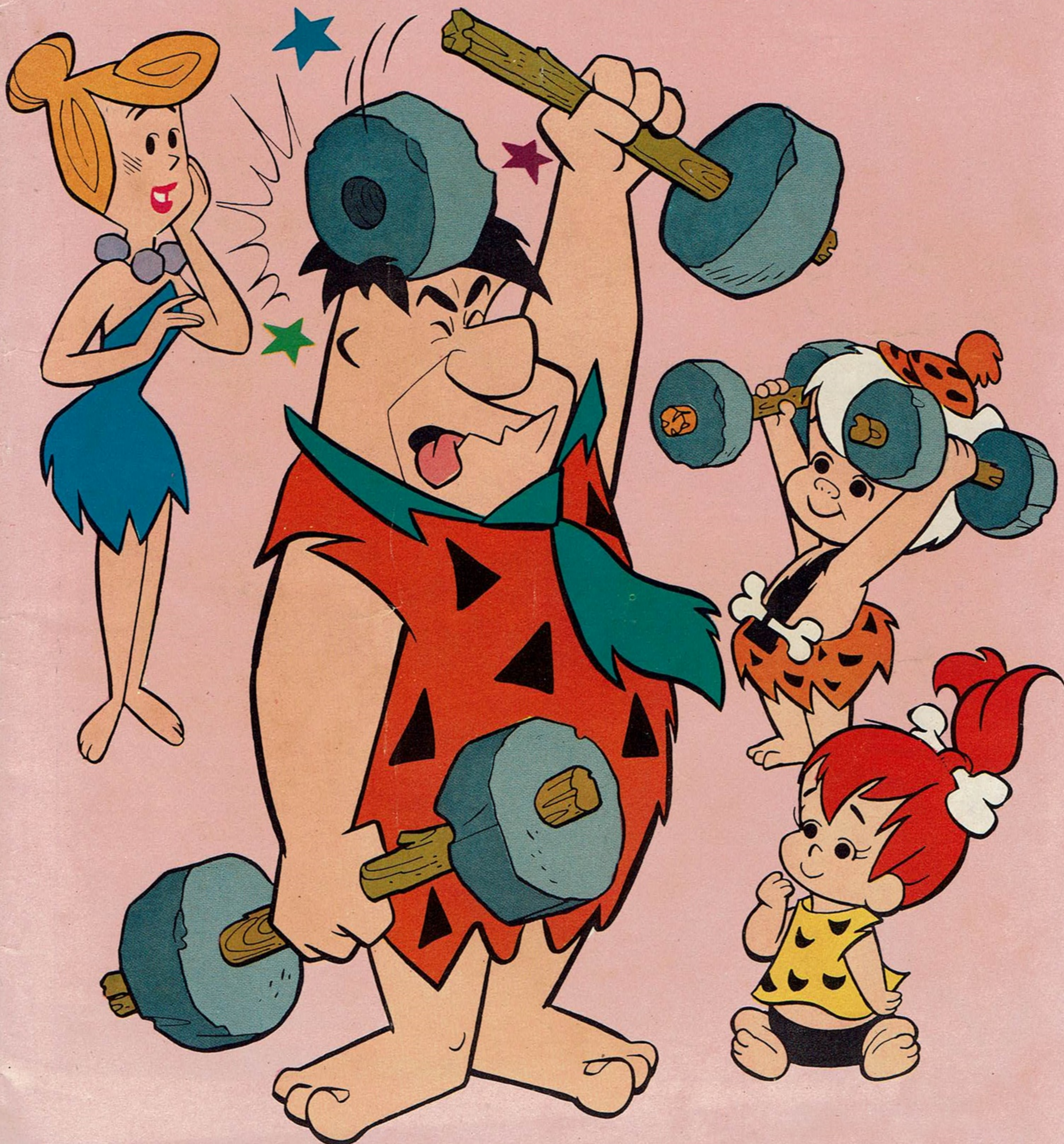
THE FLINTSTONES

12c

HANNA-BARBERA

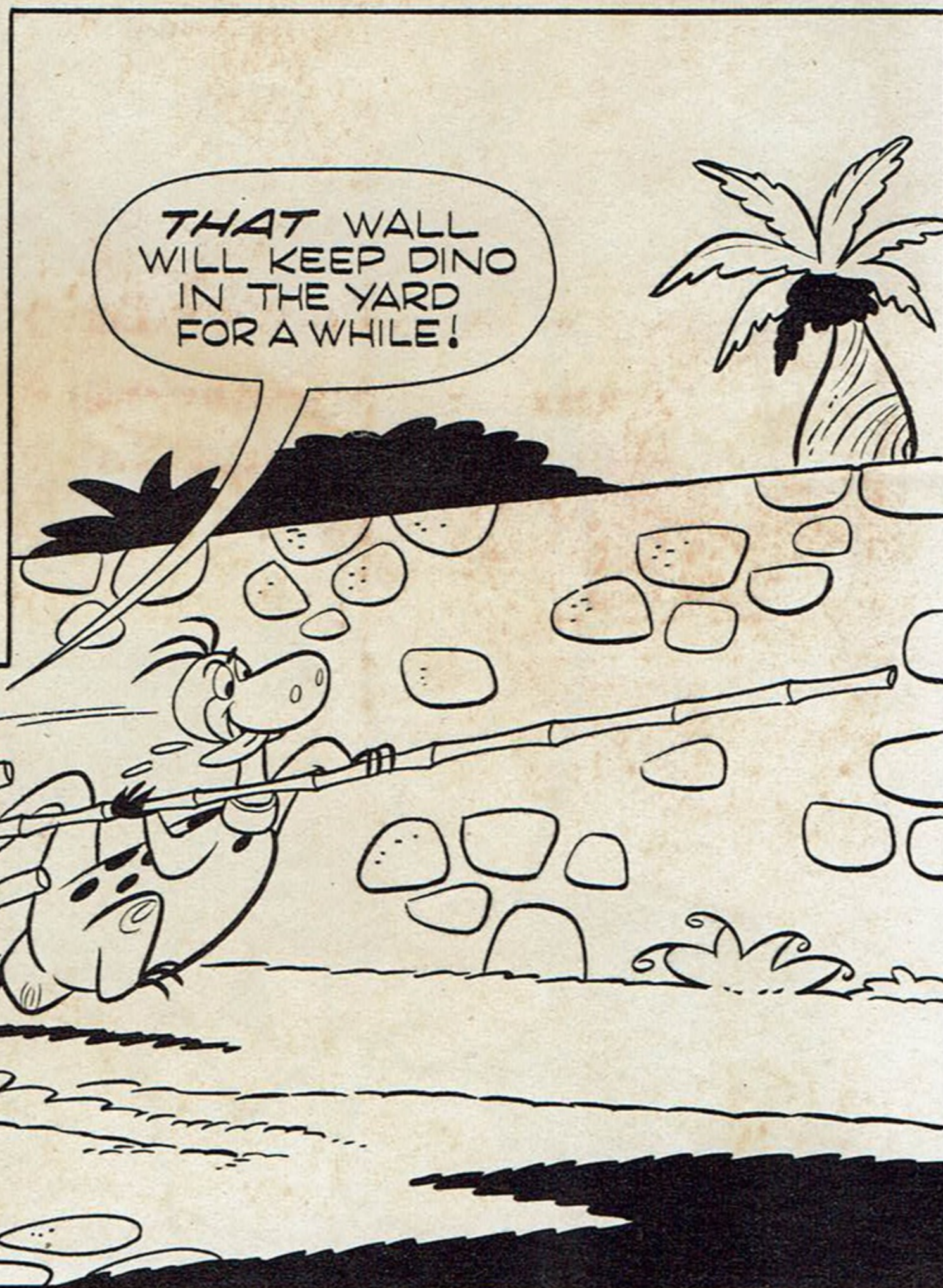
THE FLINTSTONES

with PEBBLES and BAMM-BAMM



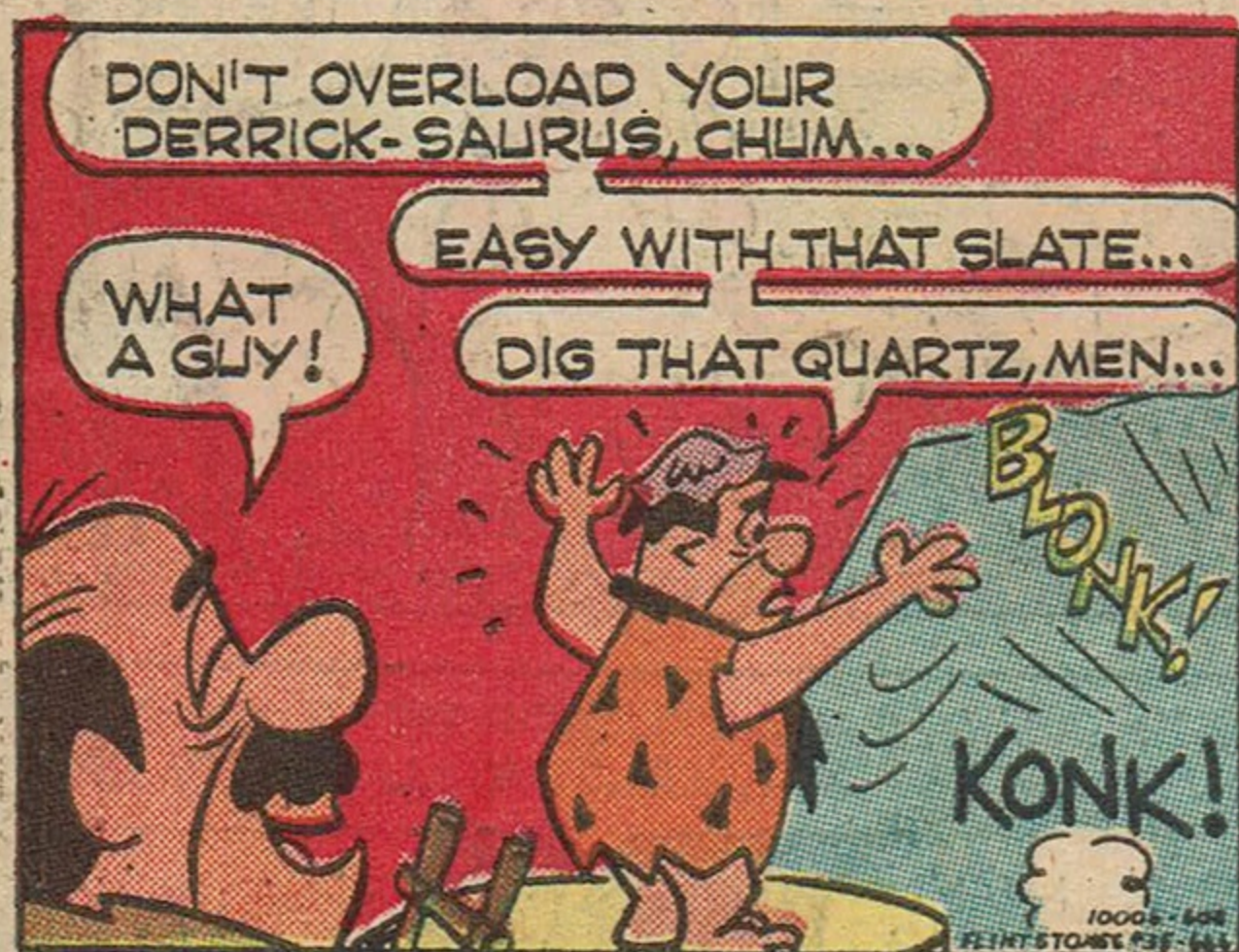
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AUGUST

Hanna-Barbera
THE
FLINTSTONES



Hanna-Barbera **THE FLINTSTONES**

DISORDER BELOW THE BORDER

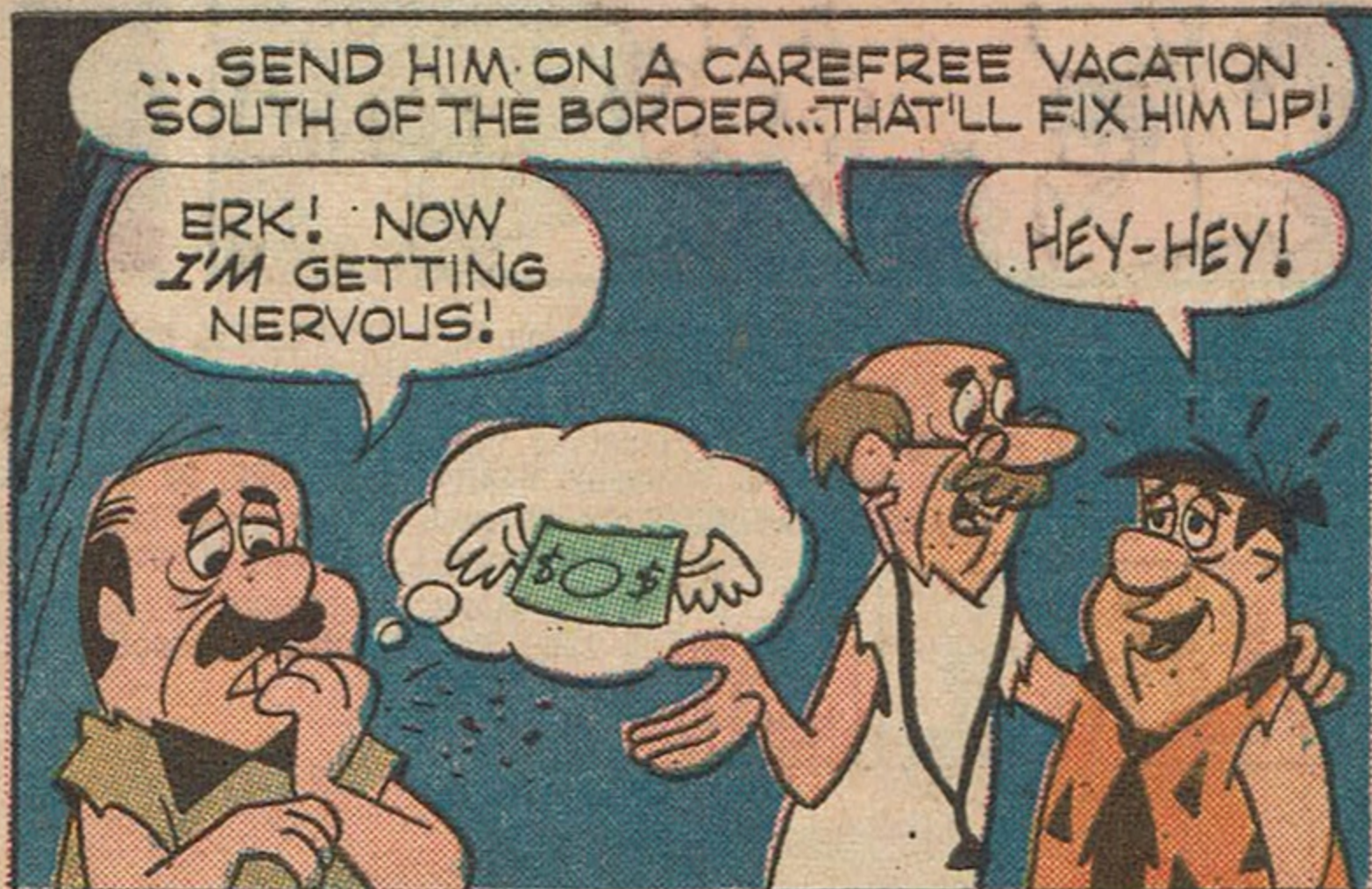
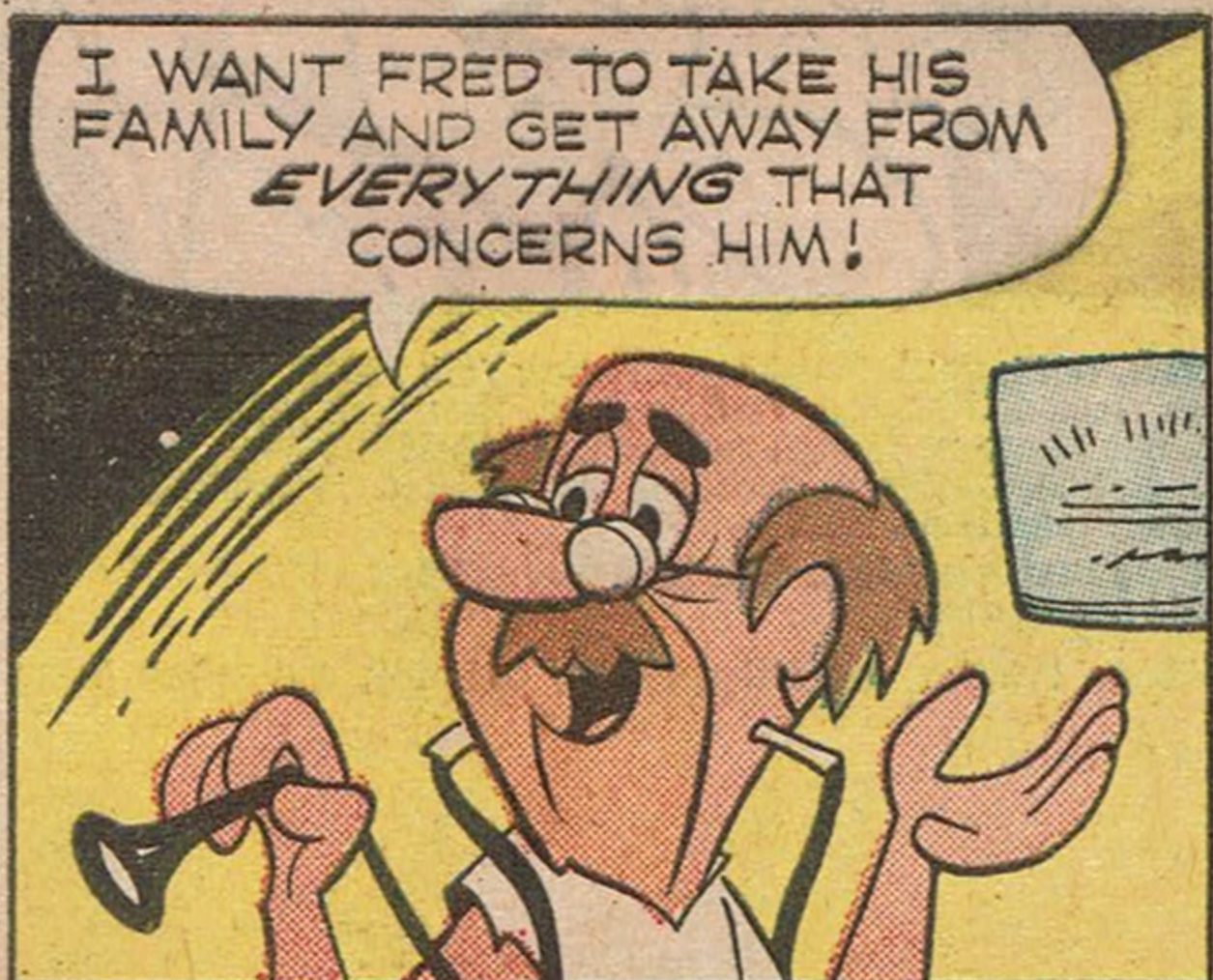
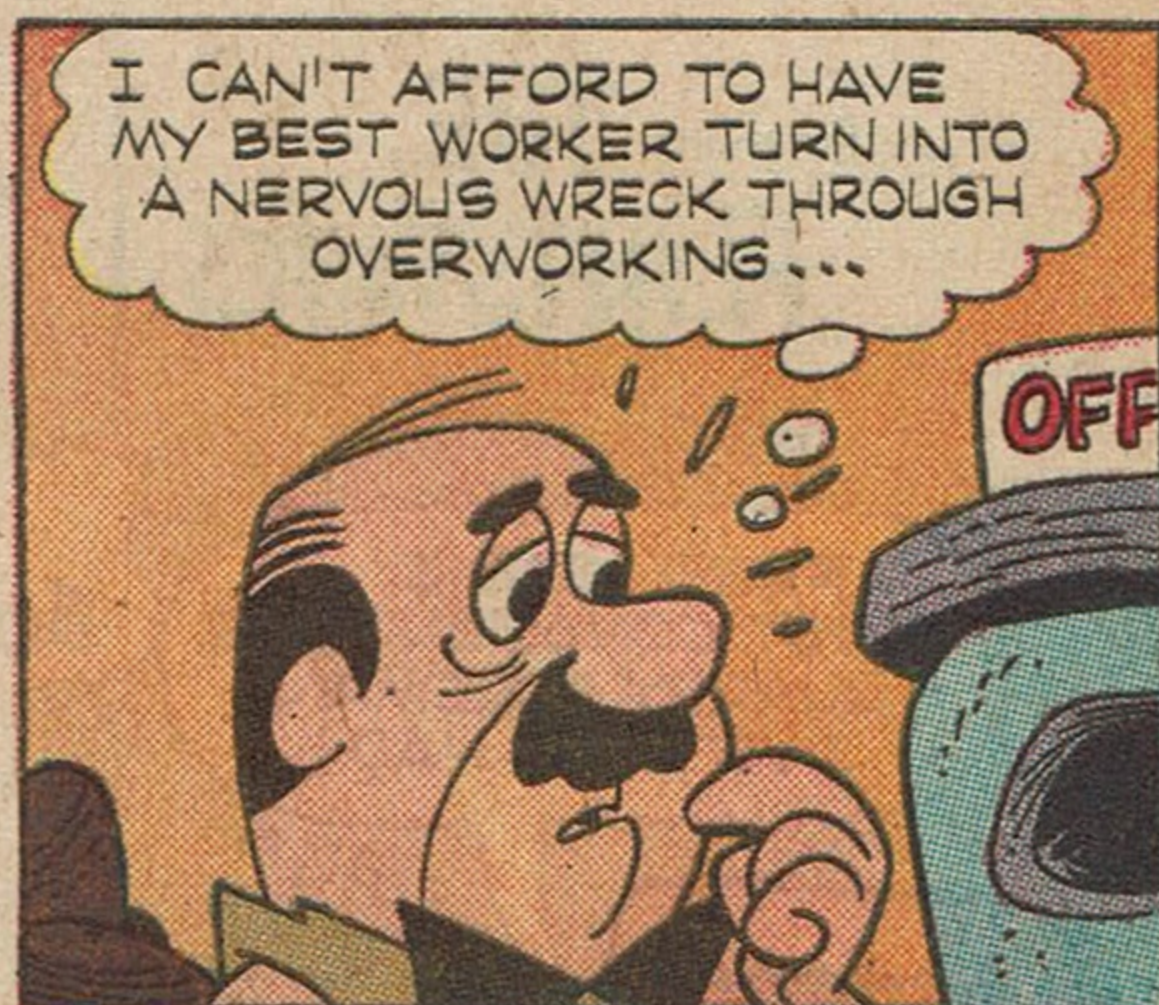
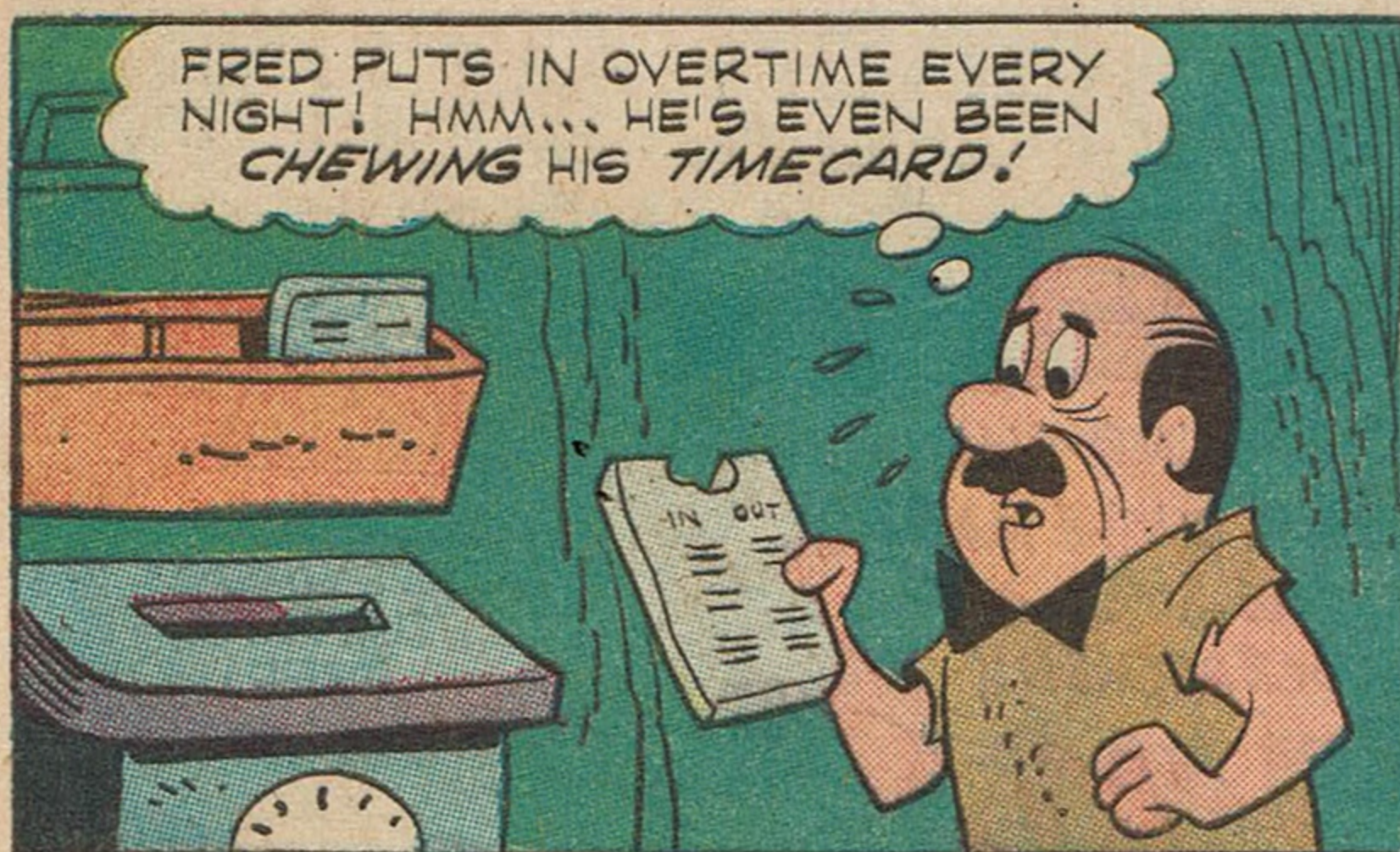


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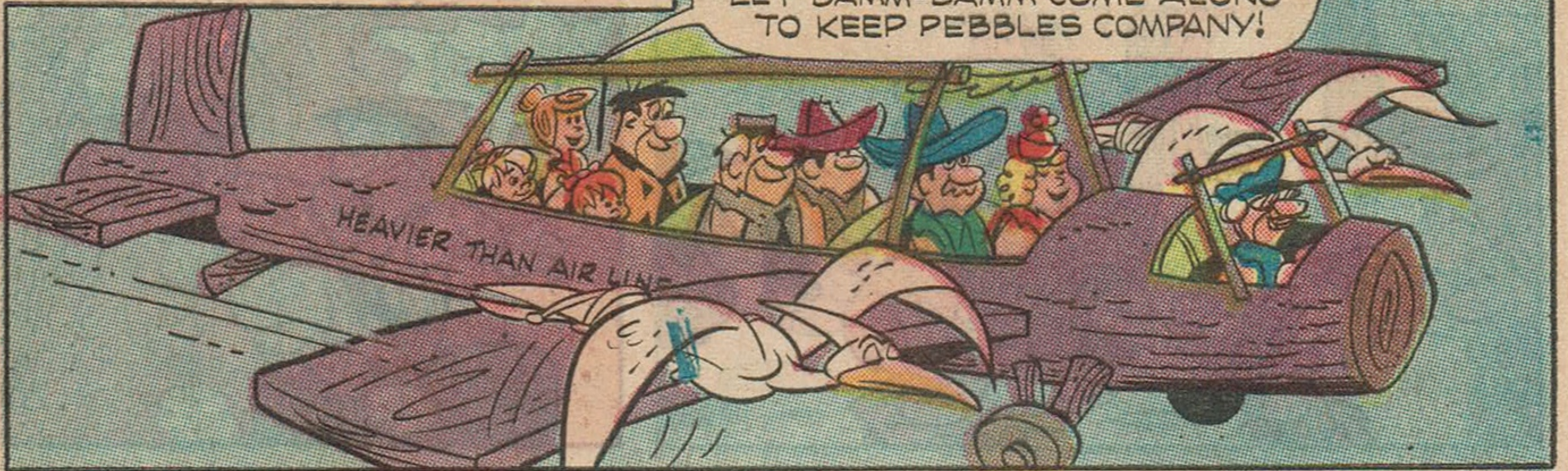


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SOON AFTER, THE FLIGHT SOUTH...

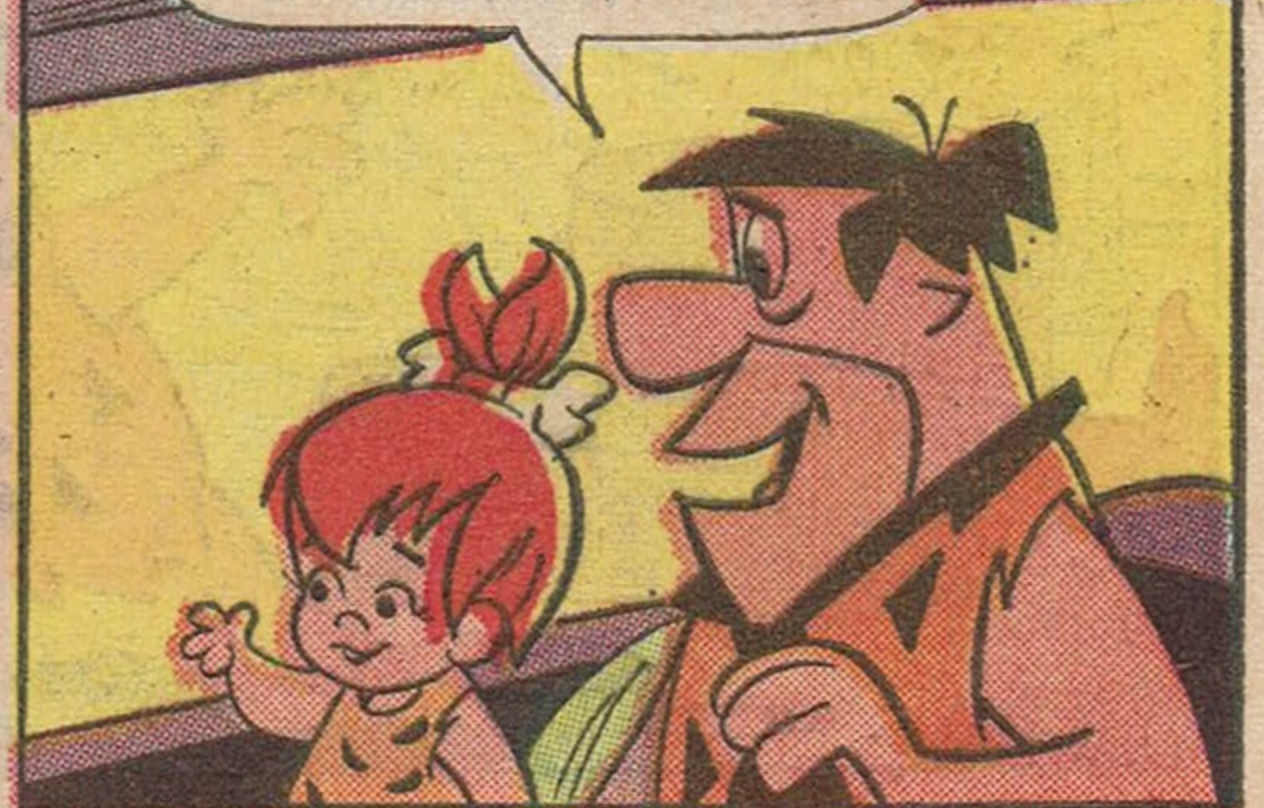
I'M GLAD BETTY AND BARNEY
LET BAMB-BAMB COME ALONG
TO KEEP PEBBLES COMPANY!



YOO-HOO, PASSENGERS...WE ARE
COMING TO SNOOZITA CITY...I THEENK!
FASTEN YOUR SEAT BELTS, PLEASE!

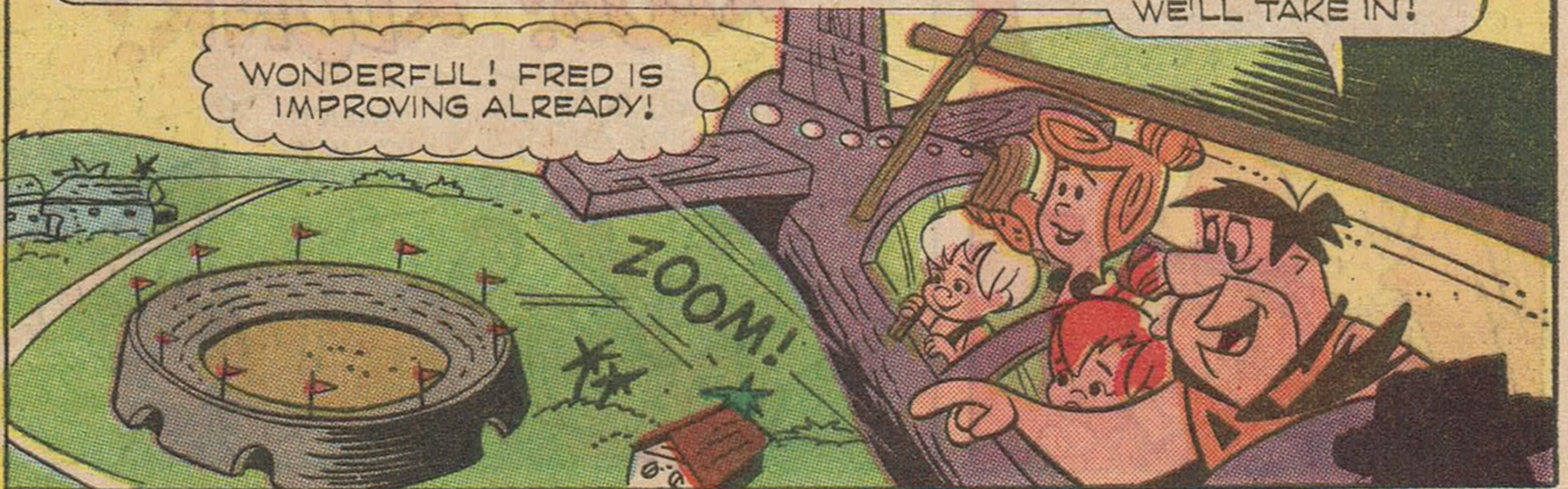


OH BOY! LOOK AT
THE SIGHTS, WILMA...

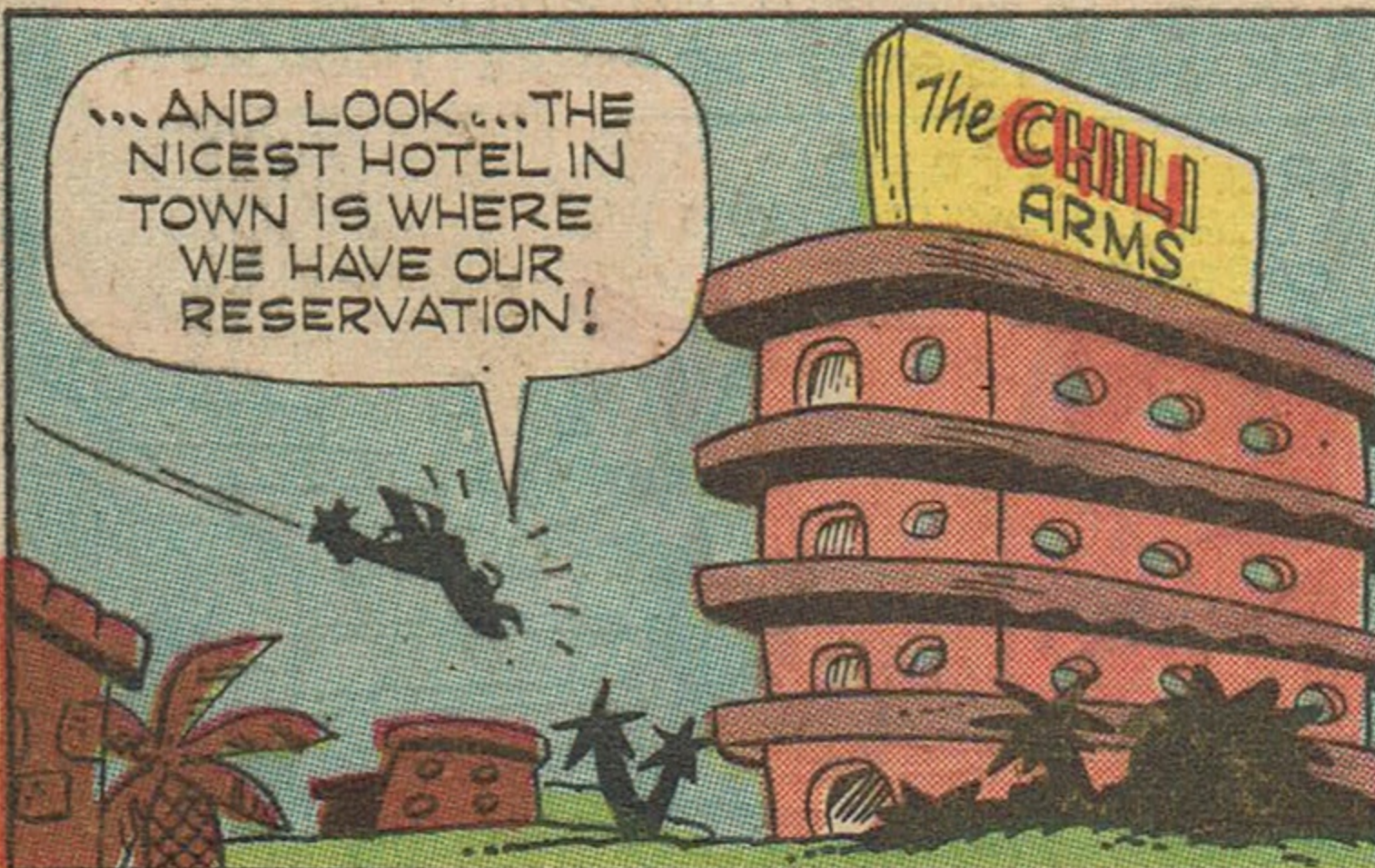


THERE'S A BULL-A-SAURUS FIGHT ARENA! YAHOO!...ONE OF MANY THINGS
WE'LL TAKE IN!

WONDERFUL! FRED IS
IMPROVING ALREADY!

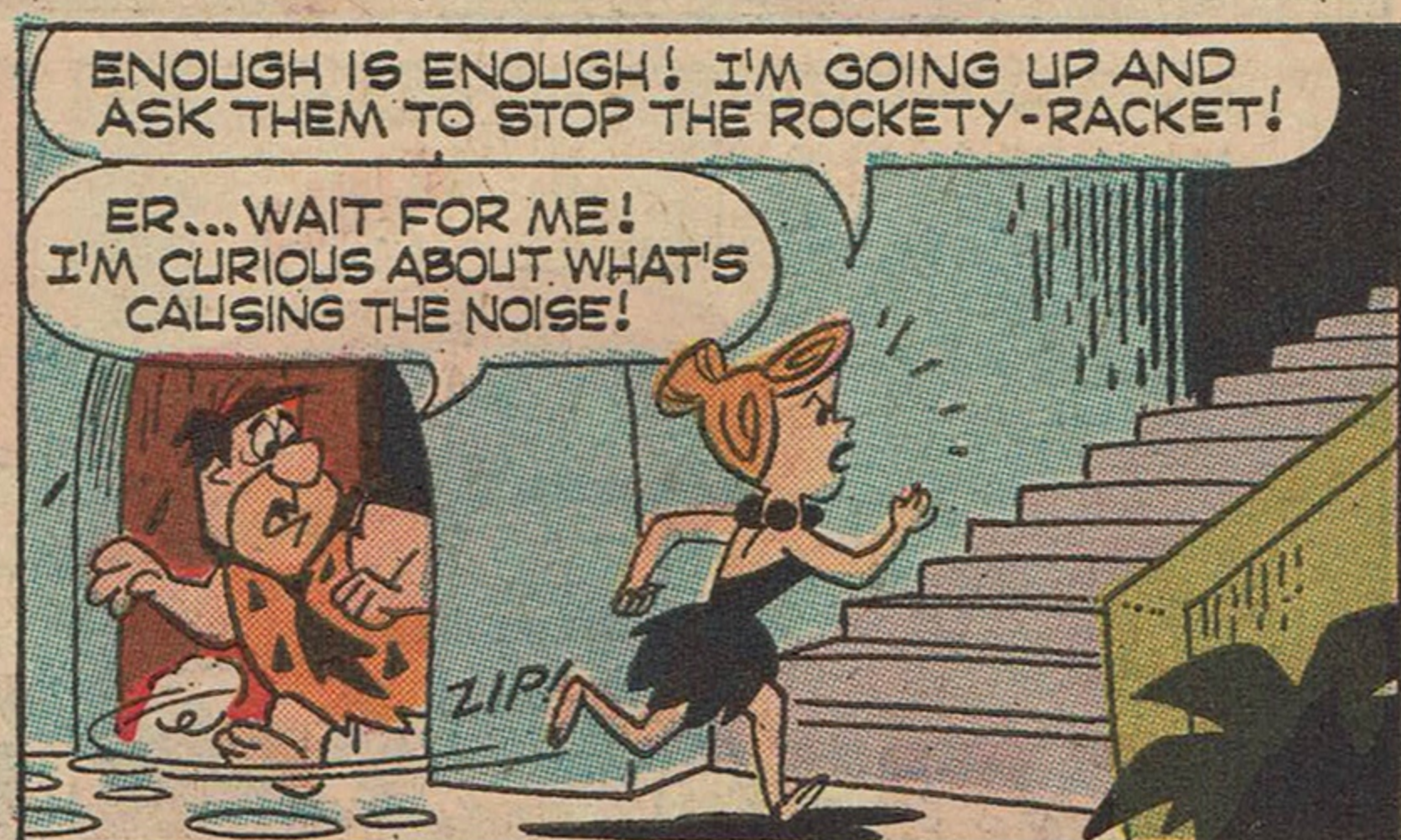
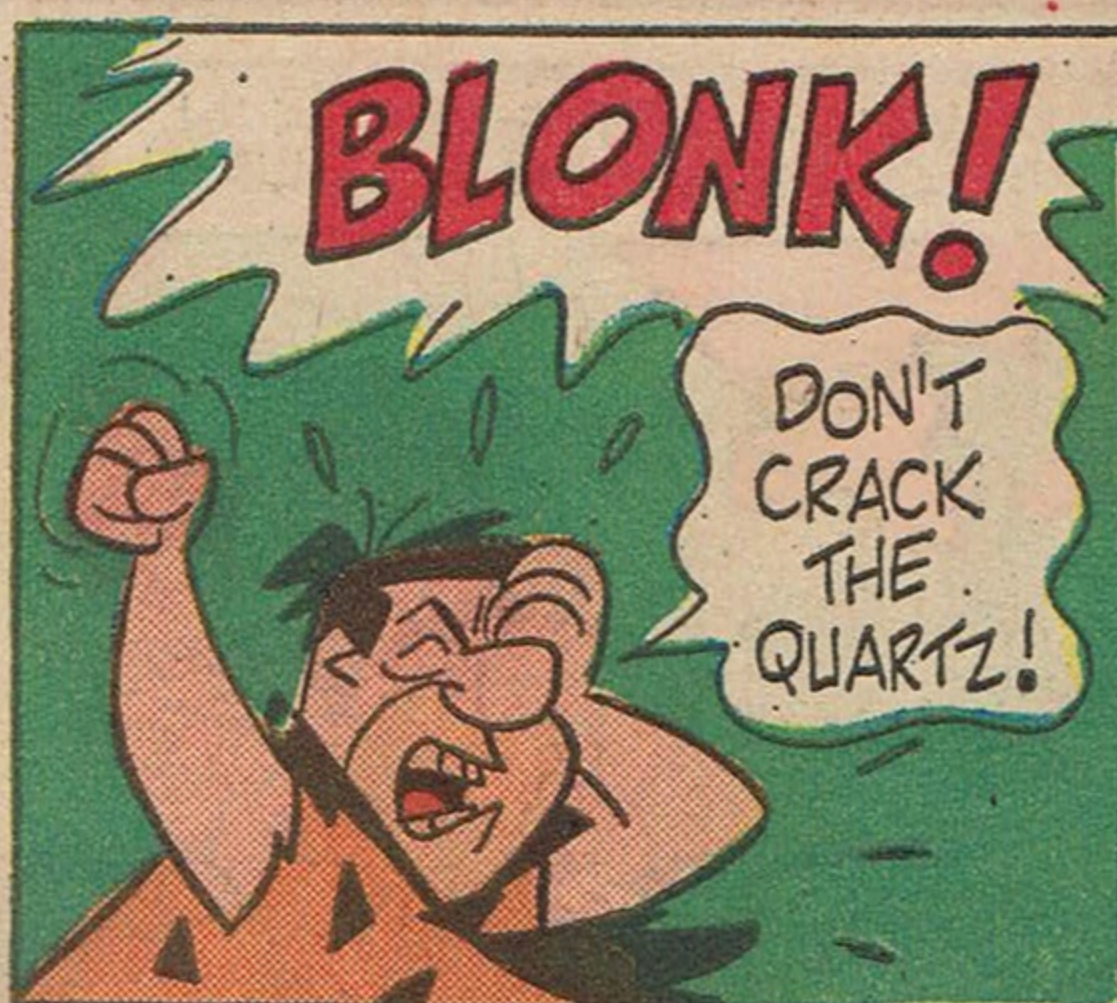
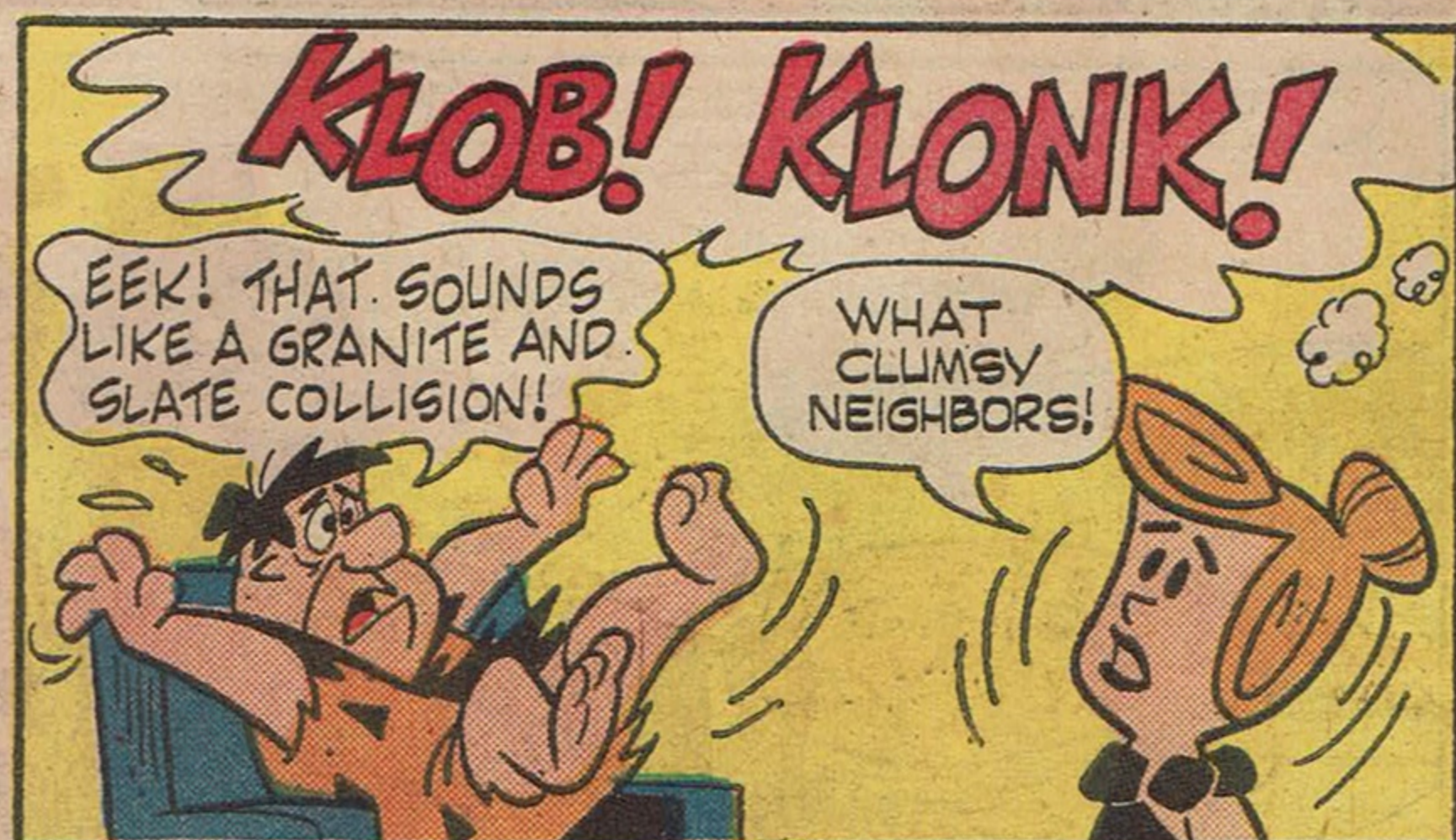
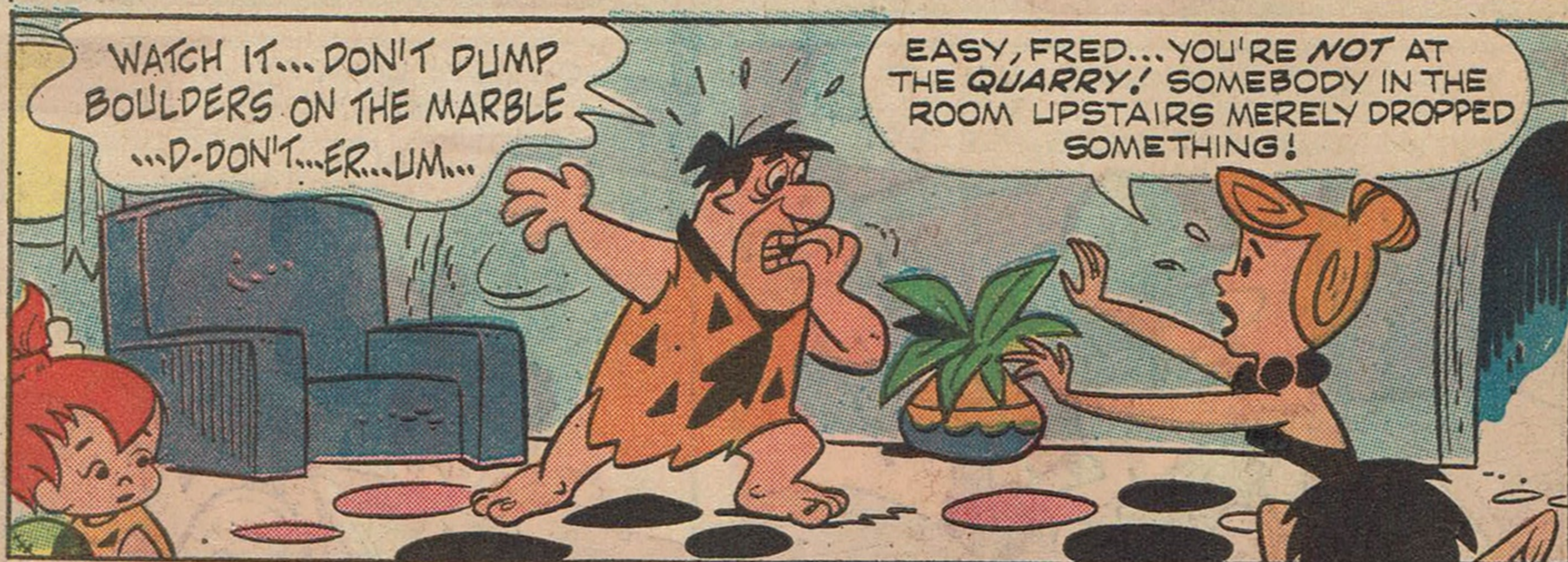
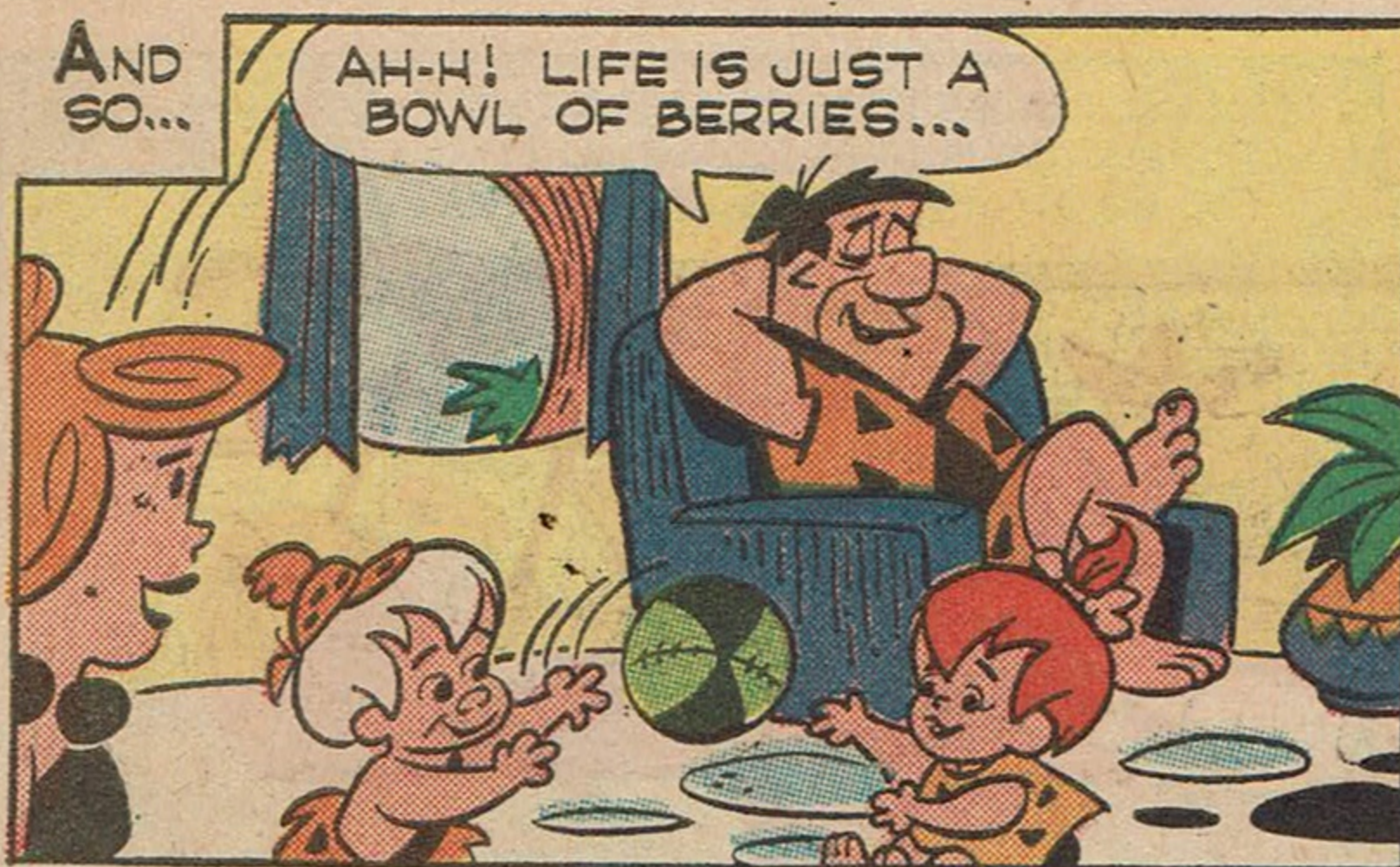


...AND LOOK...THE
NICEST HOTEL IN
TOWN IS WHERE
WE HAVE OUR
RESERVATION!



COME ON, LET'S CHECK IN
TO OUR ROOM PRONTO-LIKE!





BUT UPSTAIRS...

I AM PEDRO PETRAS, AND THAT EES MY GIANT JUMPING BEAN YOU HEAR ROCKING YOUR RAFTERS!

ER... CAN'T YOU MAKE IT SIT STILL?

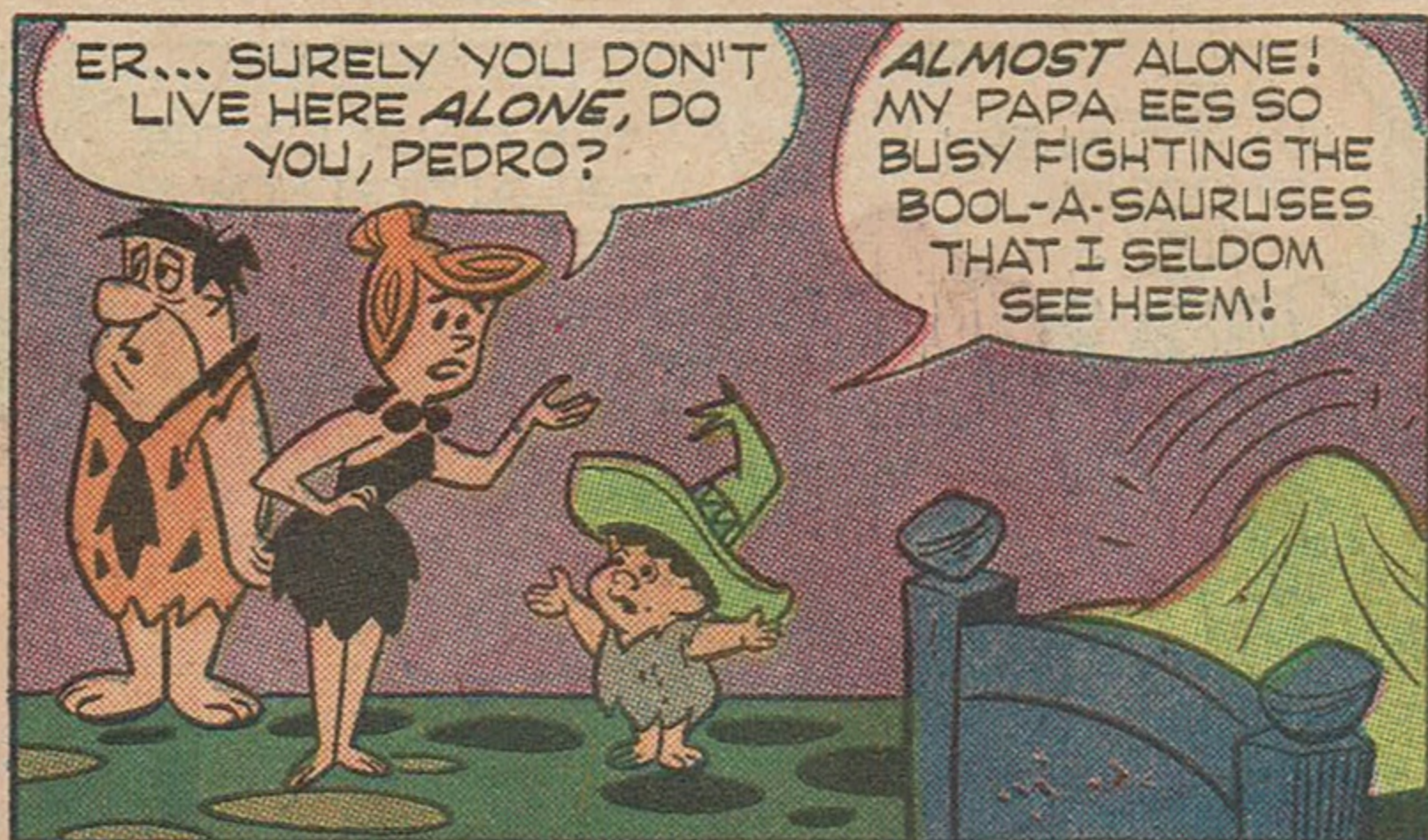


HERE, I WEEL PUT HEEM TO BED FOR A WHILE!



ER... SURELY YOU DON'T LIVE HERE ALONE, DO YOU, PEDRO?

ALMOST ALONE! MY PAPA EES SO BUSY FIGHTING THE BOOL-A-SAURISES THAT I SELDOM SEE HEEM!



SEE? HE EES PANCHO PETRAS, THE GREATEST!

SAY... HE'S GOING TO BE FIGHTING AT THE ARENA THIS AFTERNOON!

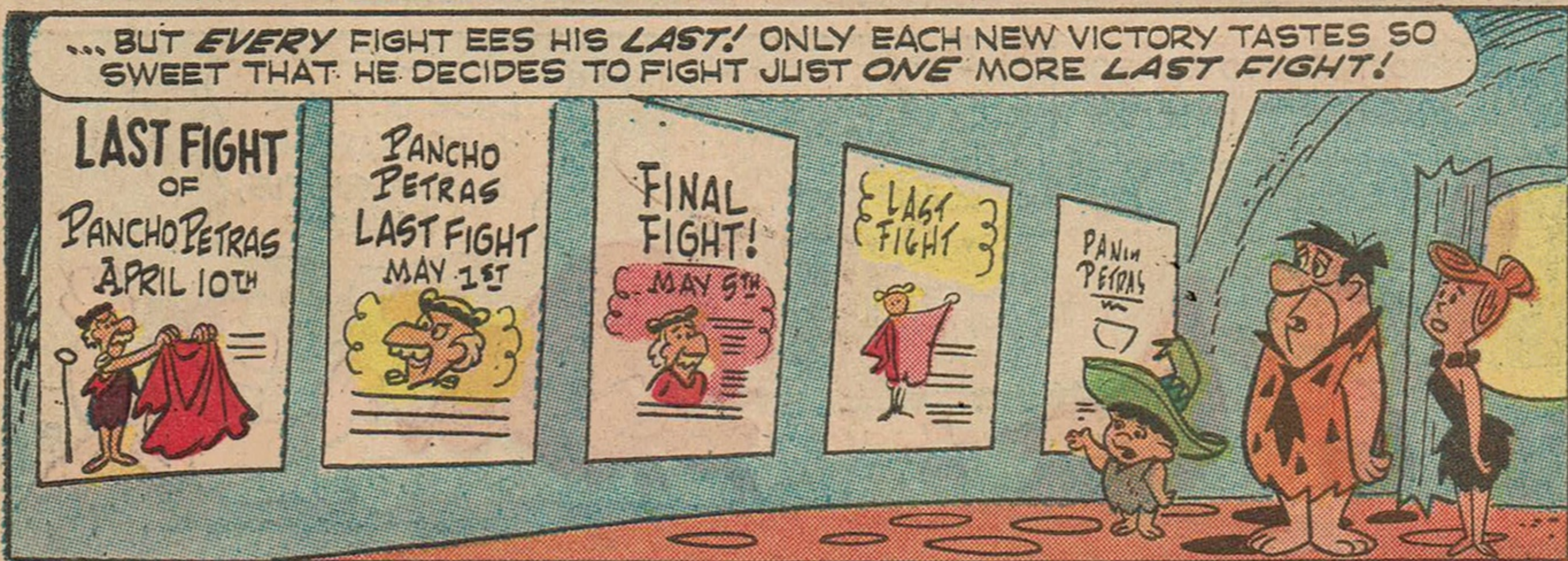


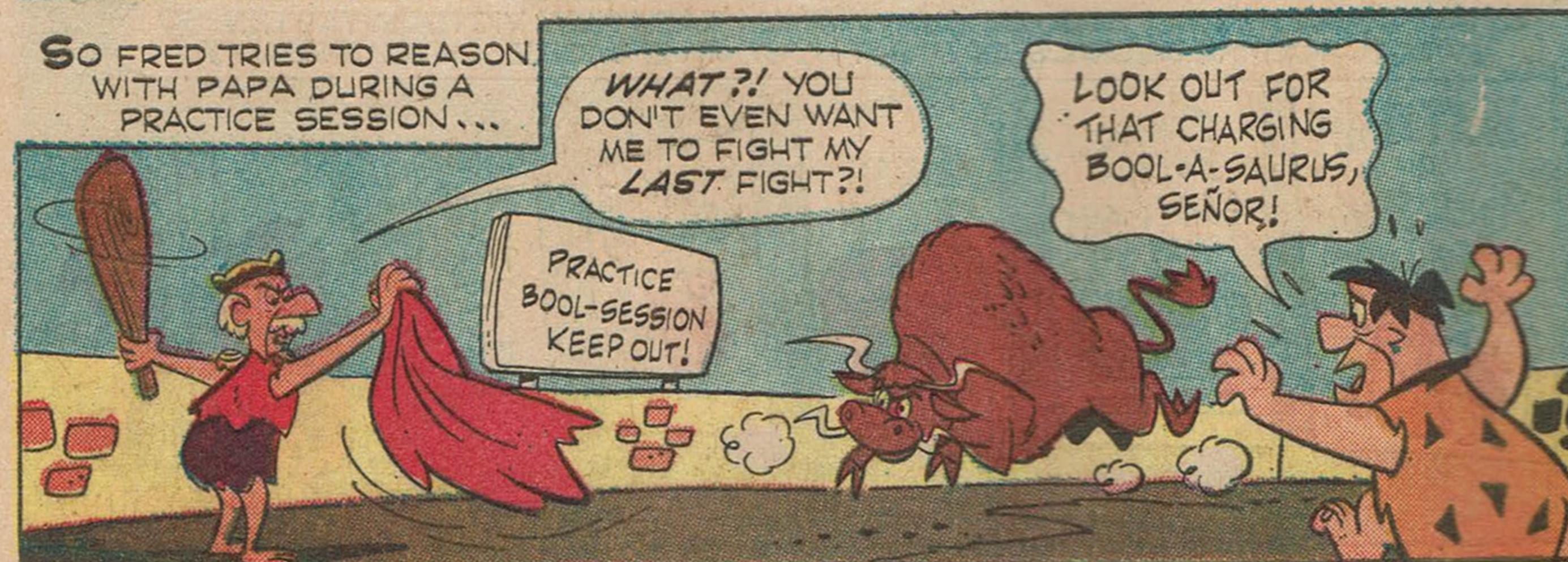
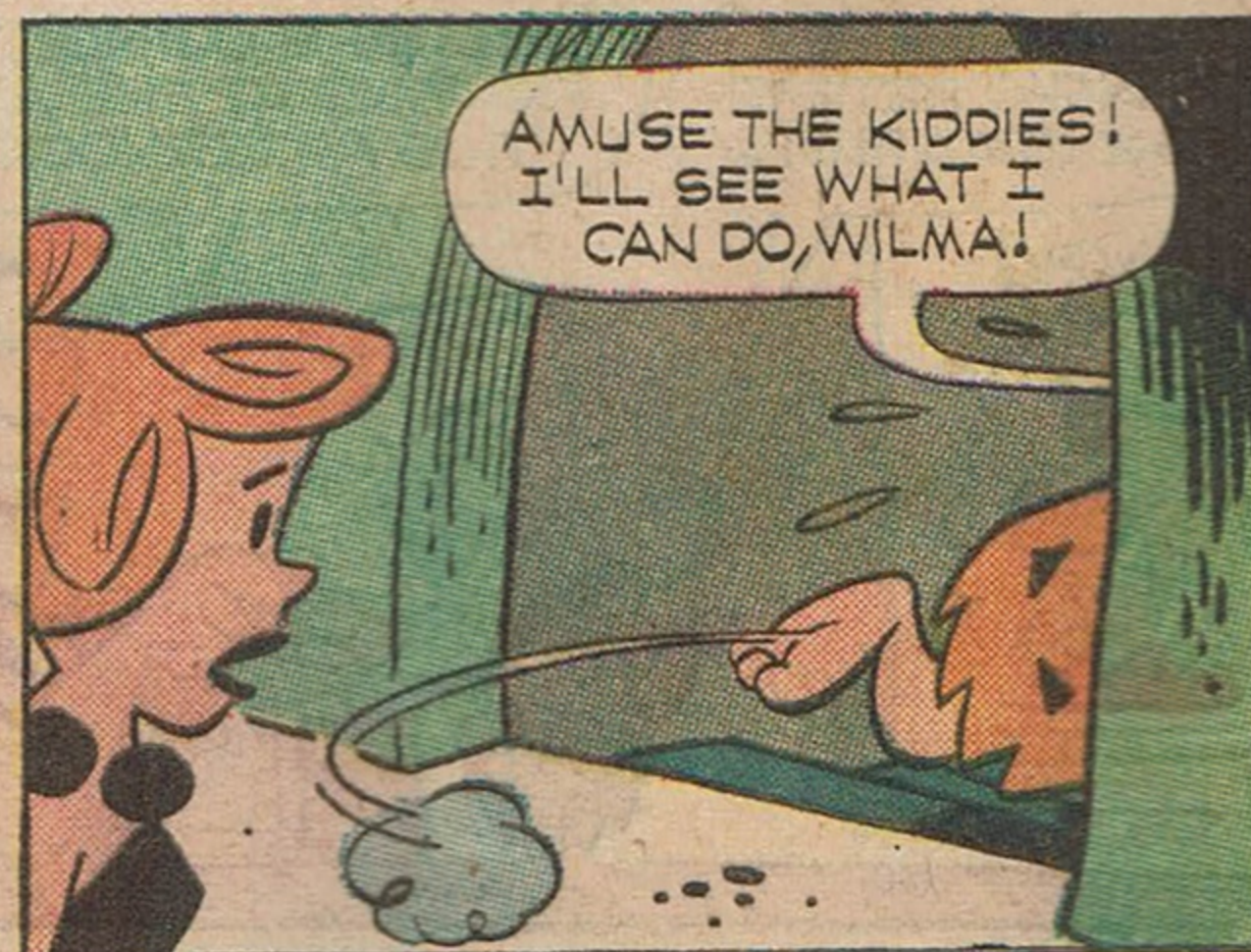
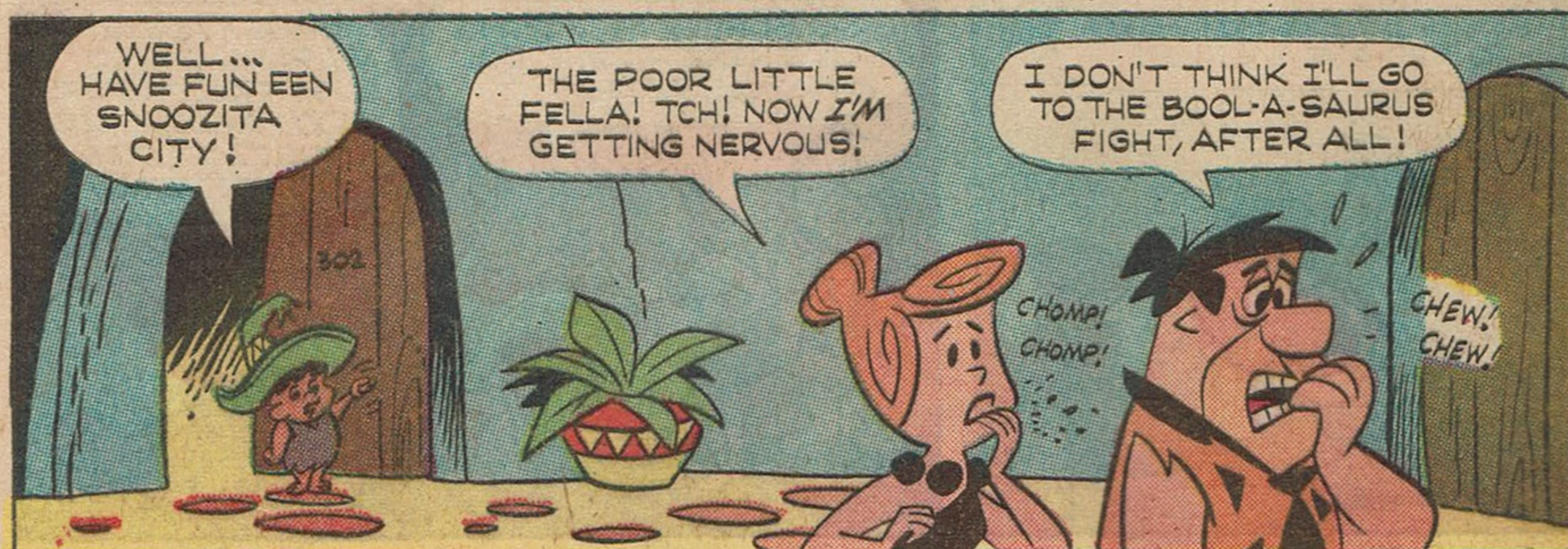
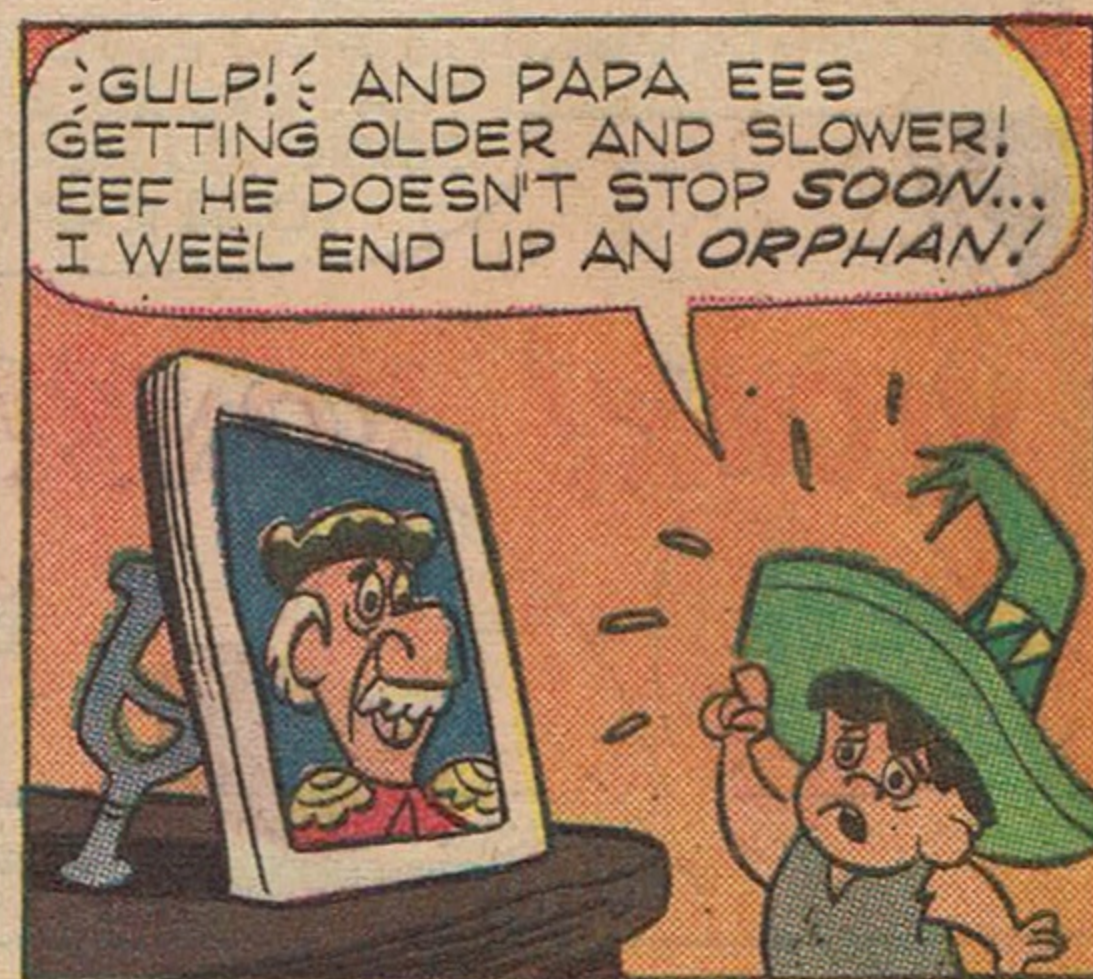
SÍ... EET WILL BE HIS LAST FIGHT! SIGH!

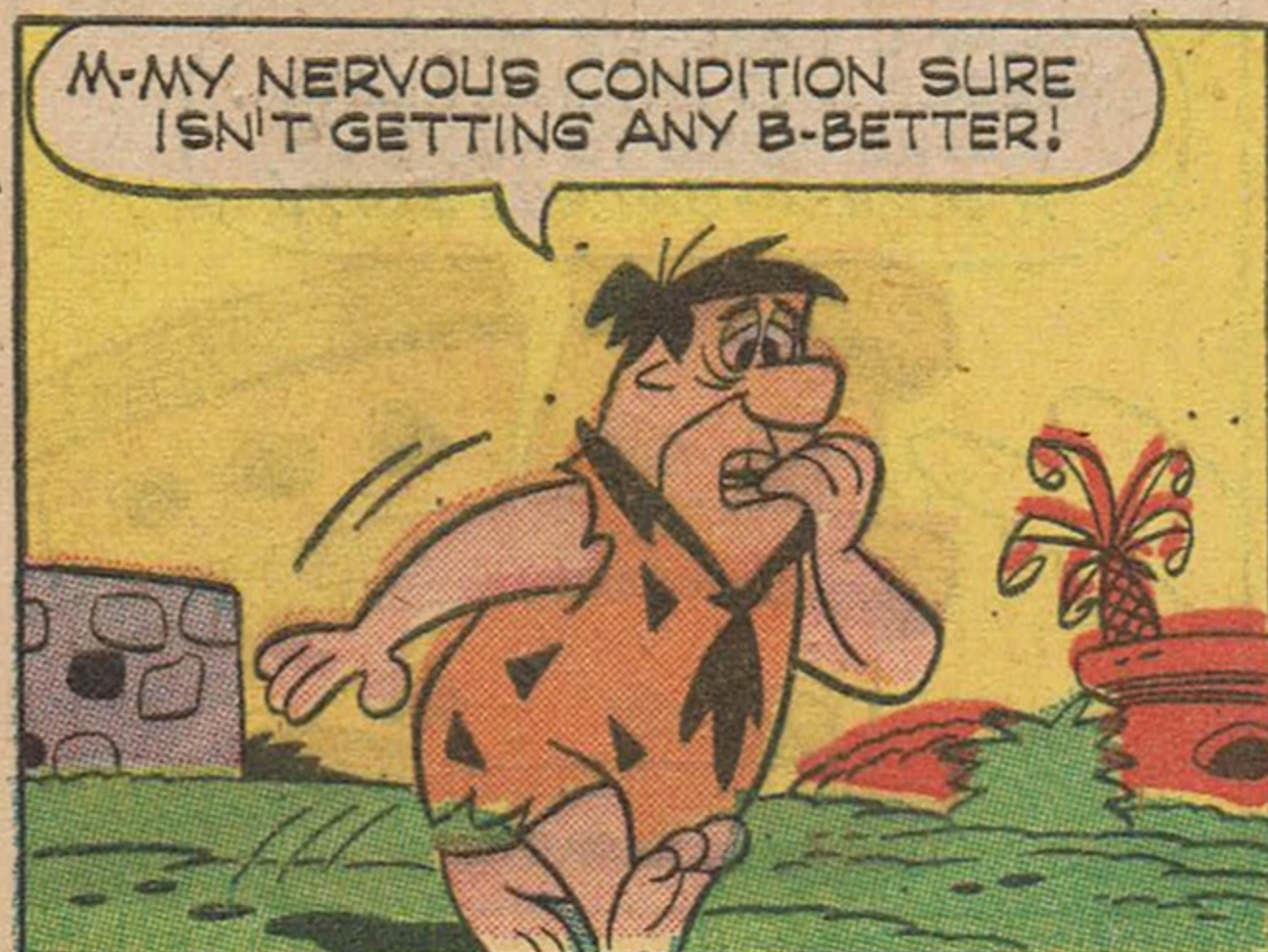
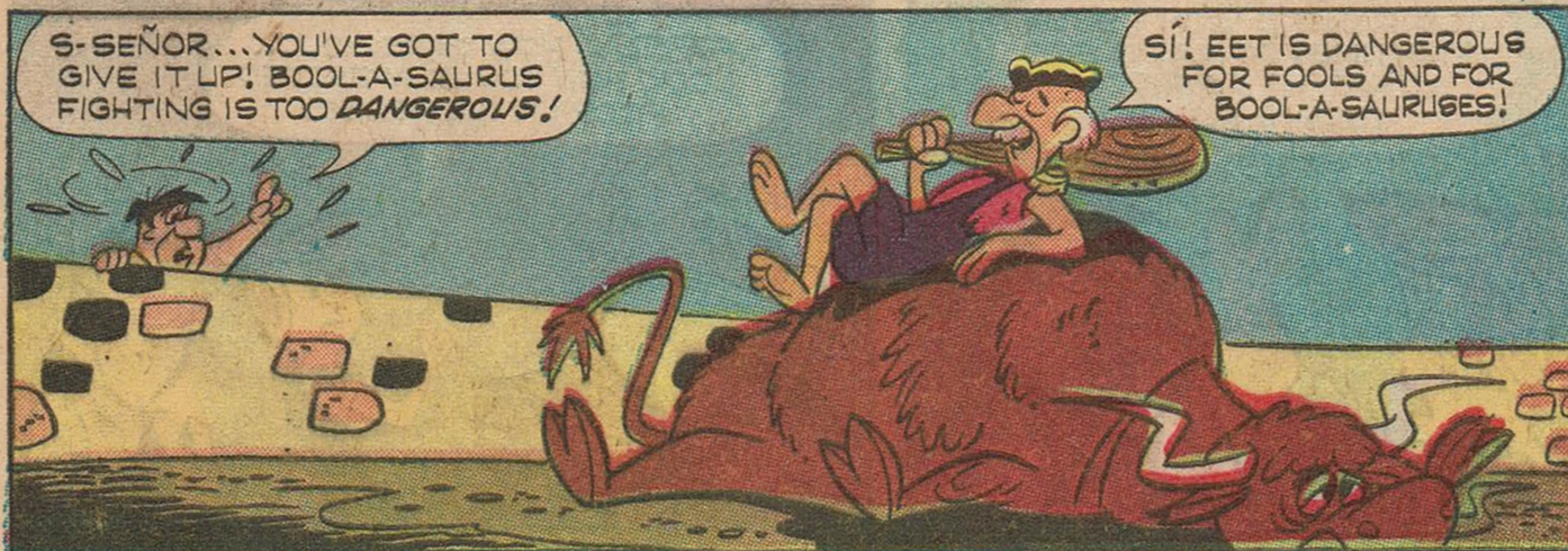
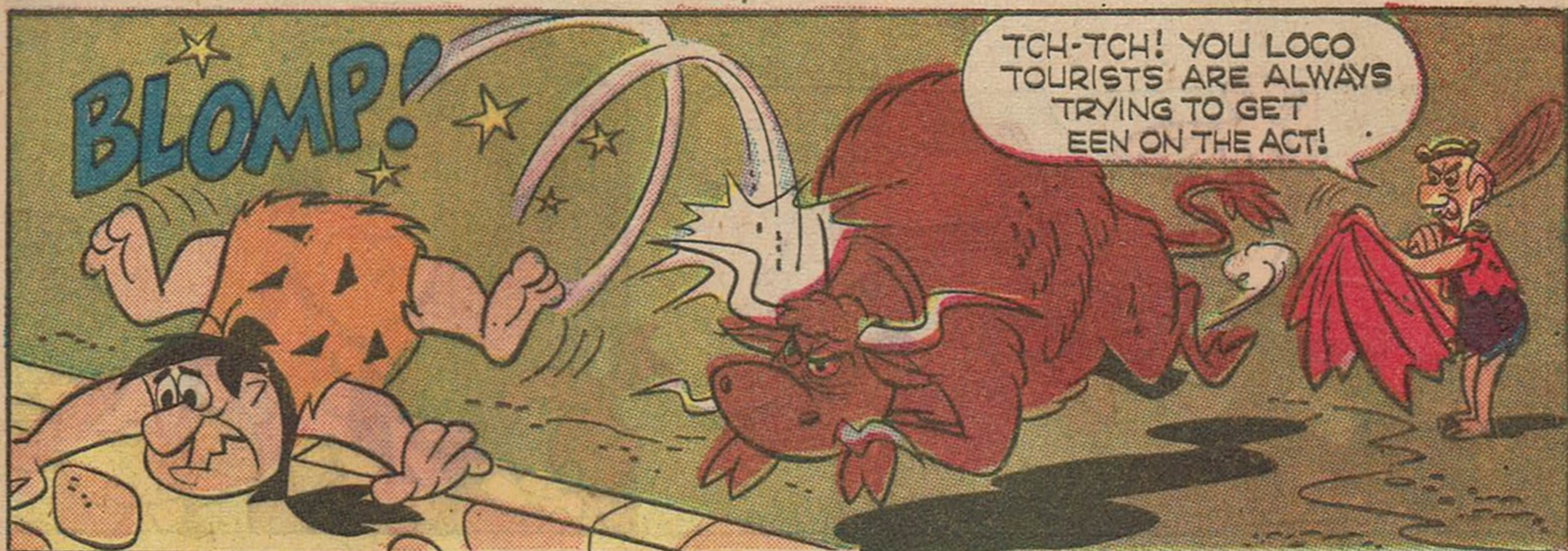
YOU SHOULD BE HAPPY! HE'LL BE WITH YOU ALL THE TIME, THEN!

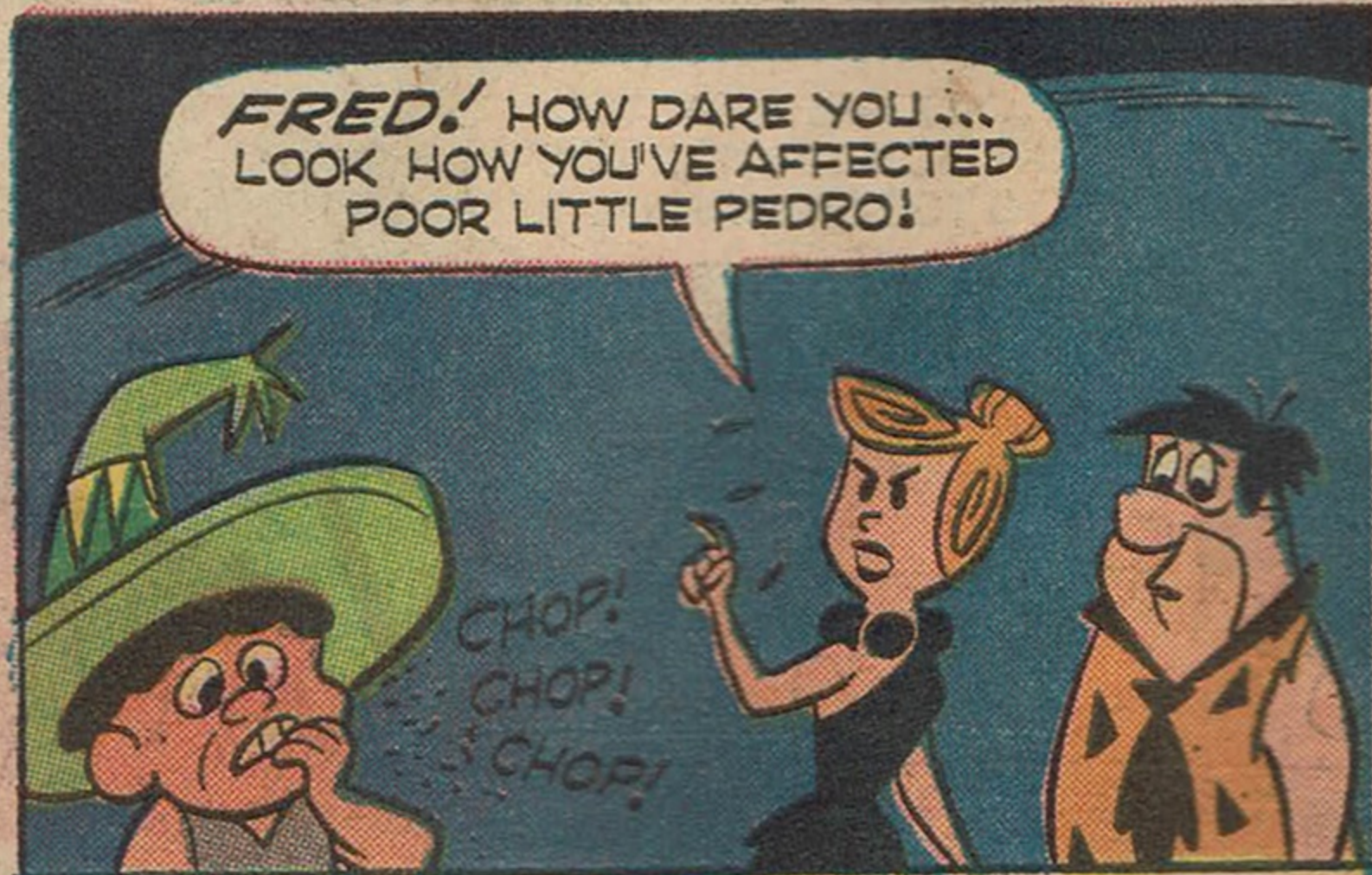


... BUT *EVERY* FIGHT EES HIS *LAST*! ONLY EACH NEW VICTORY TASTES SO SWEET THAT HE DECIDES TO FIGHT JUST *ONE* MORE *LAST FIGHT*!

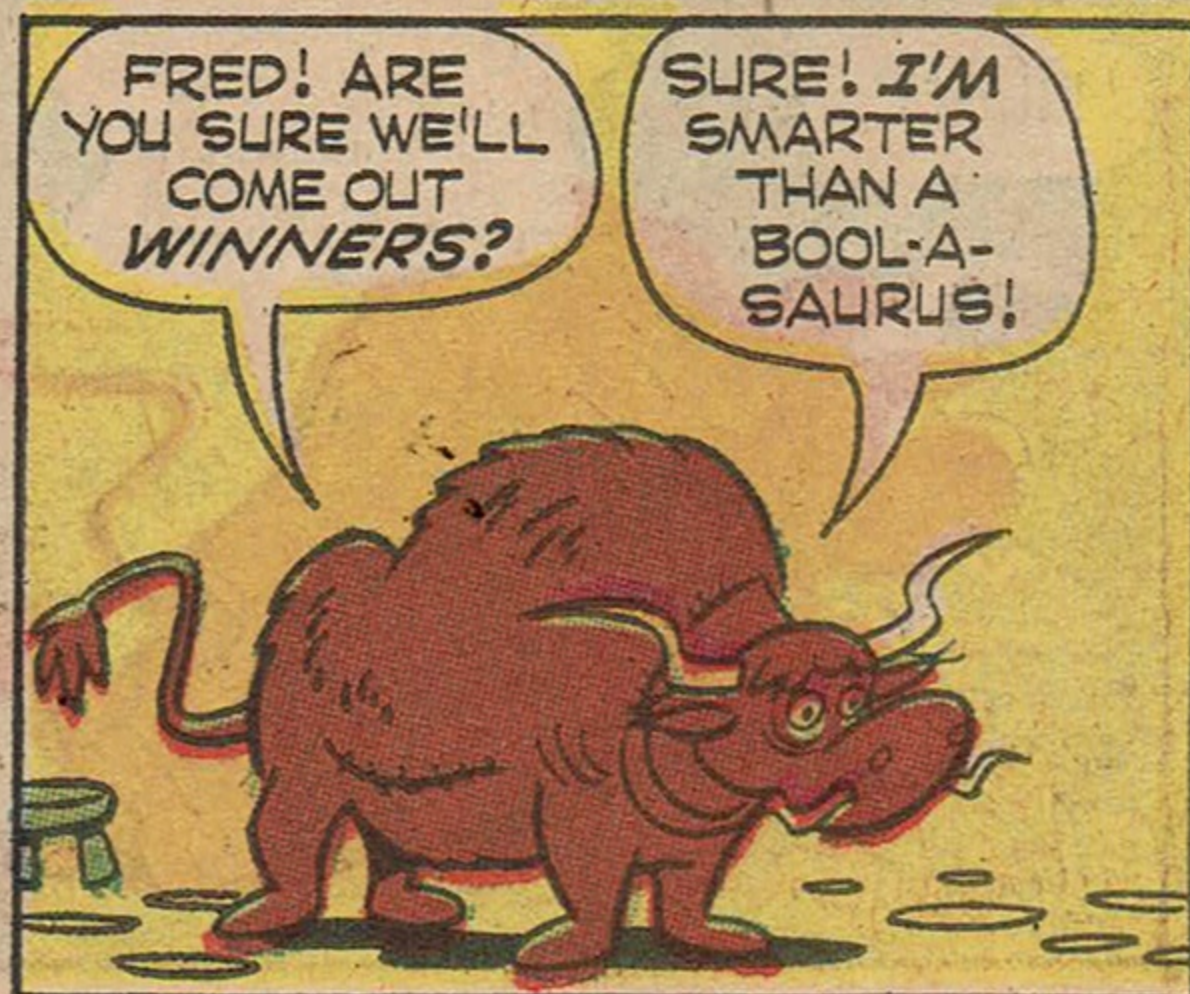
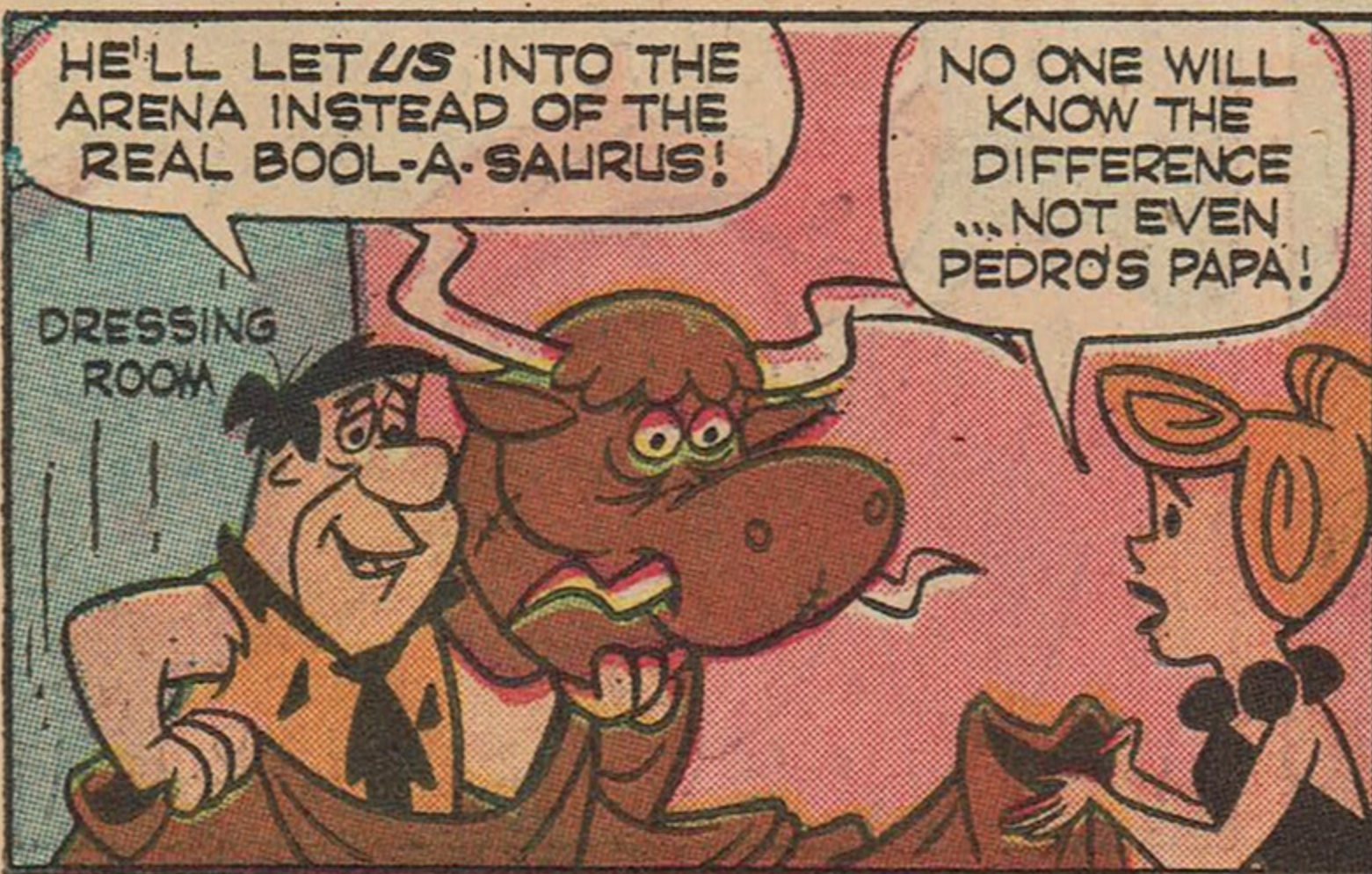
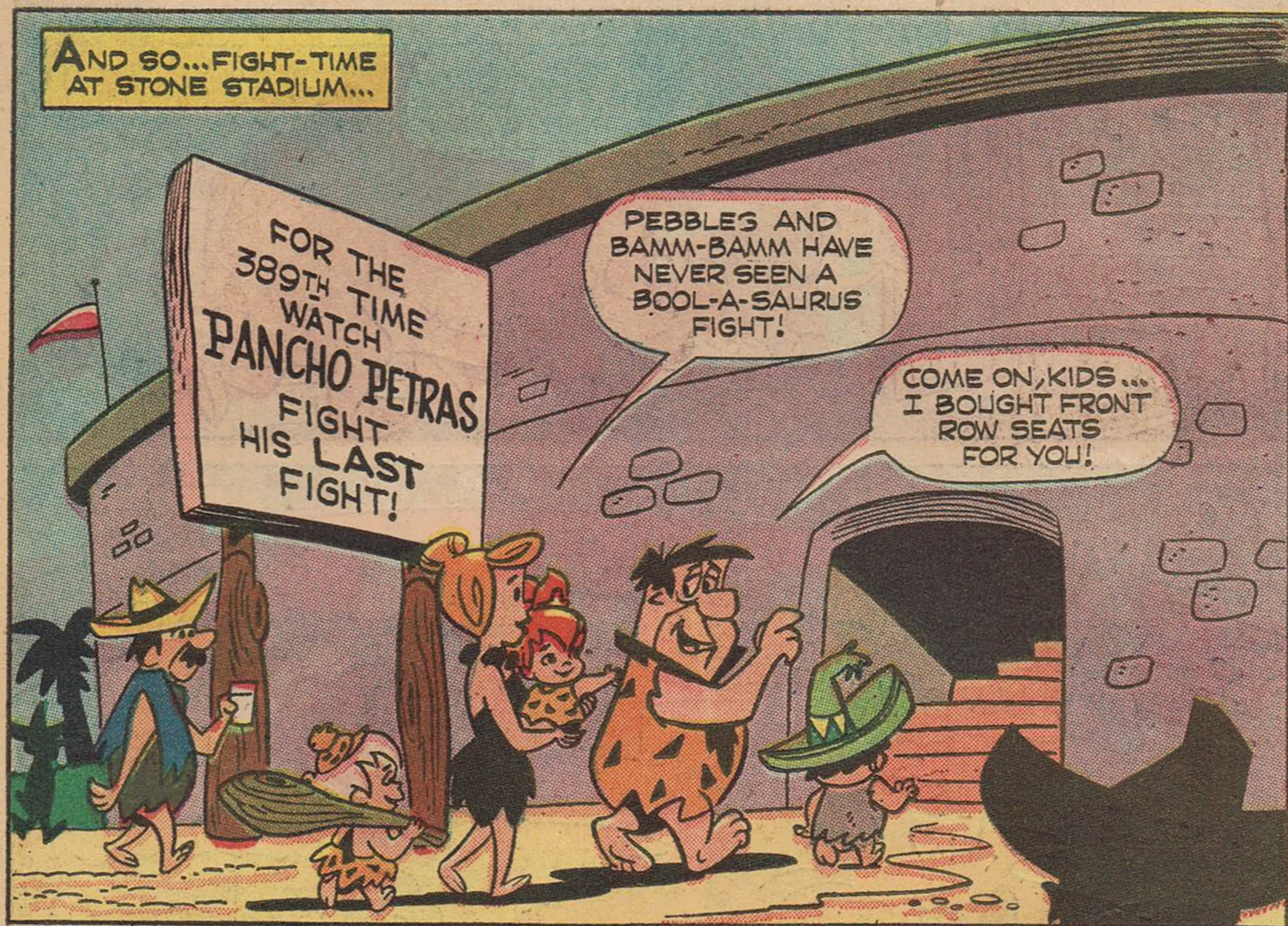


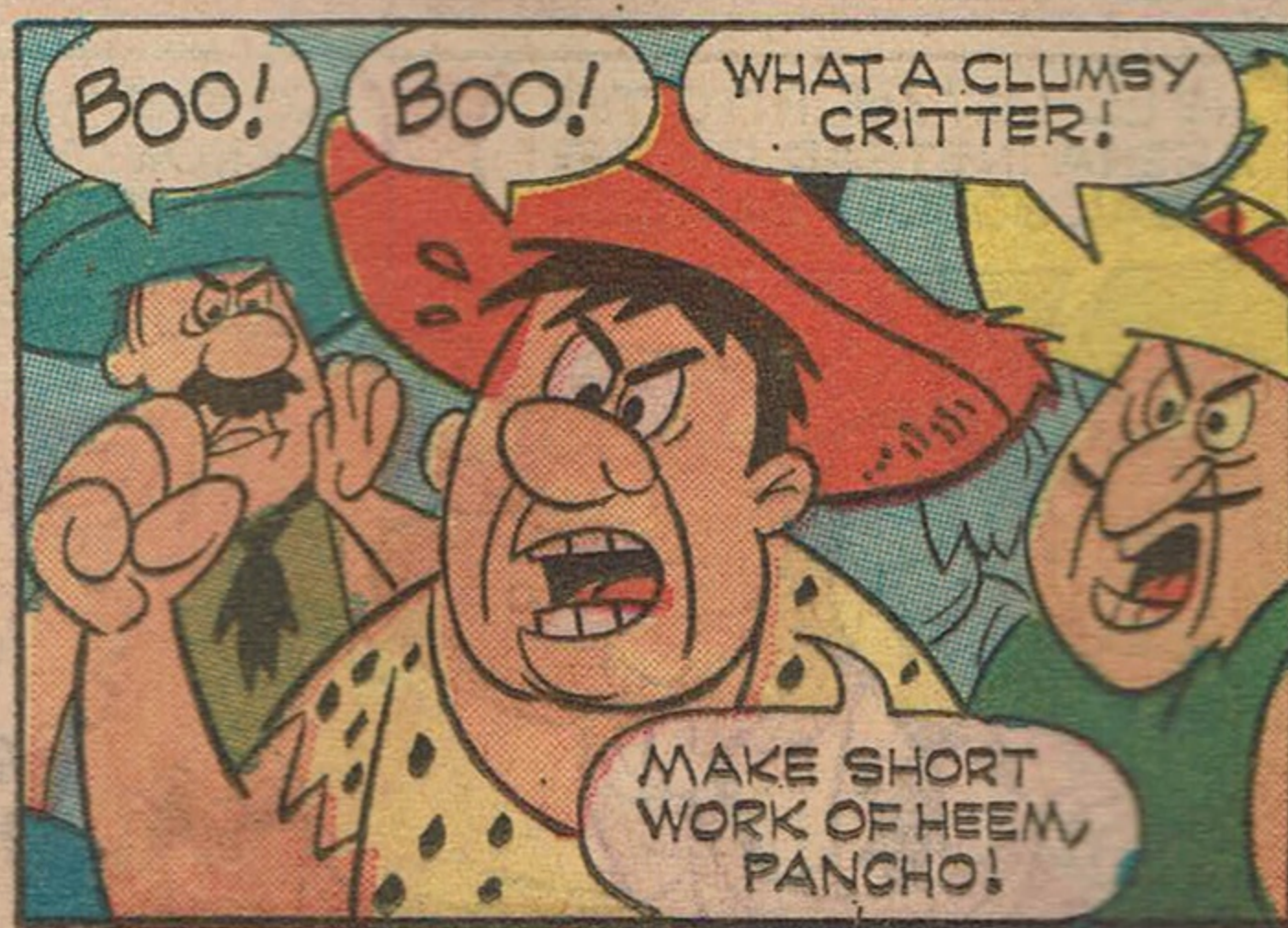
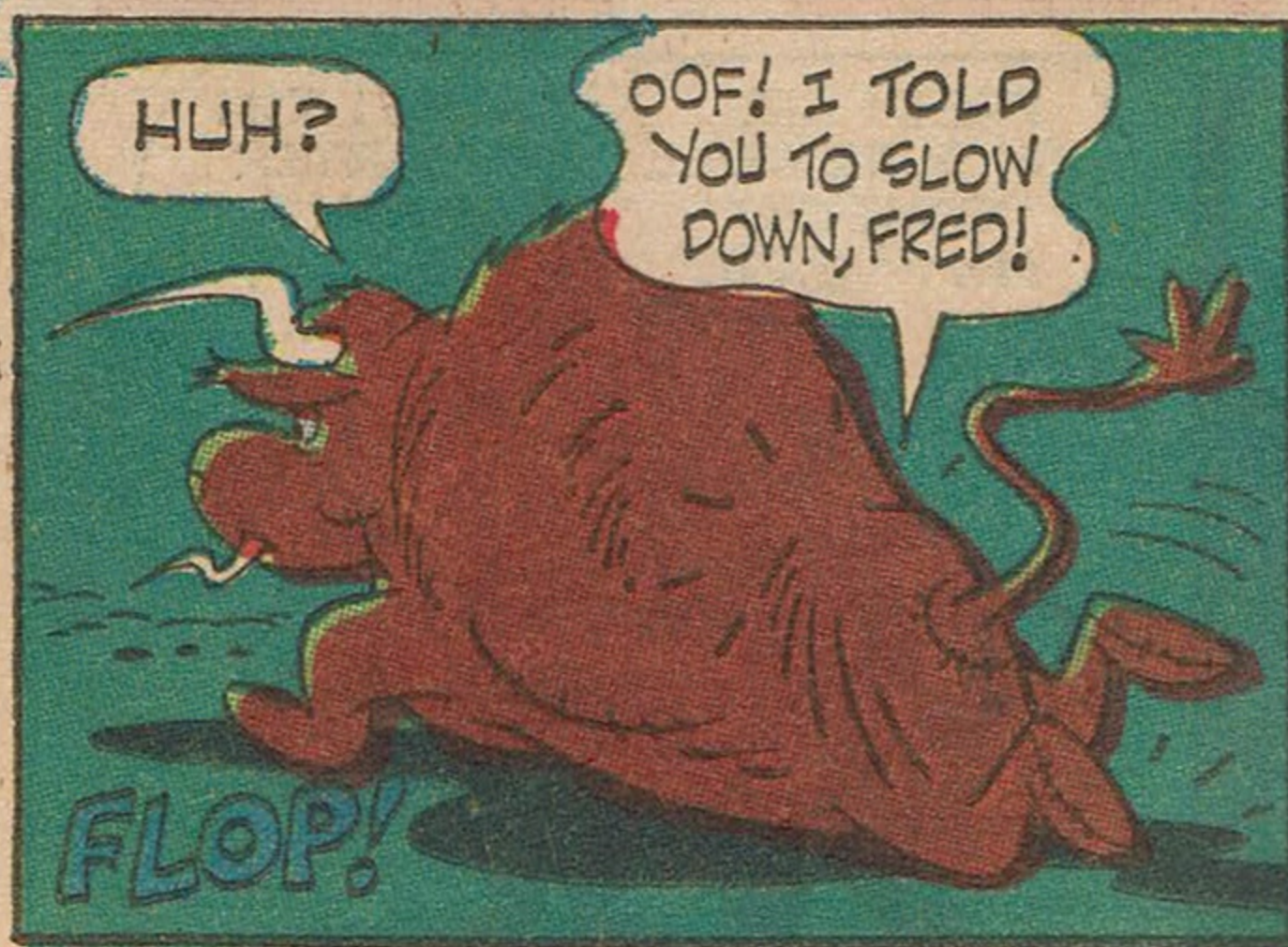
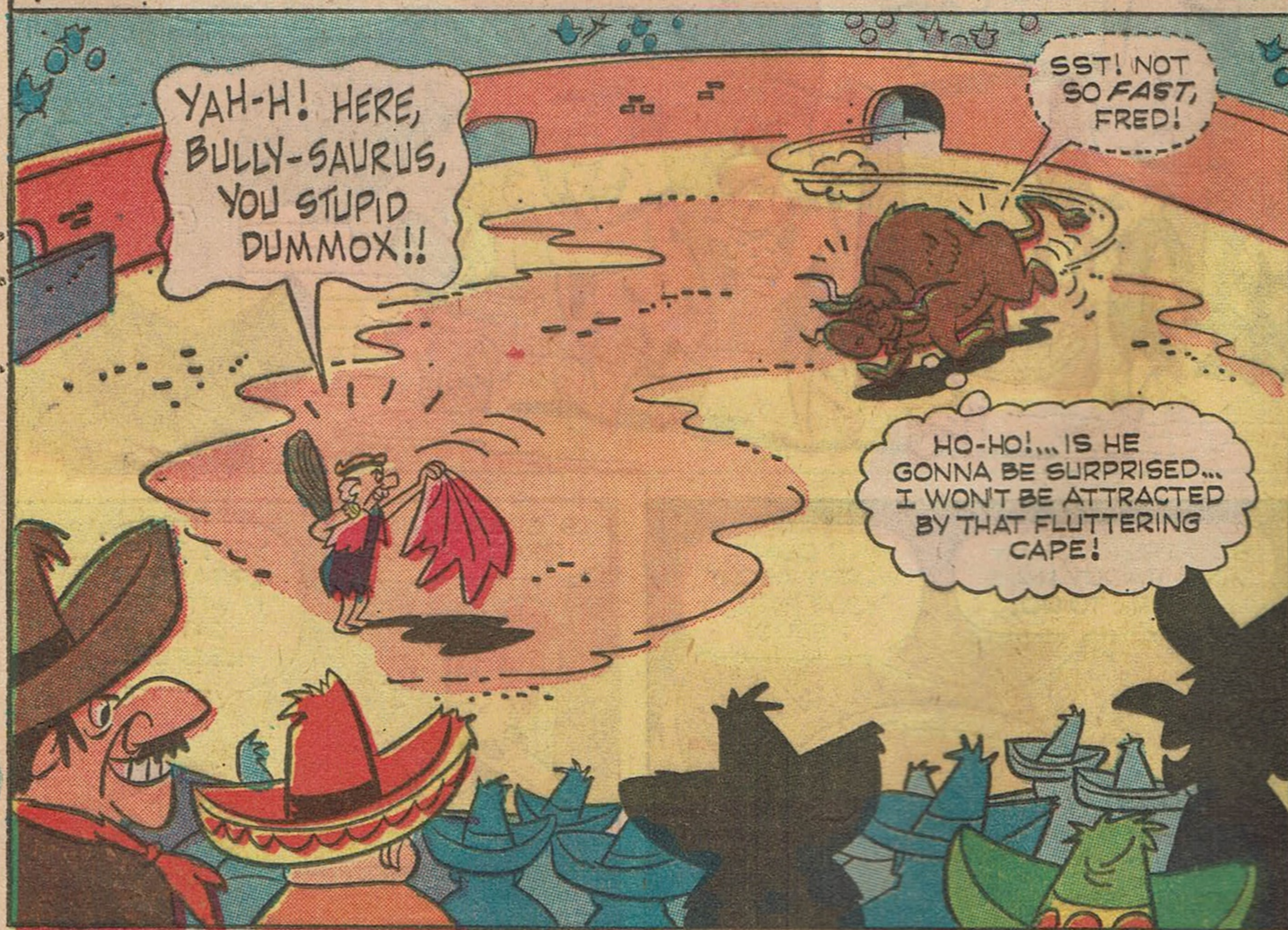


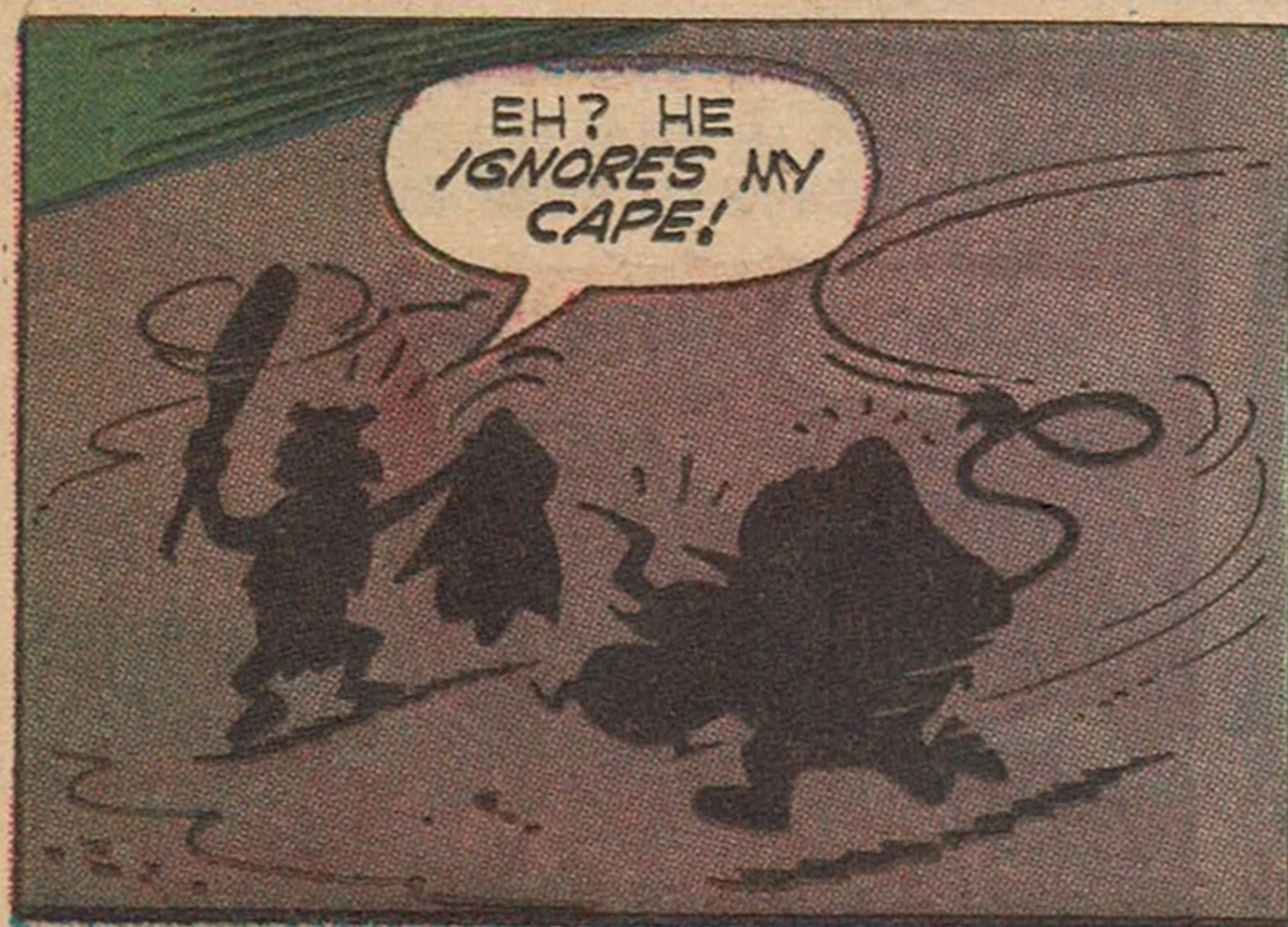
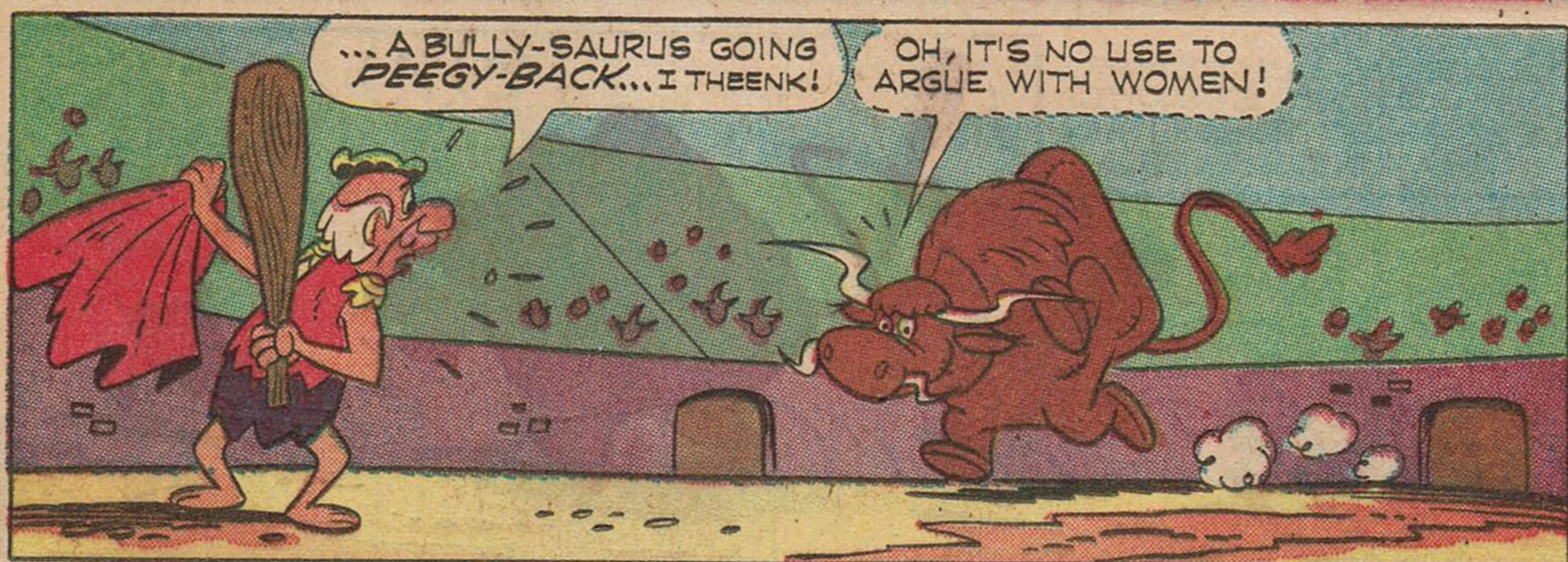
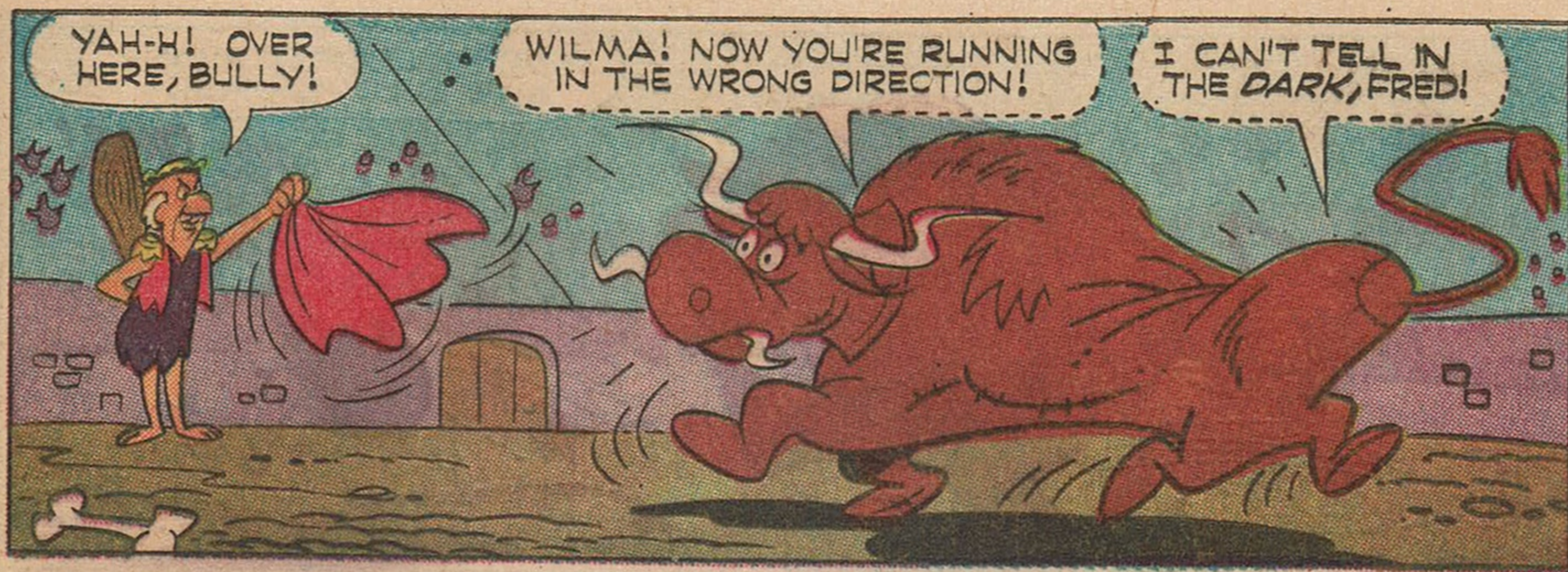


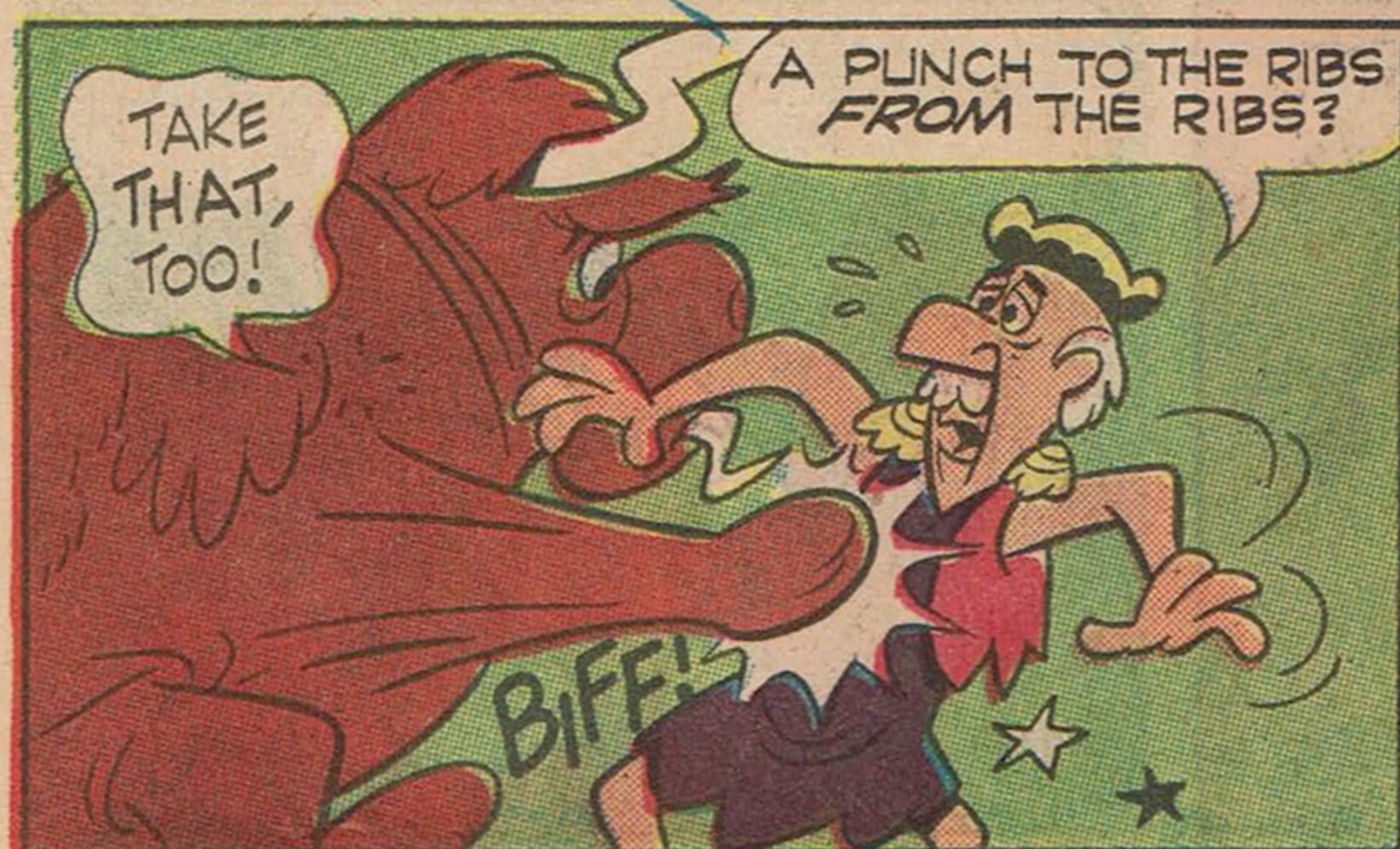


AND SO...FIGHT-TIME
AT STONE STADIUM...

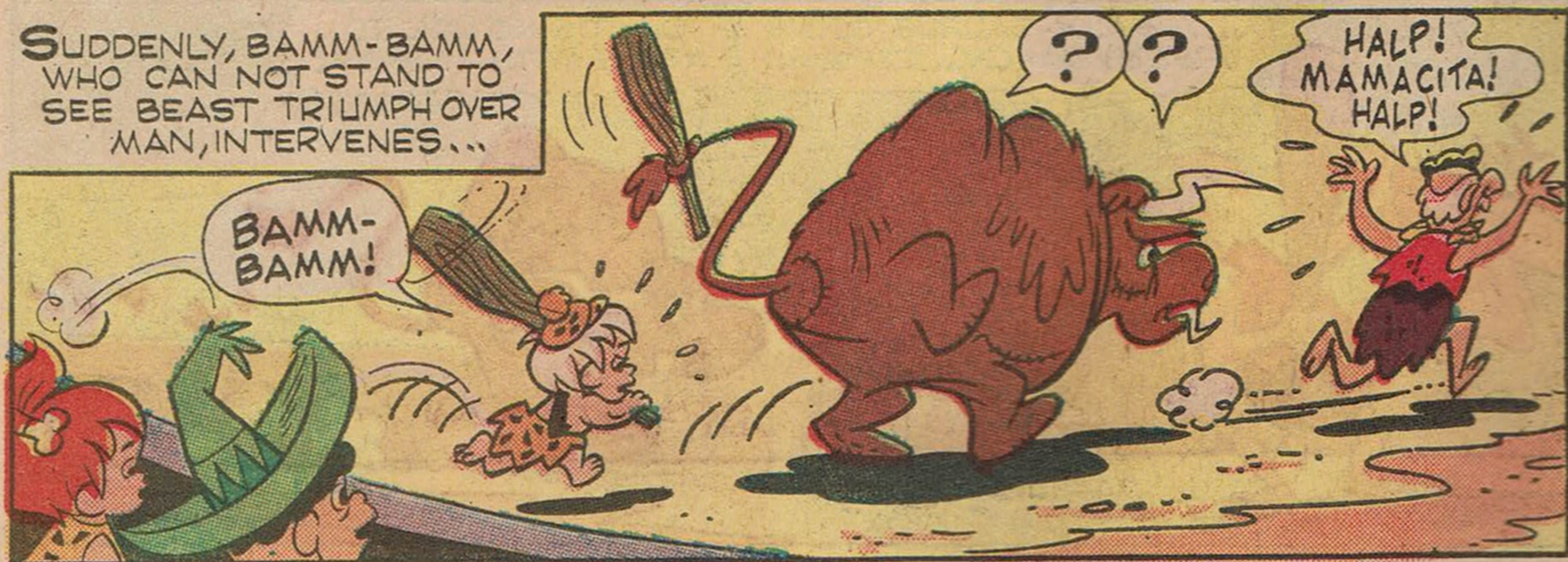




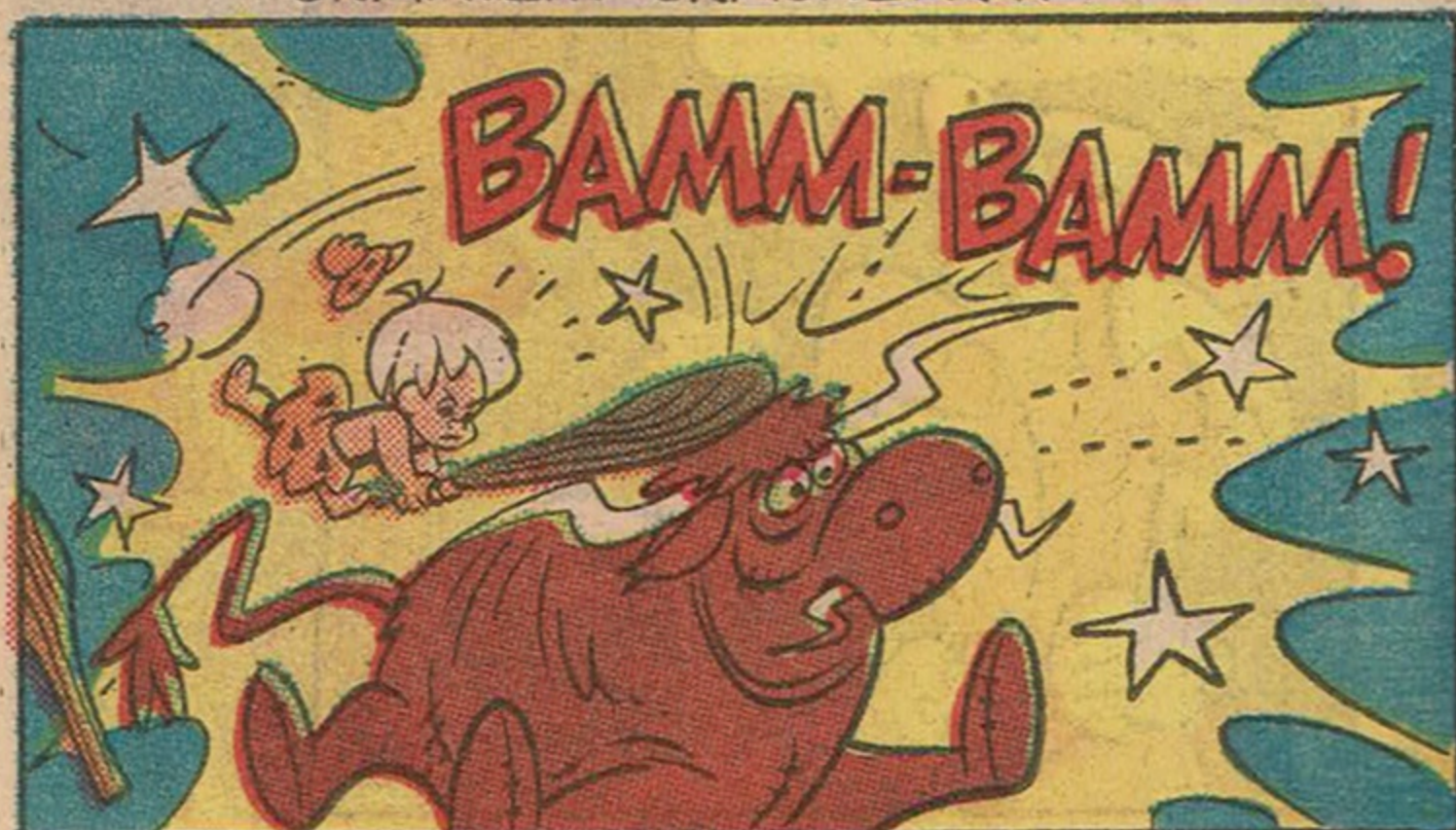


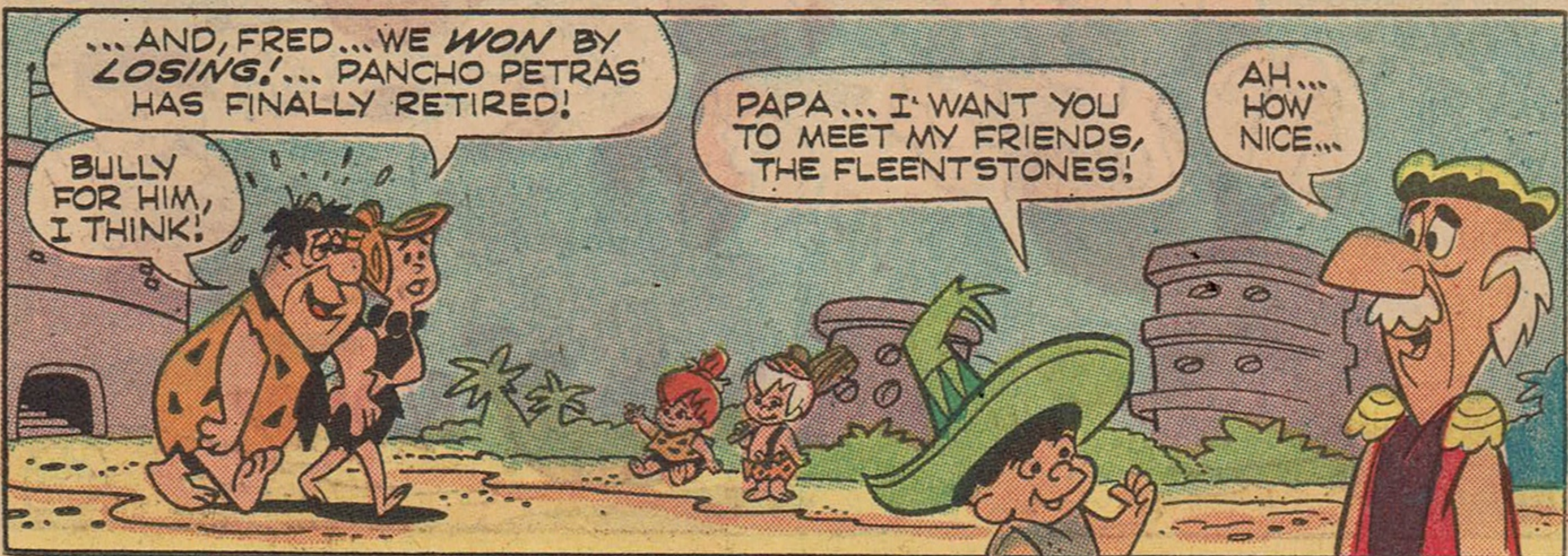
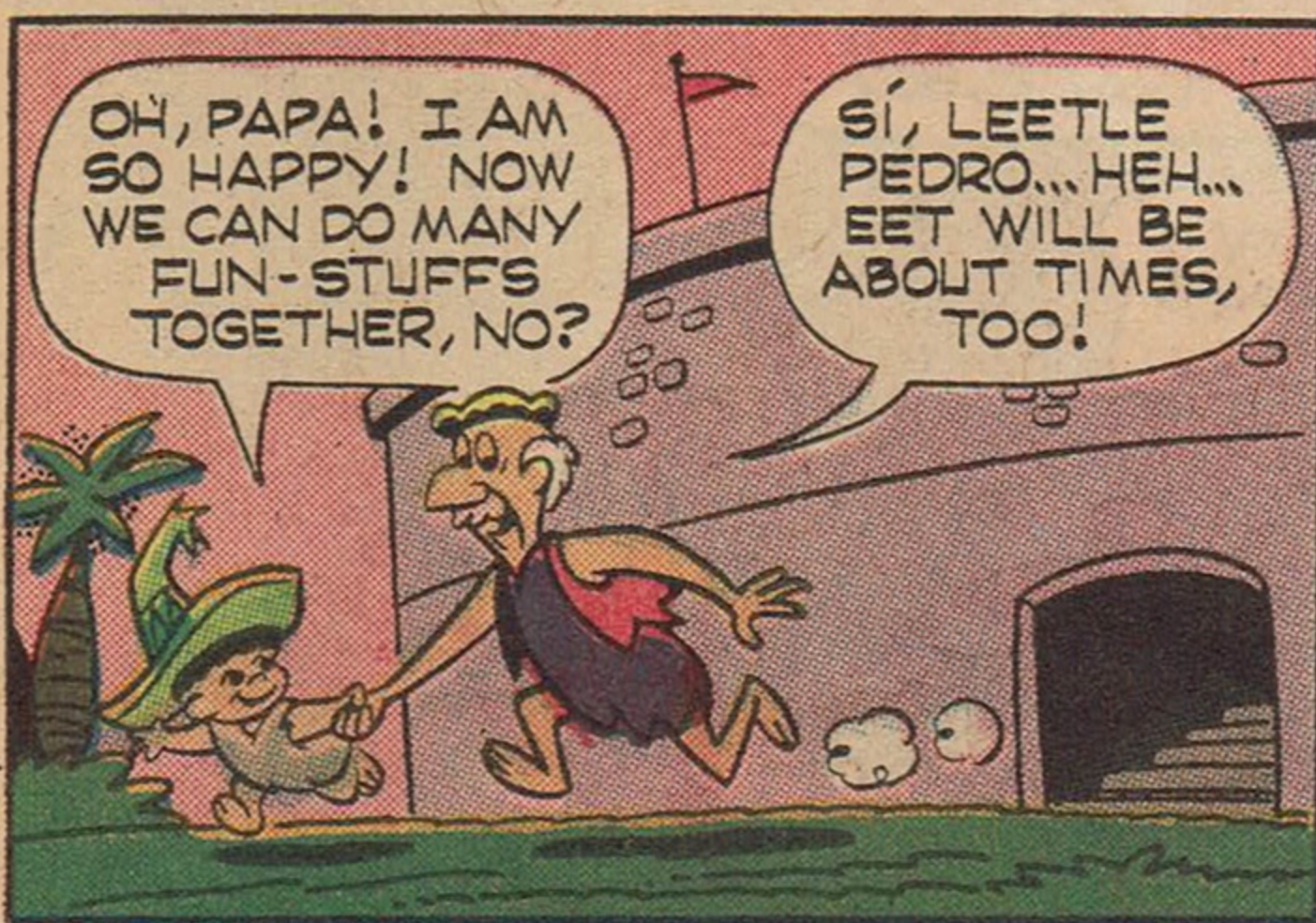
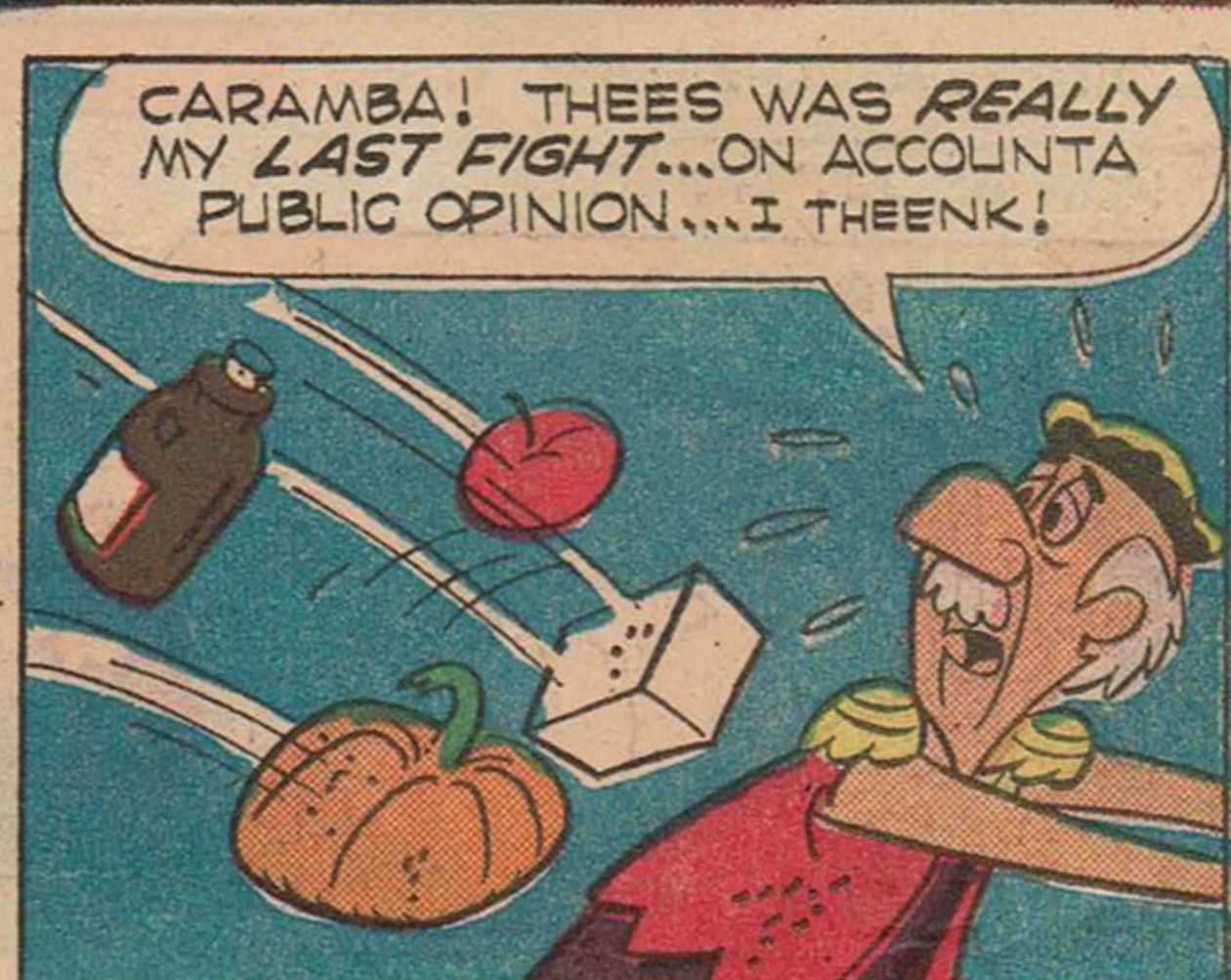


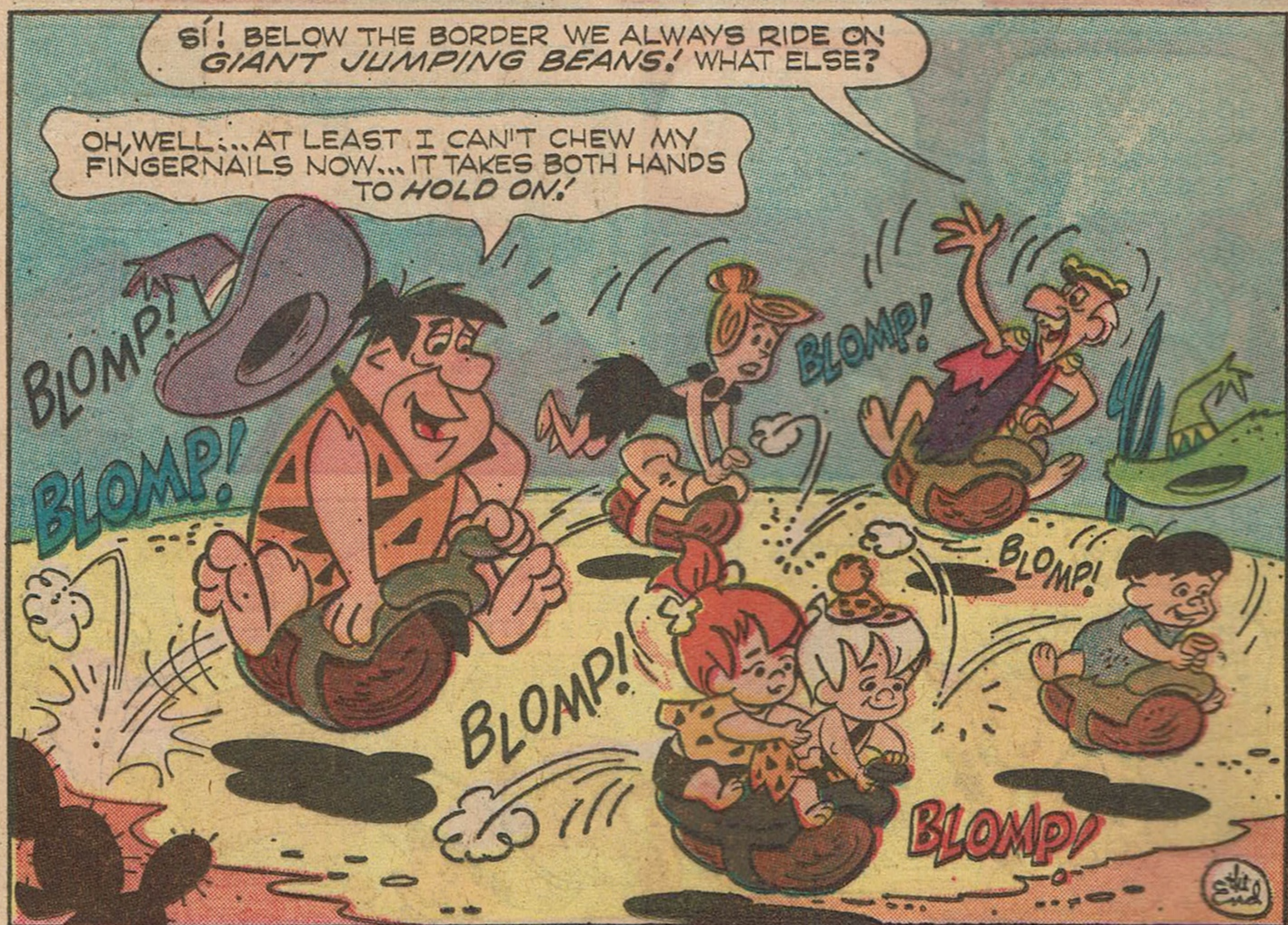
SUDDENLY, BAMM-BAMM, WHO CAN NOT STAND TO SEE BEAST TRIUMPH OVER MAN, INTERVENES...



...AND NOBLY HE DELIVERS A REAL CRANIUM-CRACKER...









It was a dark and stormy night, and Perry Gunnite was working late at the office; he was catching up on his crossword puzzles.

"What's a four letter word meaning precipitation?" he asked himself as he gazed out the rain-soaked window. A rumble of thunder aroused him from his musings.

"This is just the kind of a night when a beautiful girl in distress should come to my office!" he said hopefully.

Just then the office door burst open, and a beautiful girl entered, accompanied by a gust of wind and rain. She was rain-soaked and tearful.

"Close the door!" yelled Perry. "We'll drown if you don't!"

"S-sorry!" the girl sobbed, closing the door. "Oh, sir, you've got to help me!"

"You want some shrewd private-eye work done, I presume!" said Perry briskly.

"Well, not exactly," sobbed the girl. "My car broke down outside your office, and I've got to get out of town—fast!"

"If you have a dime, I'll be glad to call a taxi!" Perry gallantly offered.

"Oh, no!" she said hastily. "I must use my own car!"

"In that case, I'll have a look at your car and see if I can locate the trouble," Perry said, getting to his feet.

They went outside into the storm and had a look at the car.

"You're not going anywhere in that car," he remarked, "not with four flat tires!"

"Oh no!" sobbed the girl. "I just have to get..." then her tone changed, as she saw a car at the curb near Perry's office. "Do you know whose car that is?" she asked.

"My car, ma'am!" replied Perry. "But I'm afraid you can't use it! It's kind of a, well, a one-man car! Very temperamental!"

Just then the wail of a siren sounded

through the roar of the storm. The girl's attitude changed abruptly. She whipped out a small hand gun and snapped, "In that case YOU drive!"

Perry was never one to argue with a lady and especially a lady with a gun, so he got into the car. The girl climbed in beside him, holding the gun in his ribs. Perry started the car, and took off, as the siren grew louder and louder.

"Can't you make this thing go faster?" the girl yelled.

"I - I don't think so," faltered Perry. Then, aware of the gun in his ribs, he added hastily, "Yes, I think so!"

He pressed the accelerator, and the car sped through the storm. The wind and rain lashed at them, and soon Perry was soaked to the skin. However, the sound of the siren diminished.

"Nice going!" cried the girl. "I think we are losing them!"

"You know something, ma'am?" said Perry. "I think you're some kind of a crook, if you'll pardon me!"

"You're right! I'm Sobbin' Sal, girl jewel thief! Now step on it!" she said.

Just then things began to happen. Two of the wheels flew off the car, then another, and another; and the car skidded to a halt in the middle of a big puddle.

"I told you this car was temperamental, ma'am," said Perry, as they sat in water up to their necks.

In no time, Sobbin' Sal was taken into custody, and Perry returned to his office.

Rain-soaked and weary, he sank into his office chair and sighed. Then he saw the crossword puzzle on his desk.

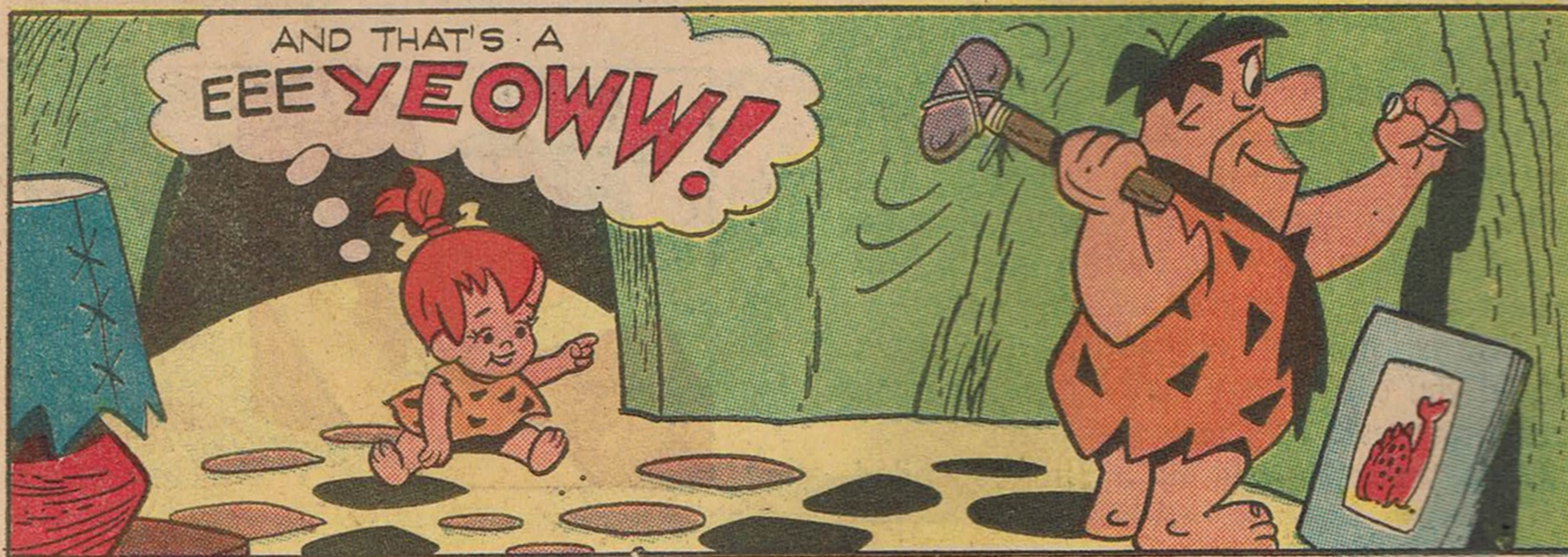
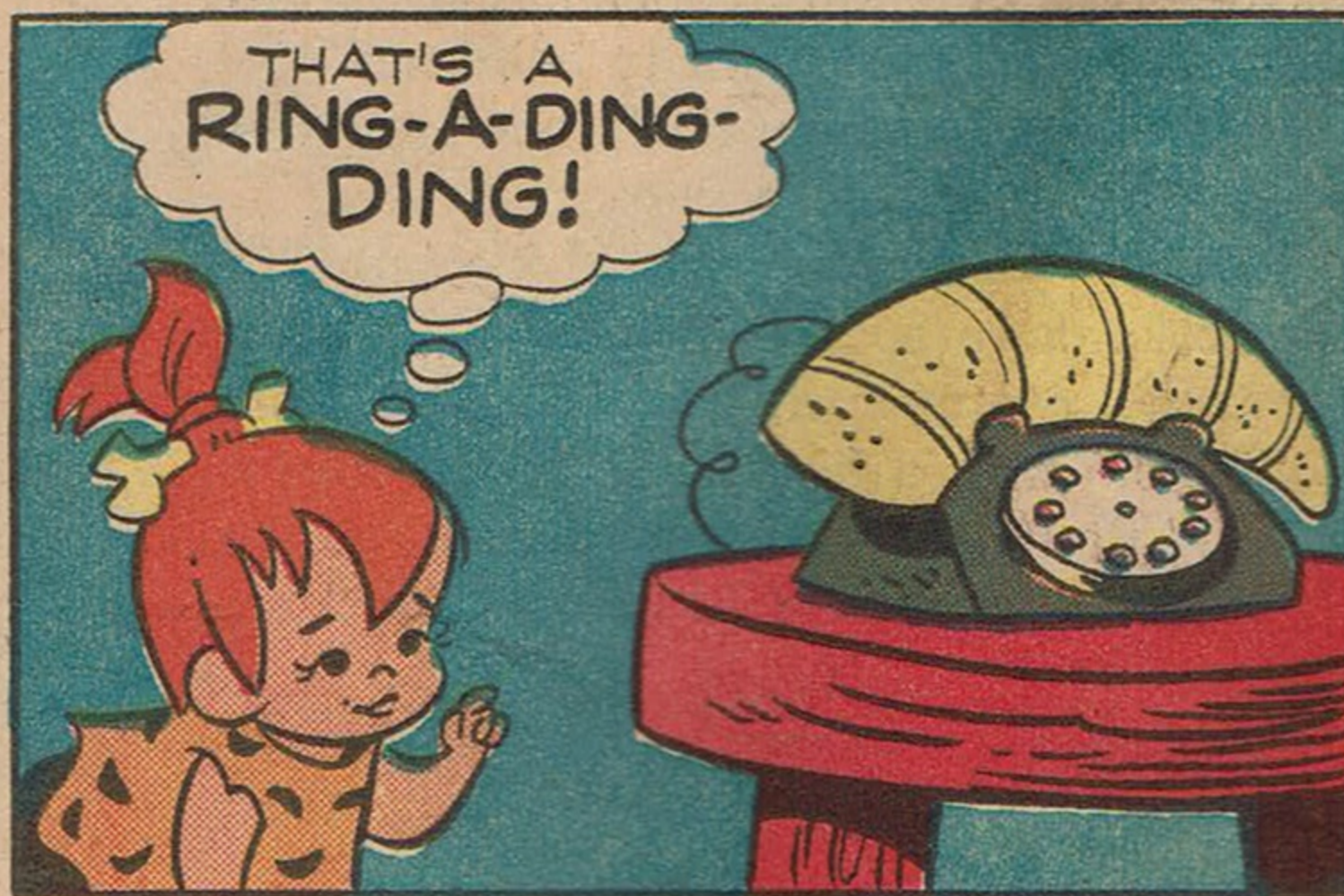
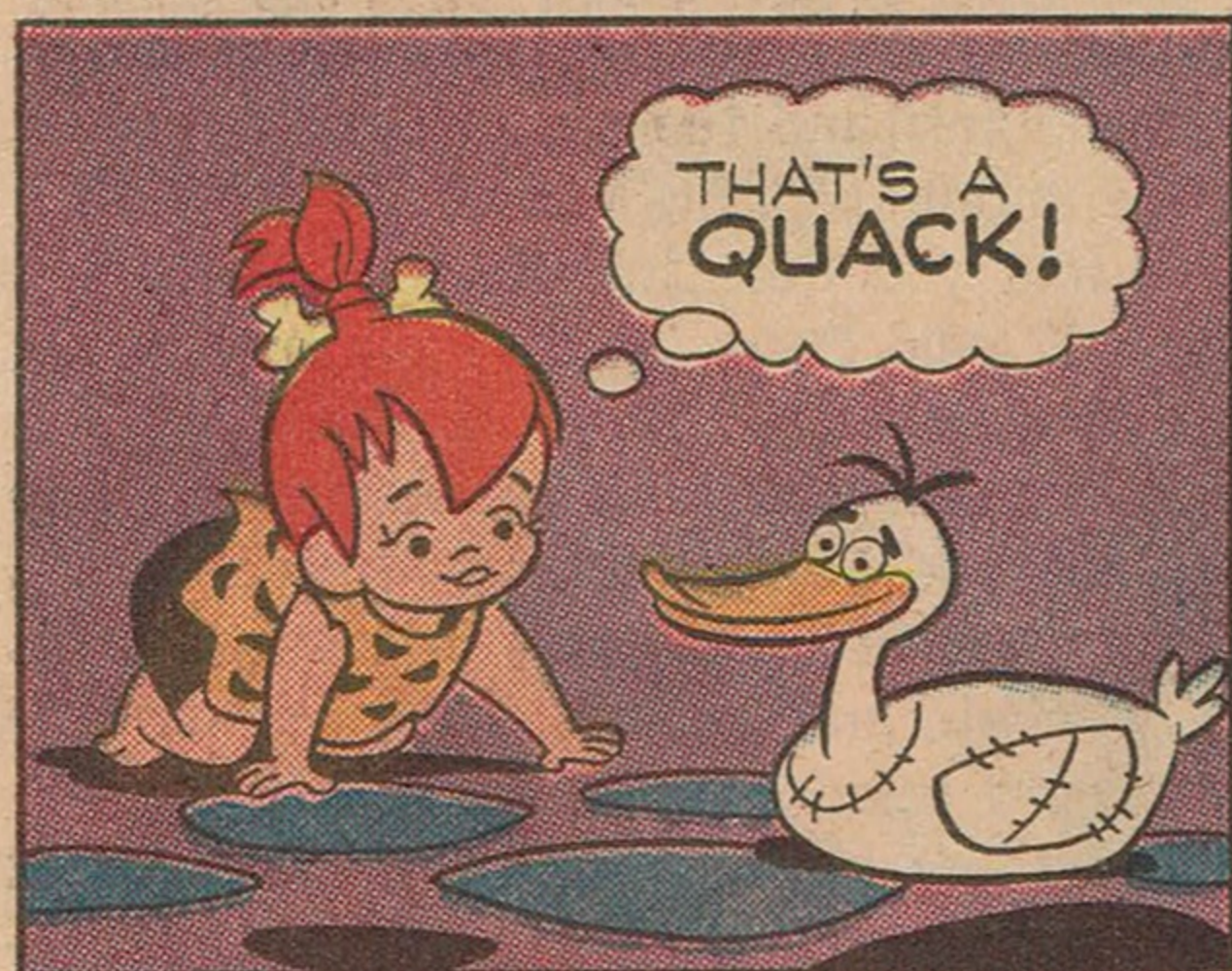
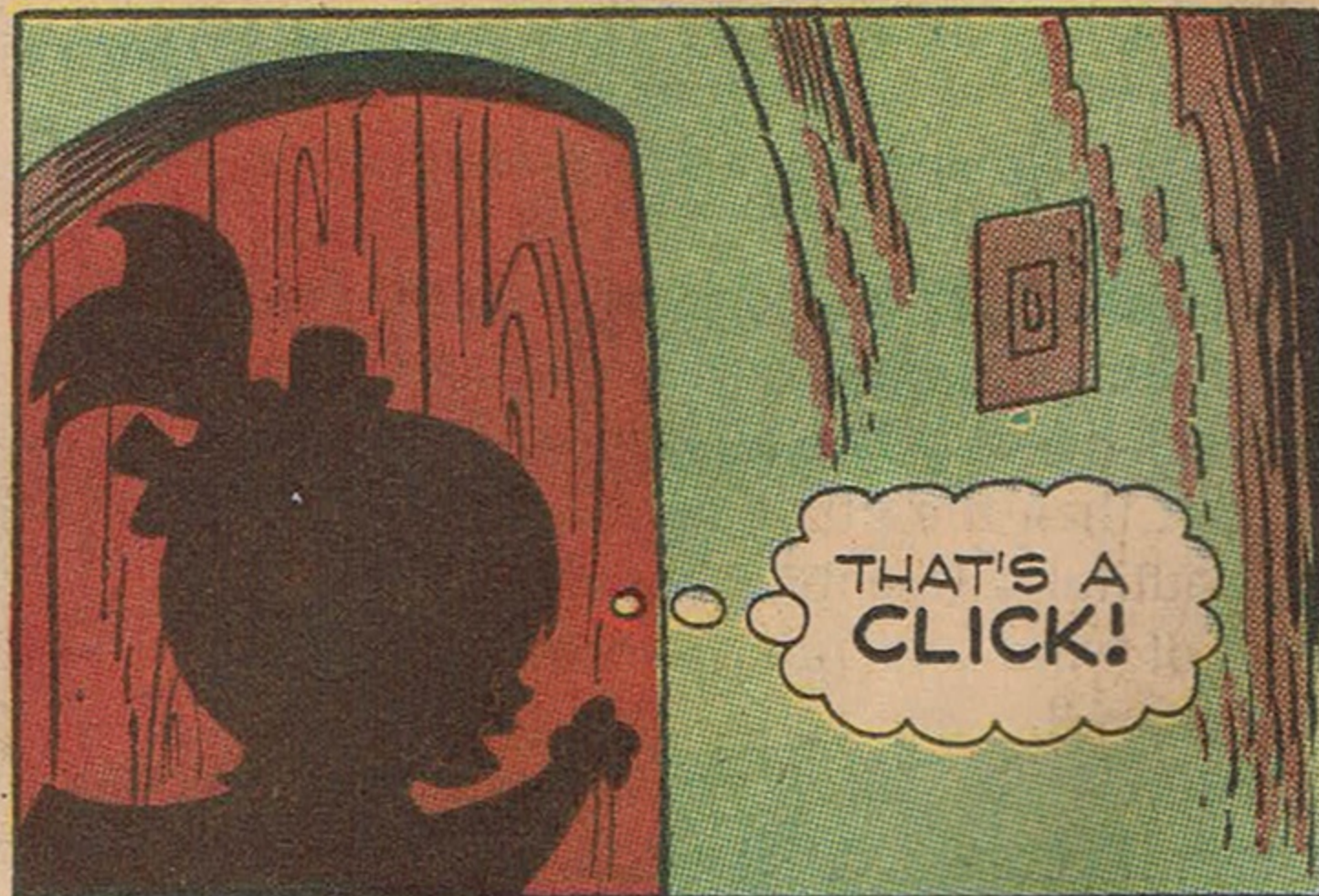
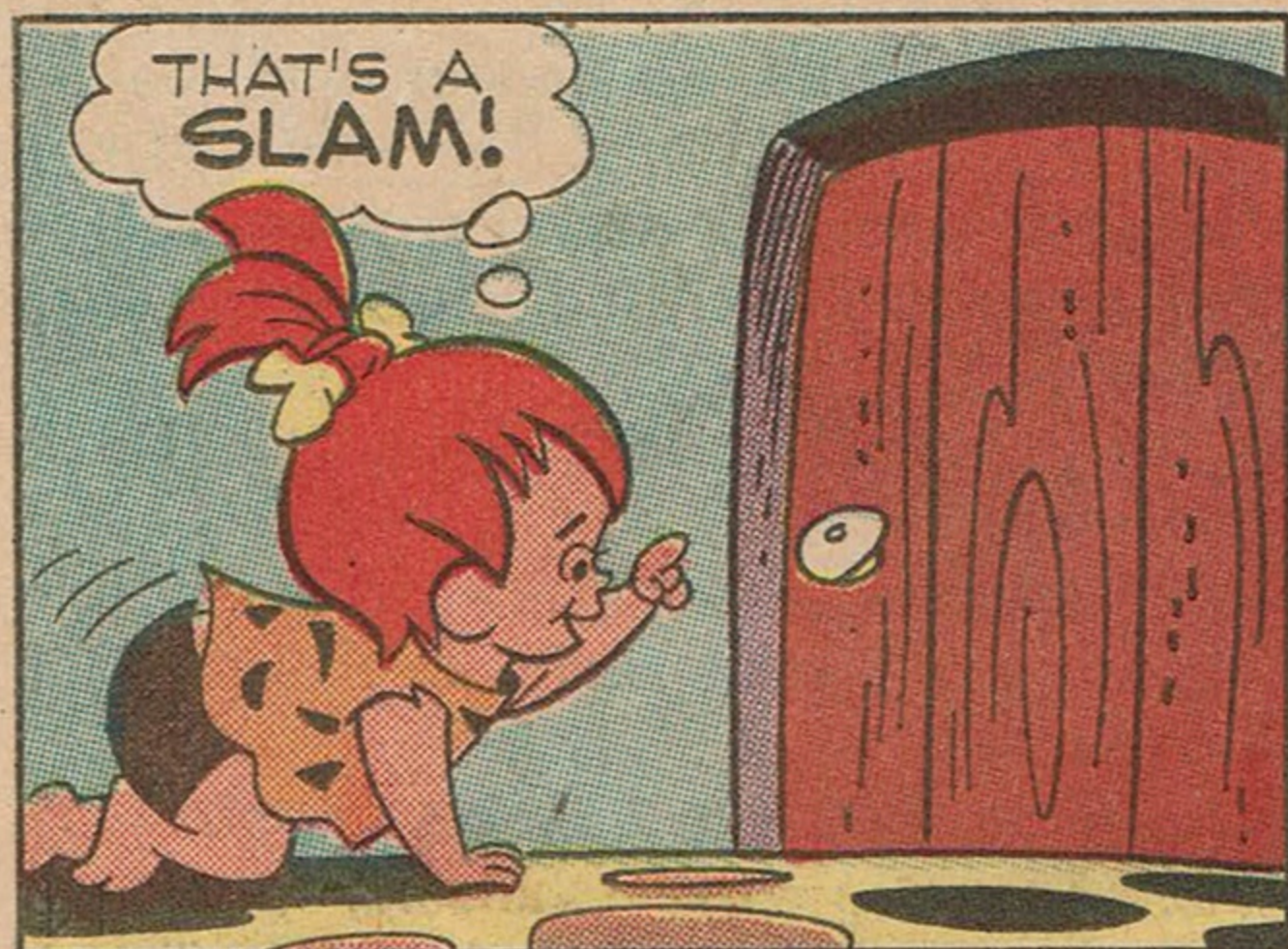
"Say!" he brightened. "Now I know what that four letter word is that means precipitation! It's R-A-I-N!"



Hanna-Barbera

Pebbles

I THINK
I'M LEARNING A
FEW THINGS!

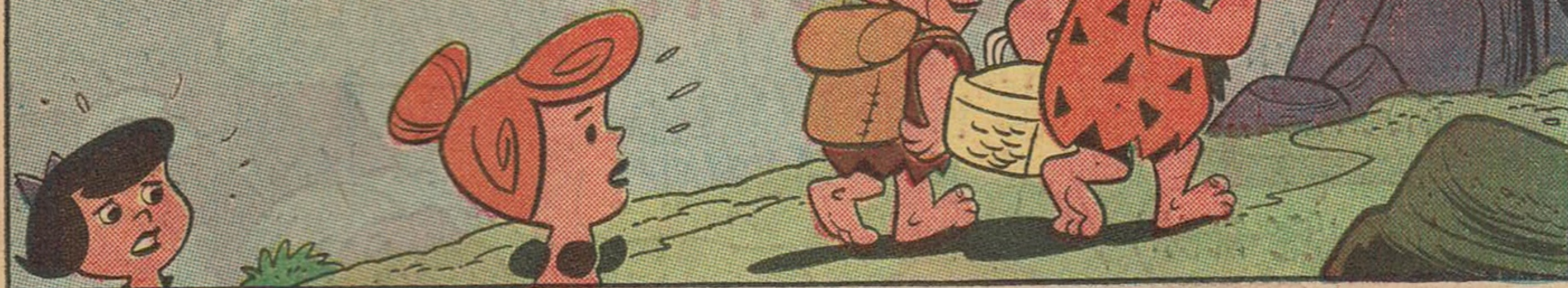


Hanna-Barbera

THE FLINTSTONES

THESE
EGG HUNTS
ARE REAL FUN,
EH, FRED?

I THINK THERE'S
A DINOSAUR'S NEST
UP AHEAD!



ONE OF THOSE HUGE, JUMBO-SIZED EGGS WILL
SCRAMBLE UP REAL CRAZY, EH, BARN?

YOU SAID IT! C'MON,
GIRLS—HURRY IT UP!



WE'RE
TRYING
TO, BUT...



AW, STOP COMPLAINING, YOU GALS!
BARNEY AND I ALWAYS DO THE
COOKING, DON'T WE?

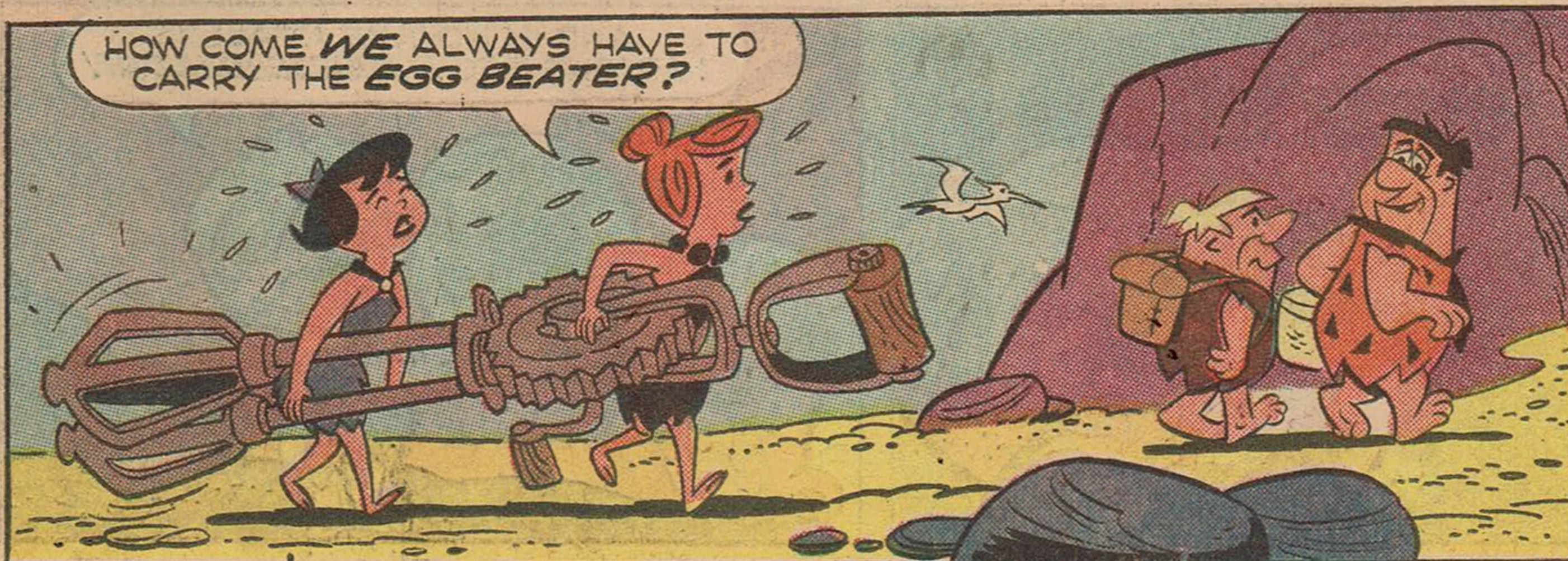
YEH! YOU GIRLS ARE GETTING
A REAL VACATION AWAY FROM
THE KITCHEN!



WE APPRECIATE IT,
BUT THERE'S JUST
ONE THING WE'D
LIKE TO KNOW...



HOW COME *WE* ALWAYS HAVE TO
CARRY THE *EGG BEATER*?



Hanna-Barbera
CAVE KIDS

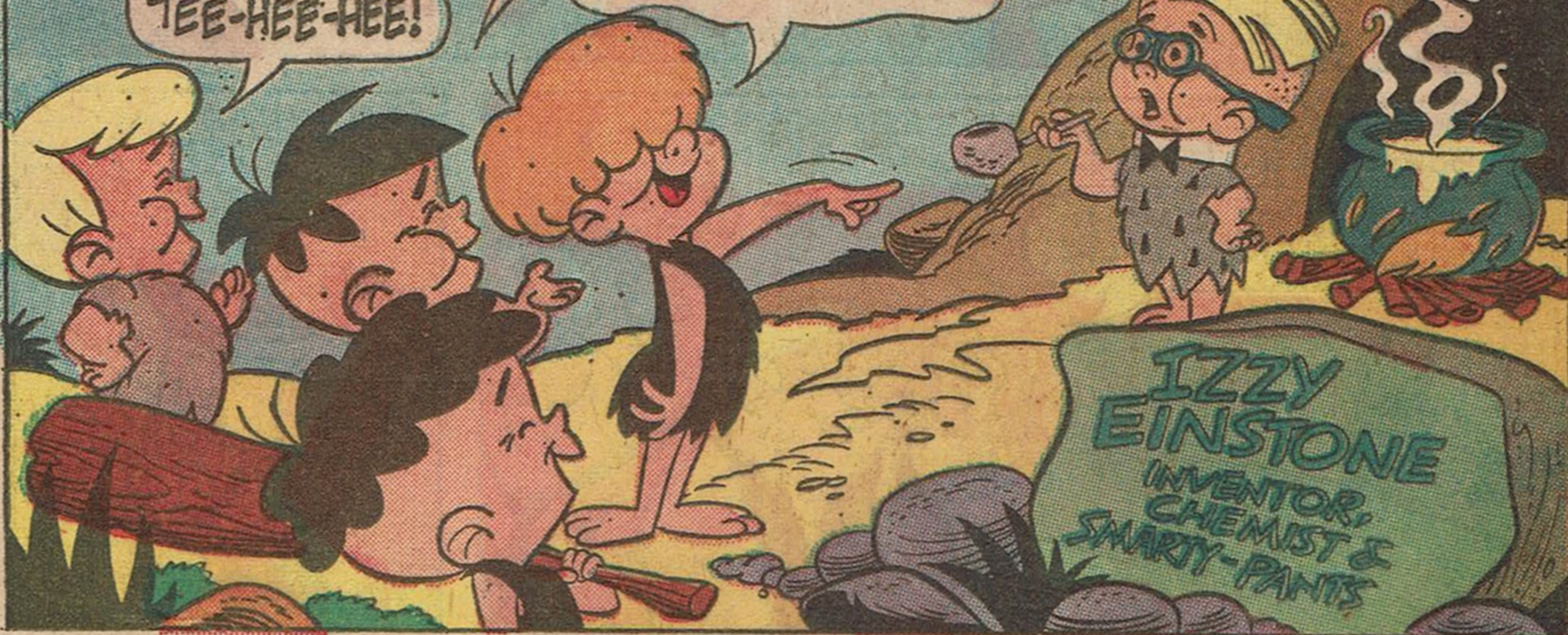
GROWING BOULDER

IZZY EINSTONE,
CHILD GENIUS,
HAS JUST
INVENTED AN
AMAZING
INVENTION...

TEE-HEE-HEE!

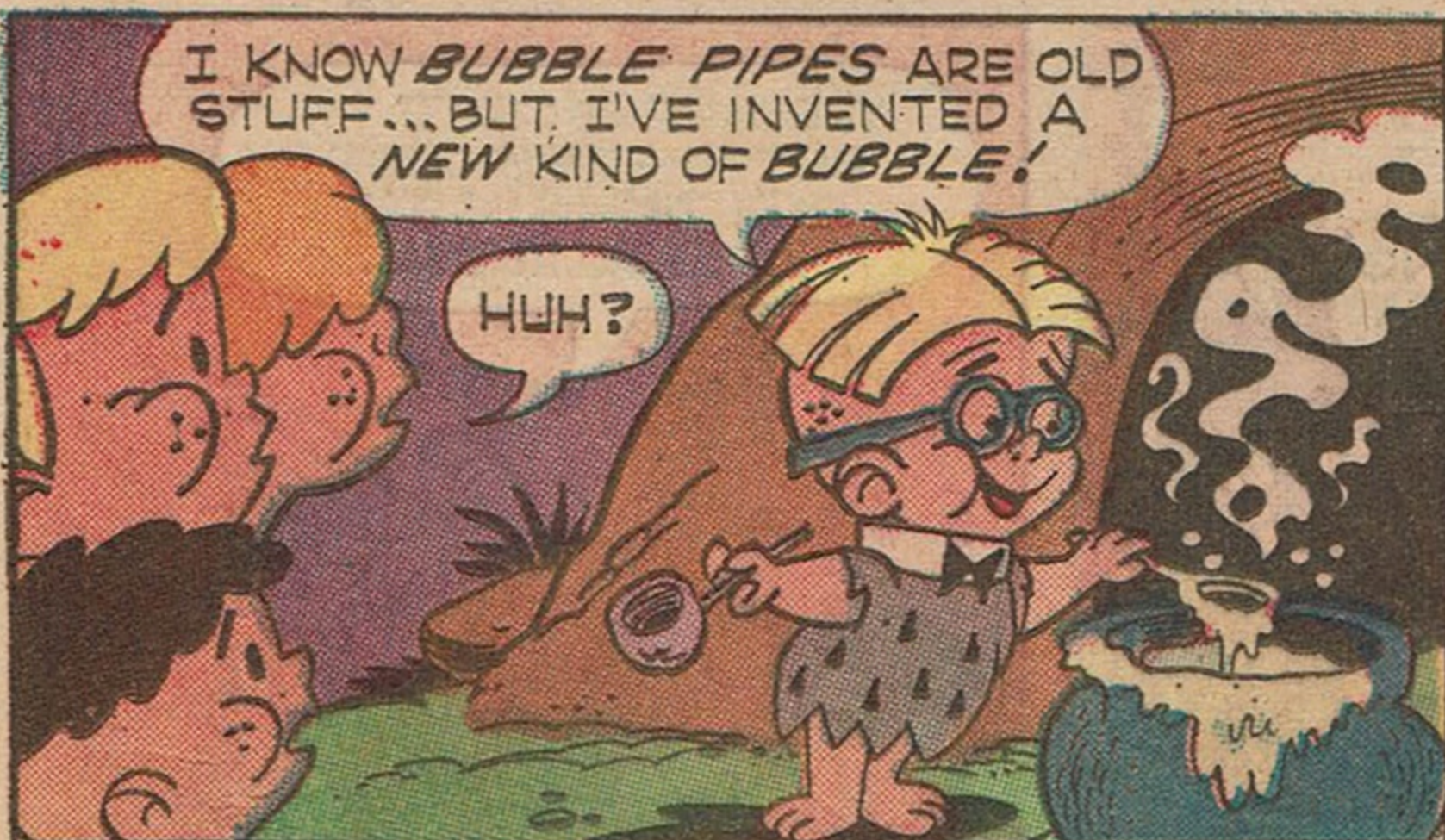
A **BUBBLE PIPE?!!**
HA-HA-HA-HA!
HO-HO-HO!
HA-HA! YAK!

B-BUT LET
ME EXPLAIN...



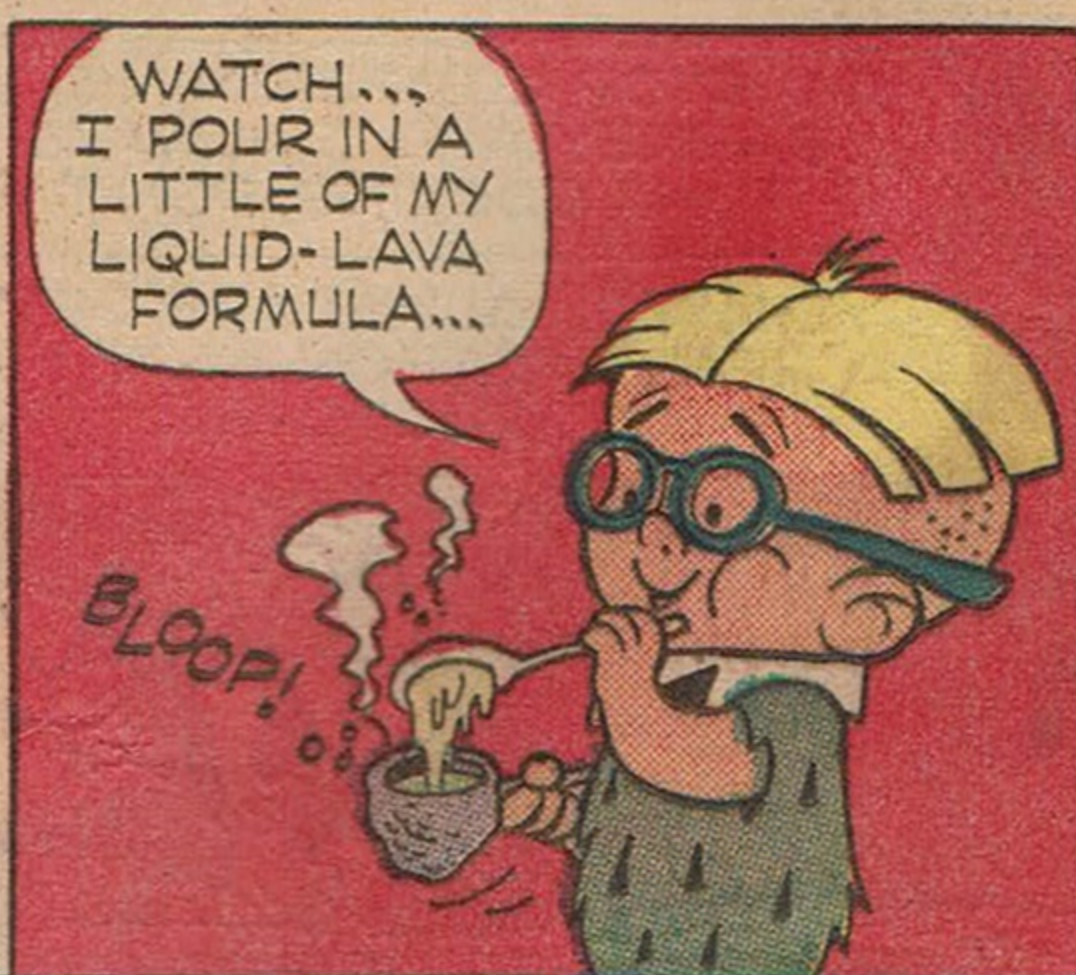
I KNOW *BUBBLE PIPES* ARE OLD
STUFF... BUT I'VE INVENTED A
NEW KIND OF *BUBBLE*!

HUH?

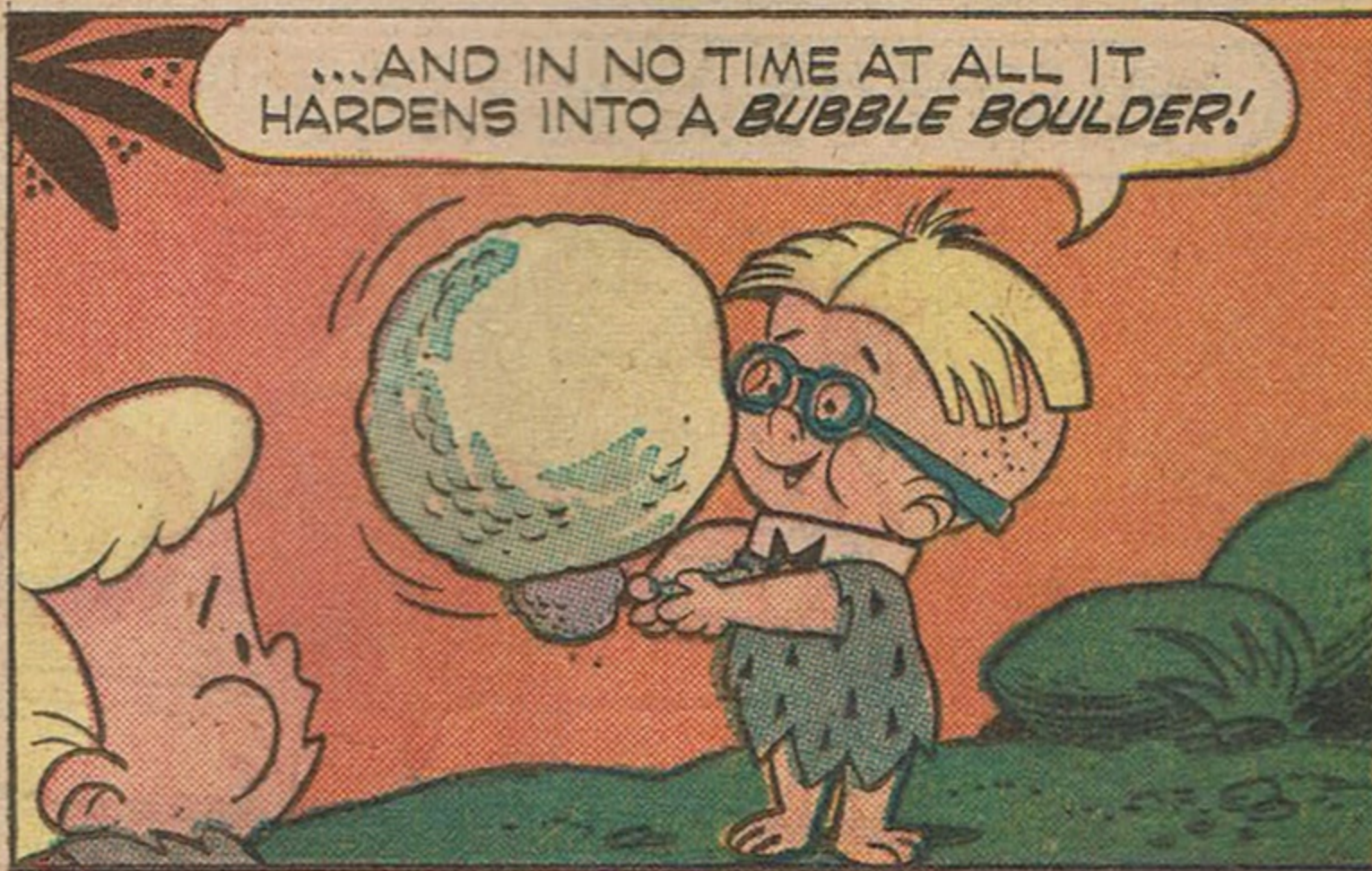
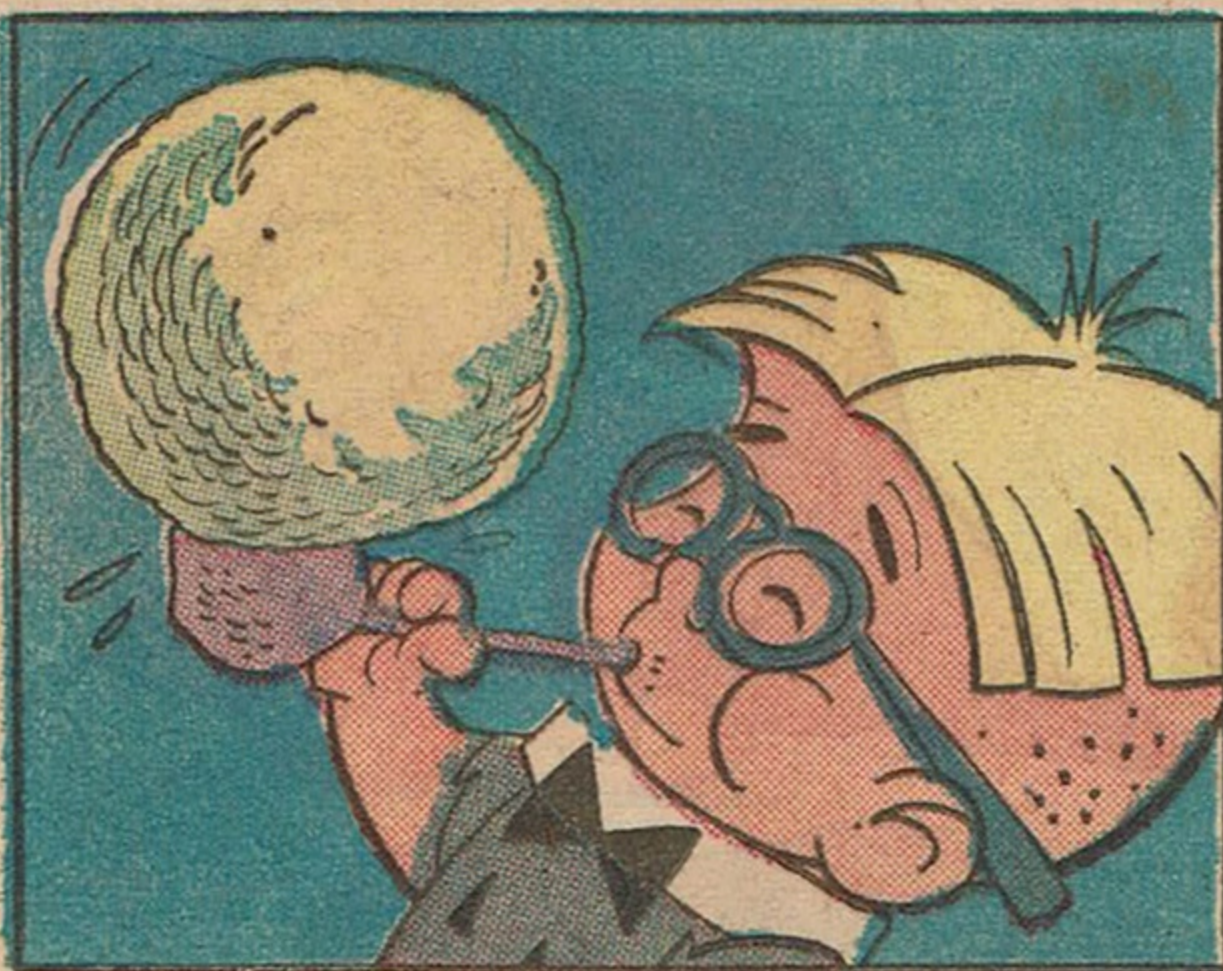


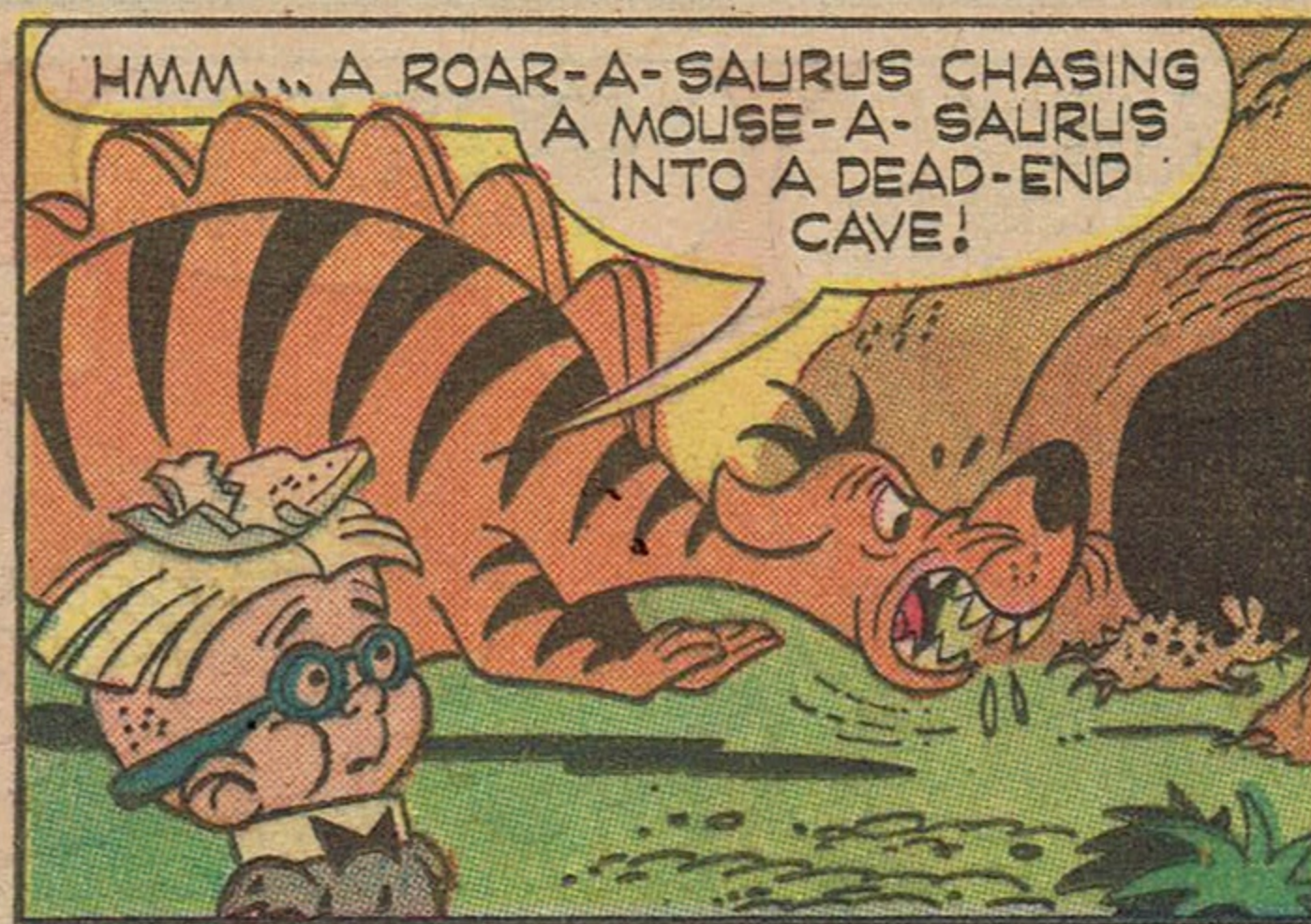
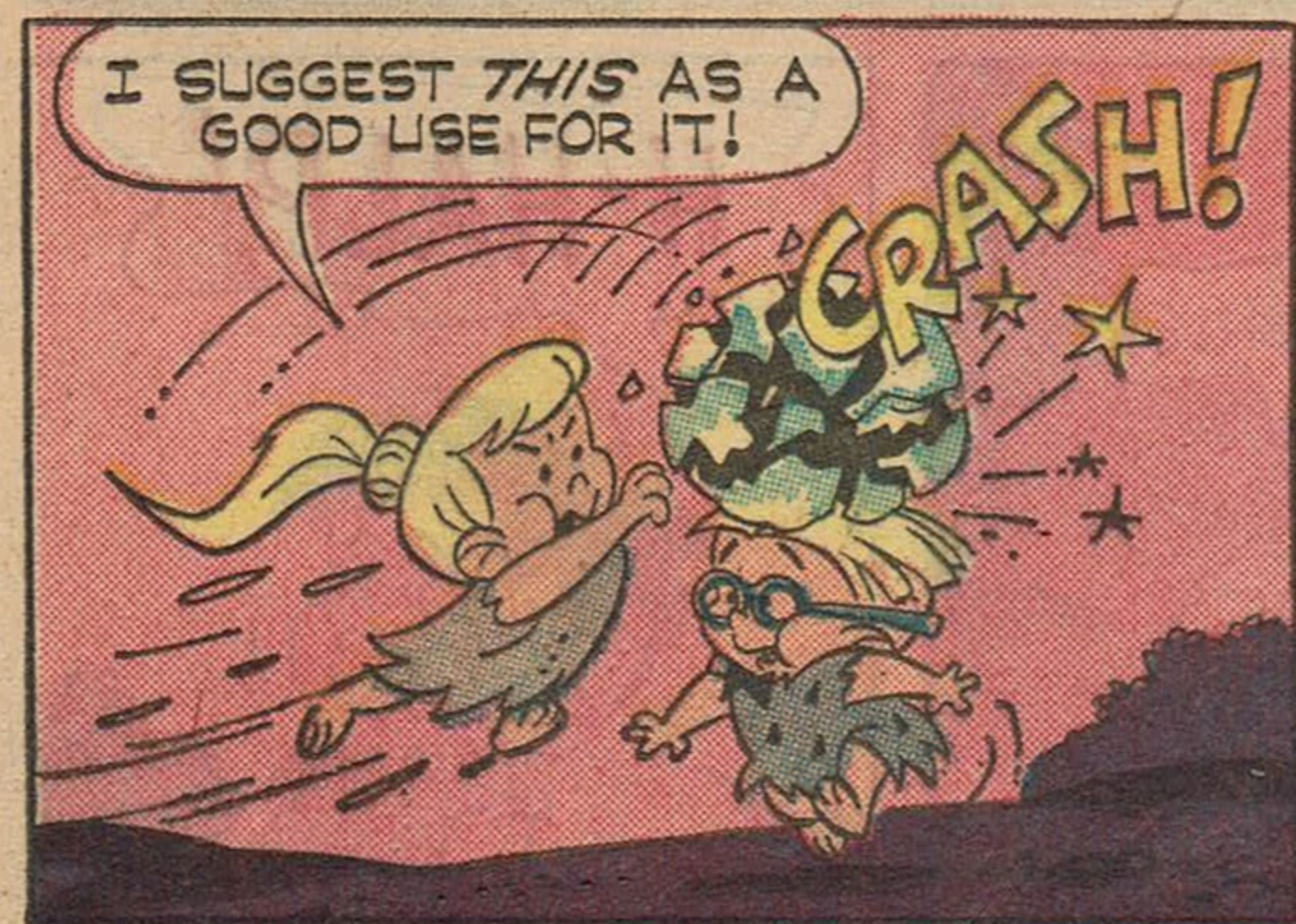
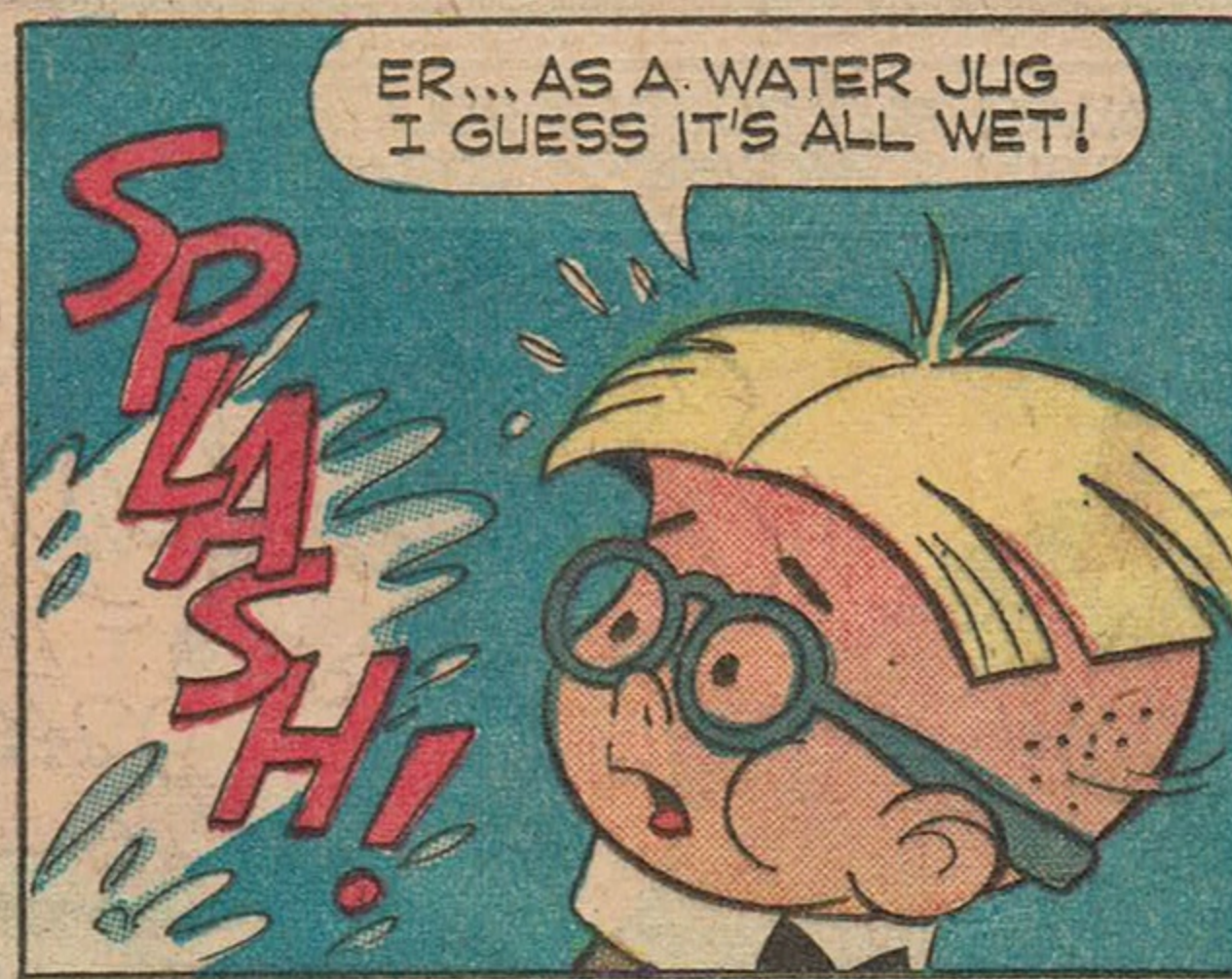
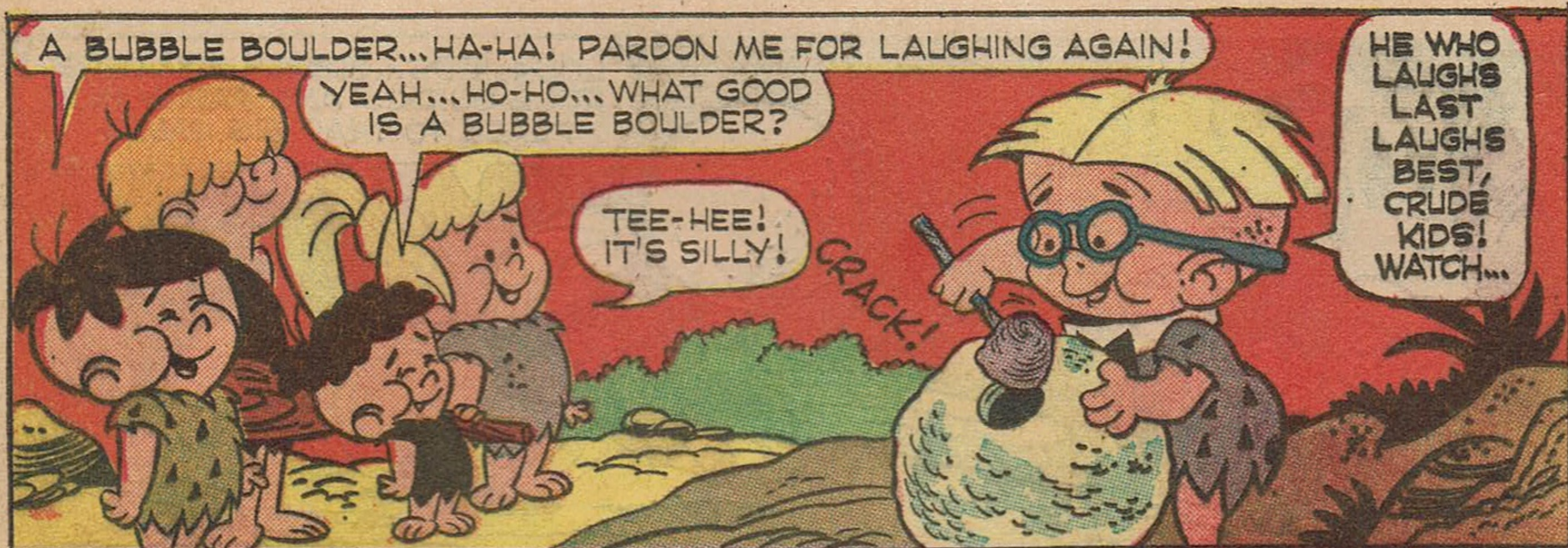
WATCH...
I POUR IN A
LITTLE OF MY
LIQUID-LAVA
FORMULA...

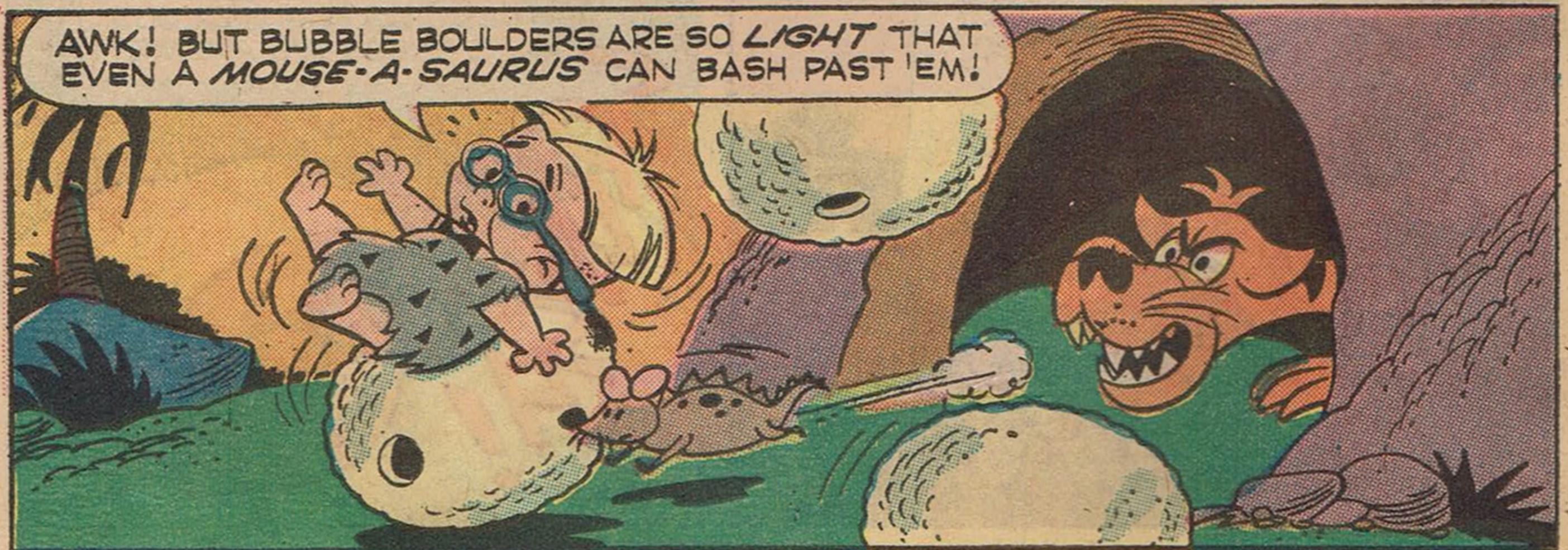
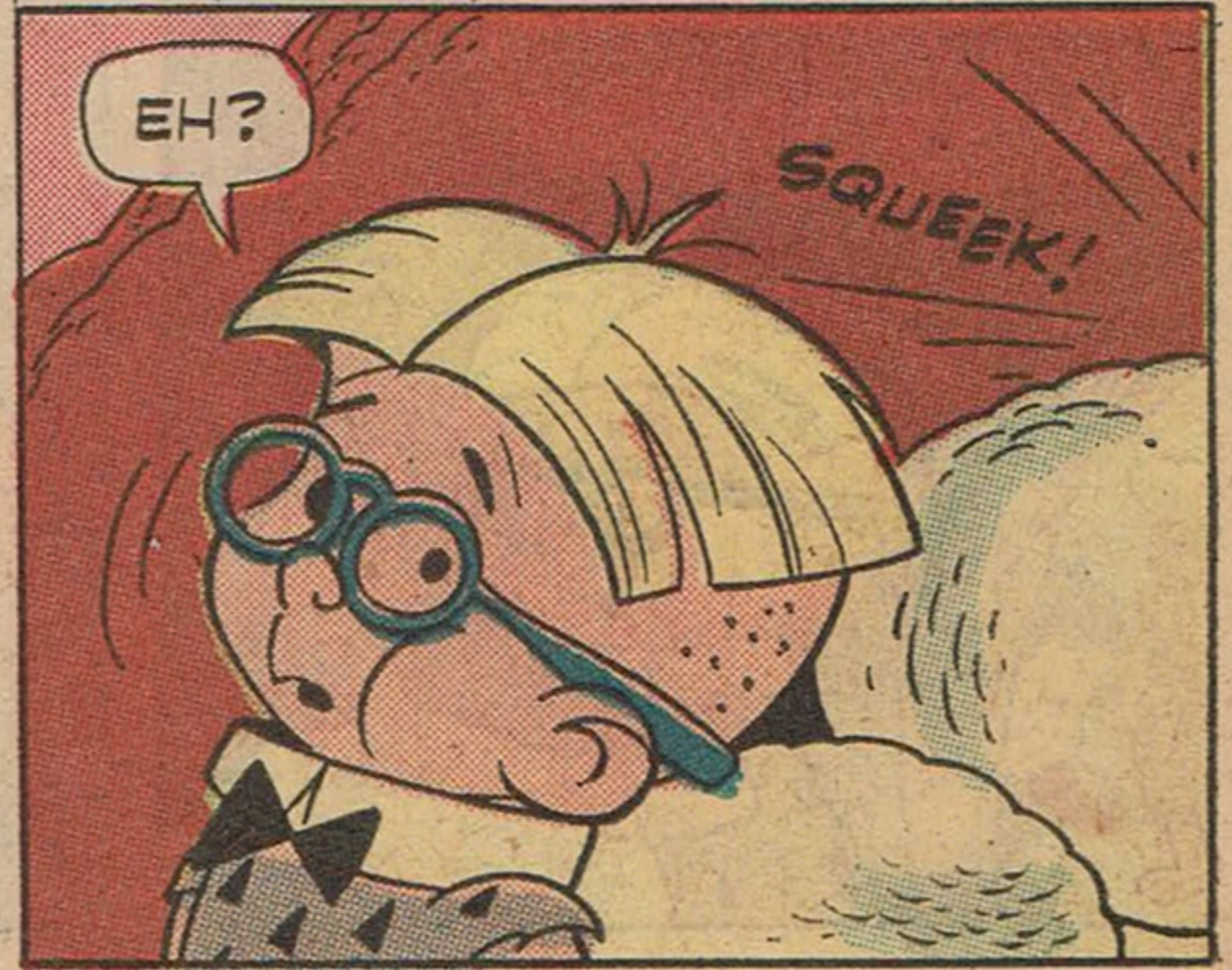
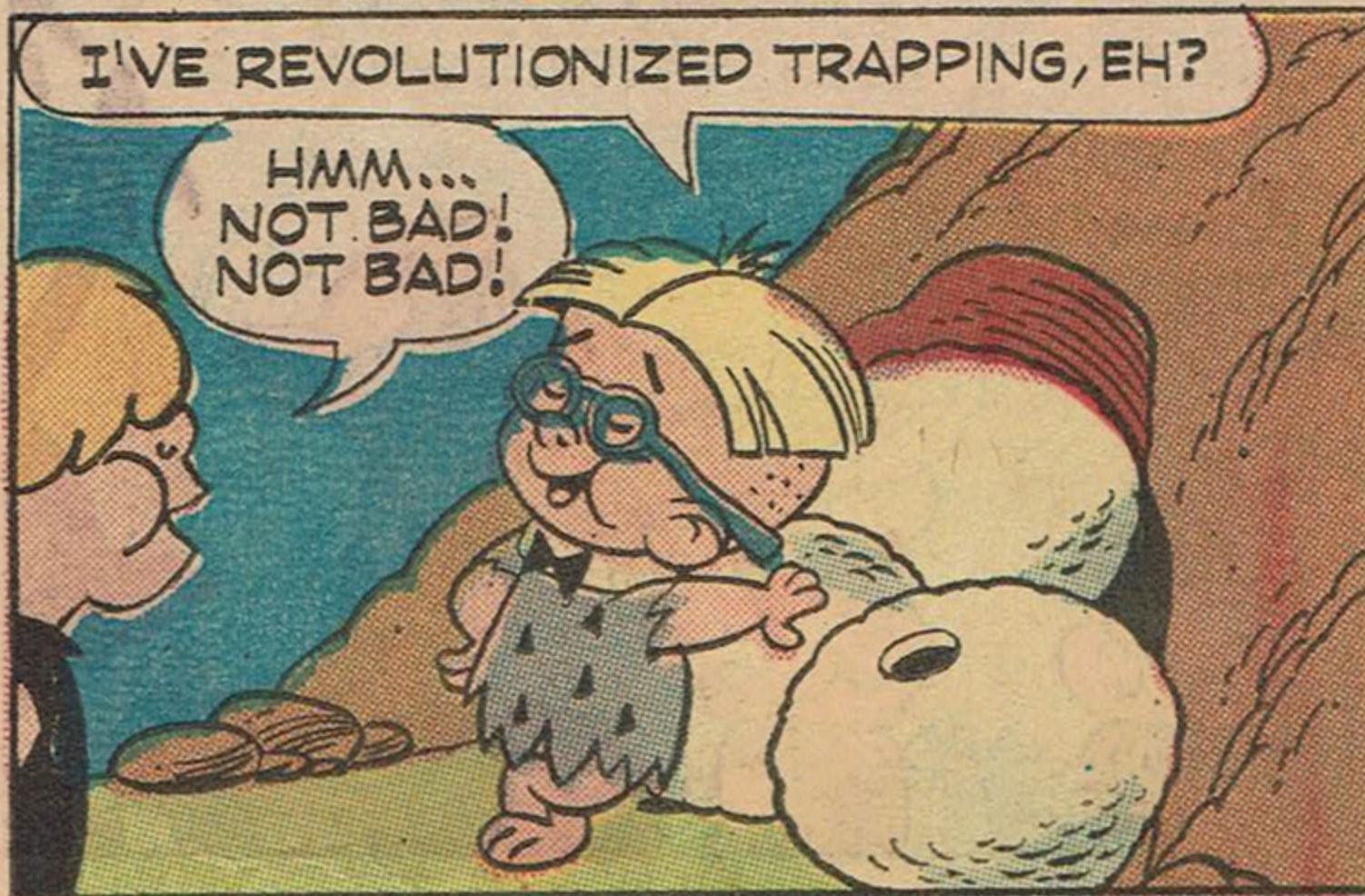
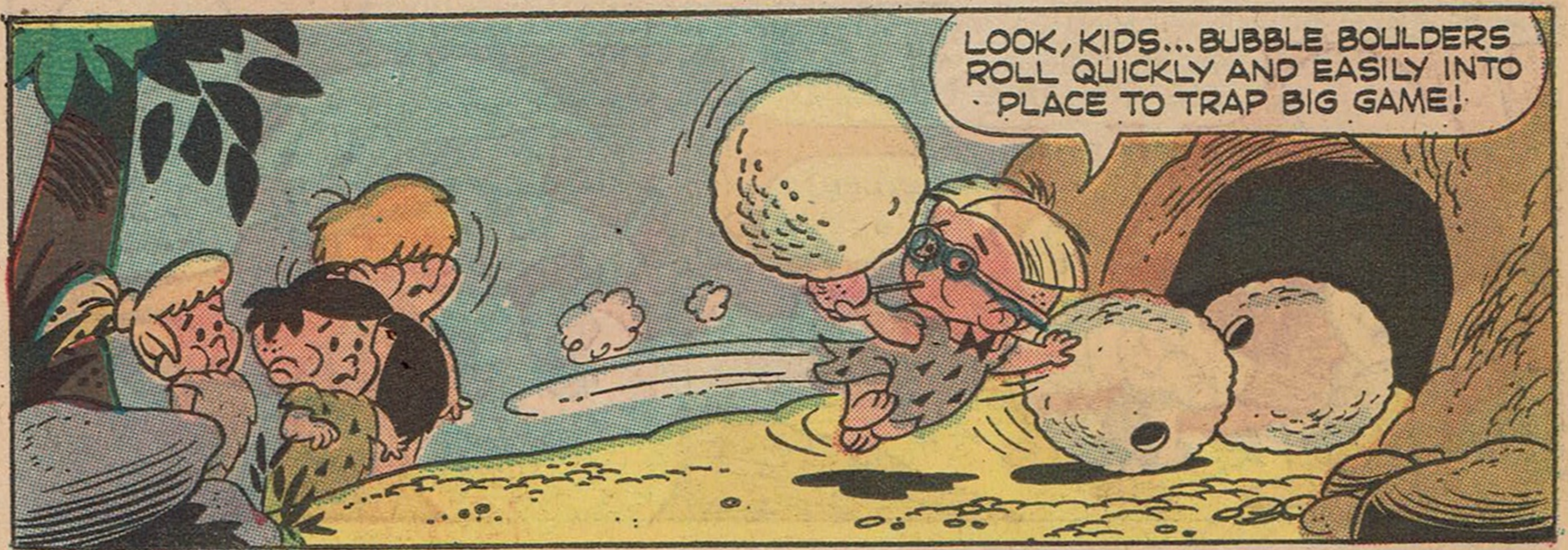
BLOOP!

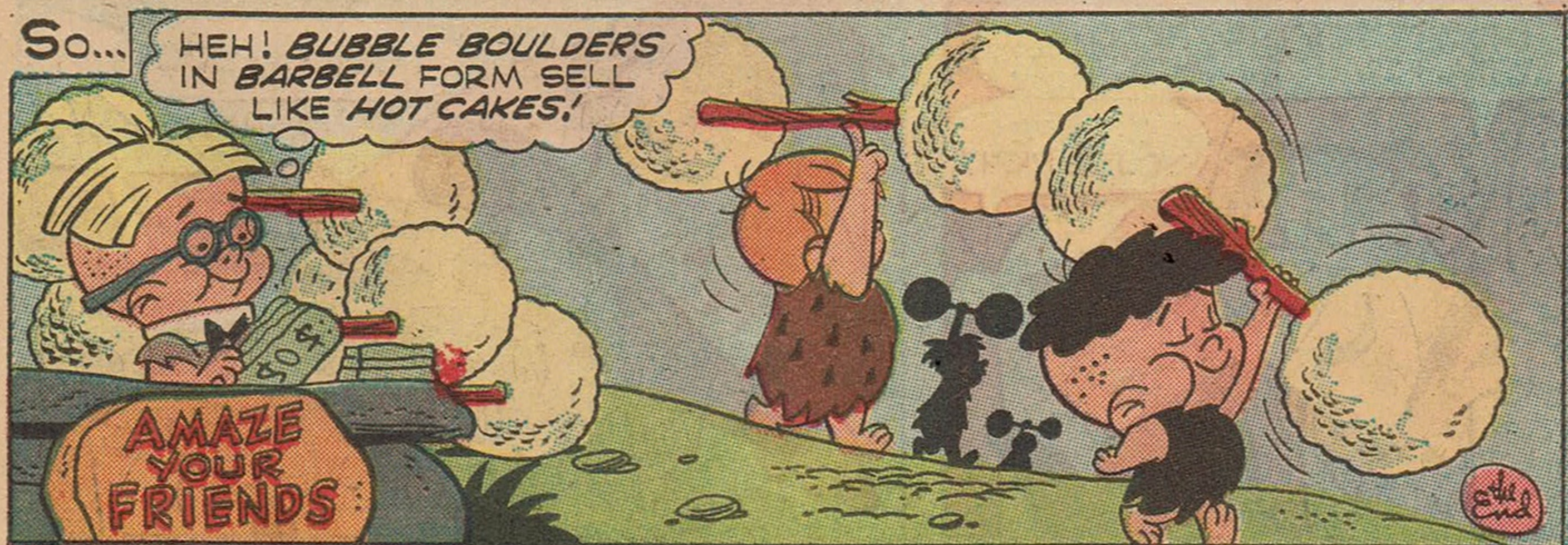
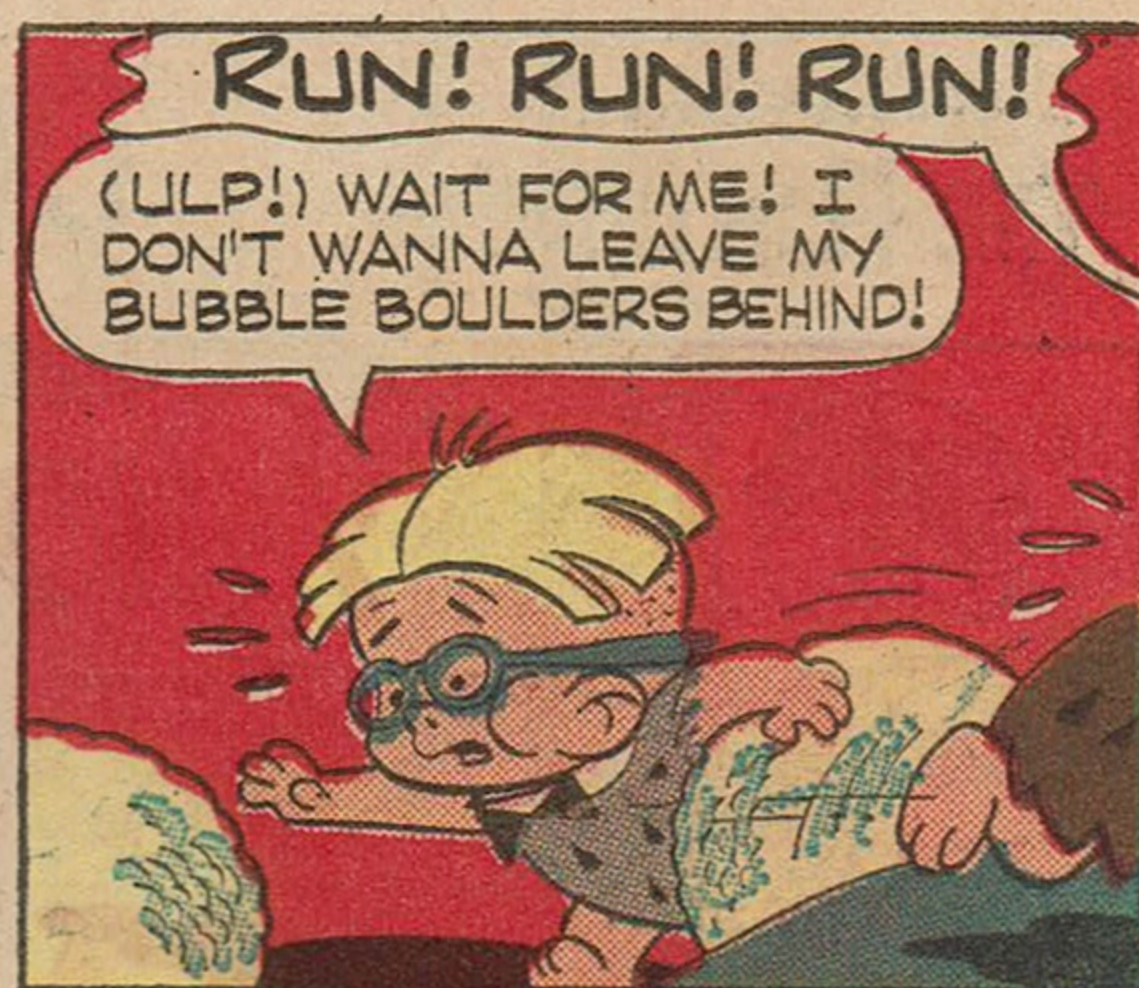
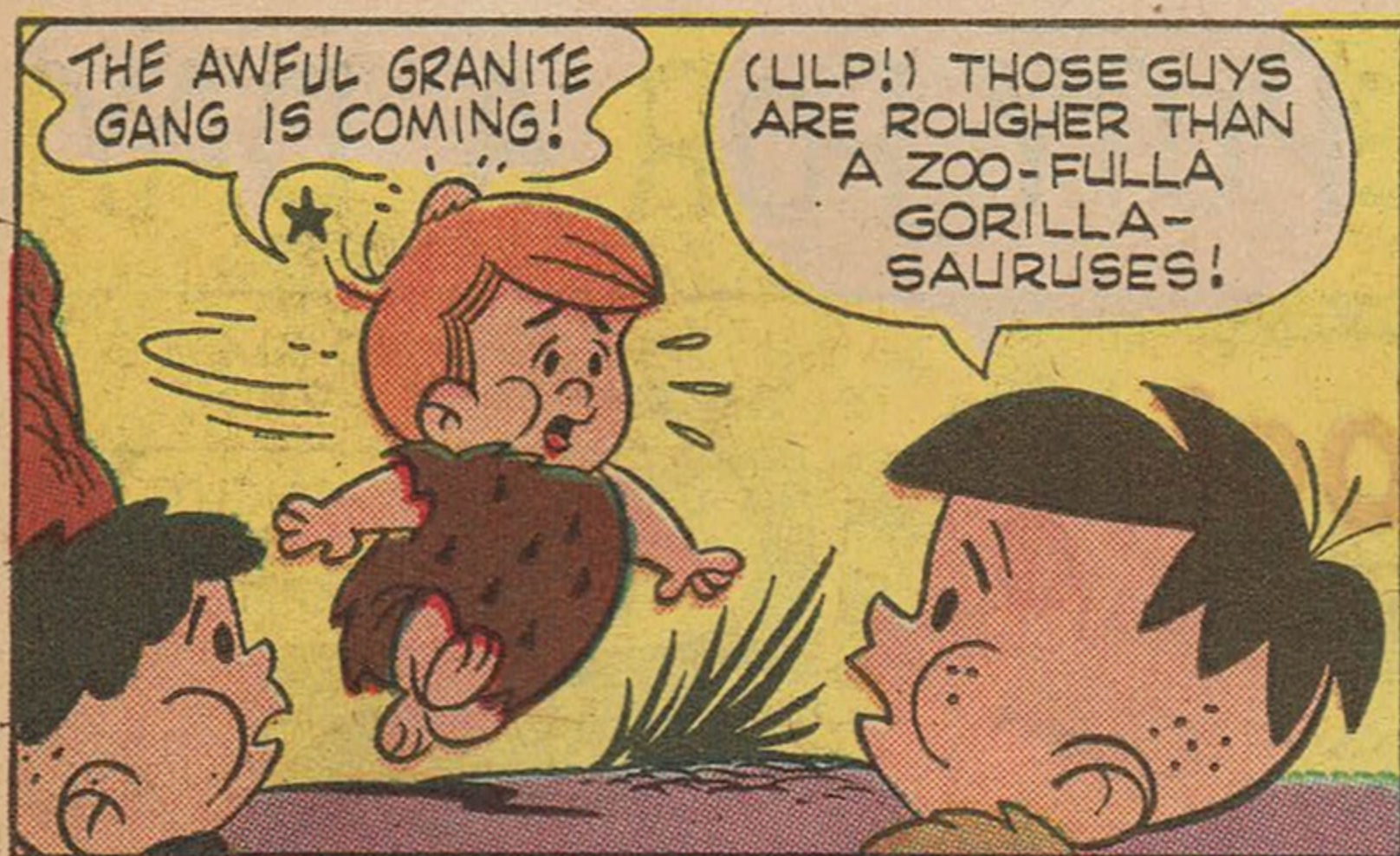


...AND IN NO TIME AT ALL IT
HARDENS INTO A *BUBBLE BOULDER*!

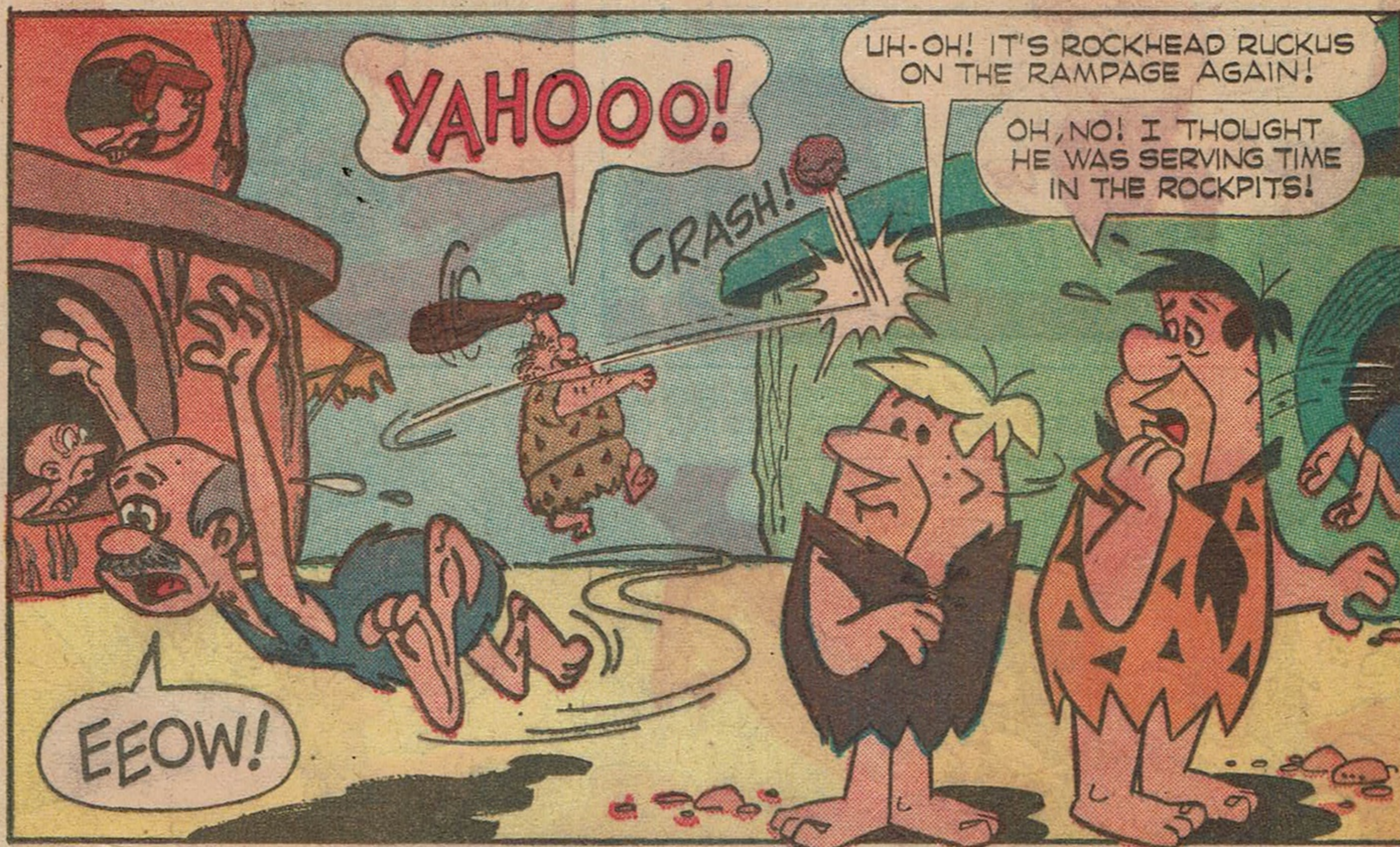


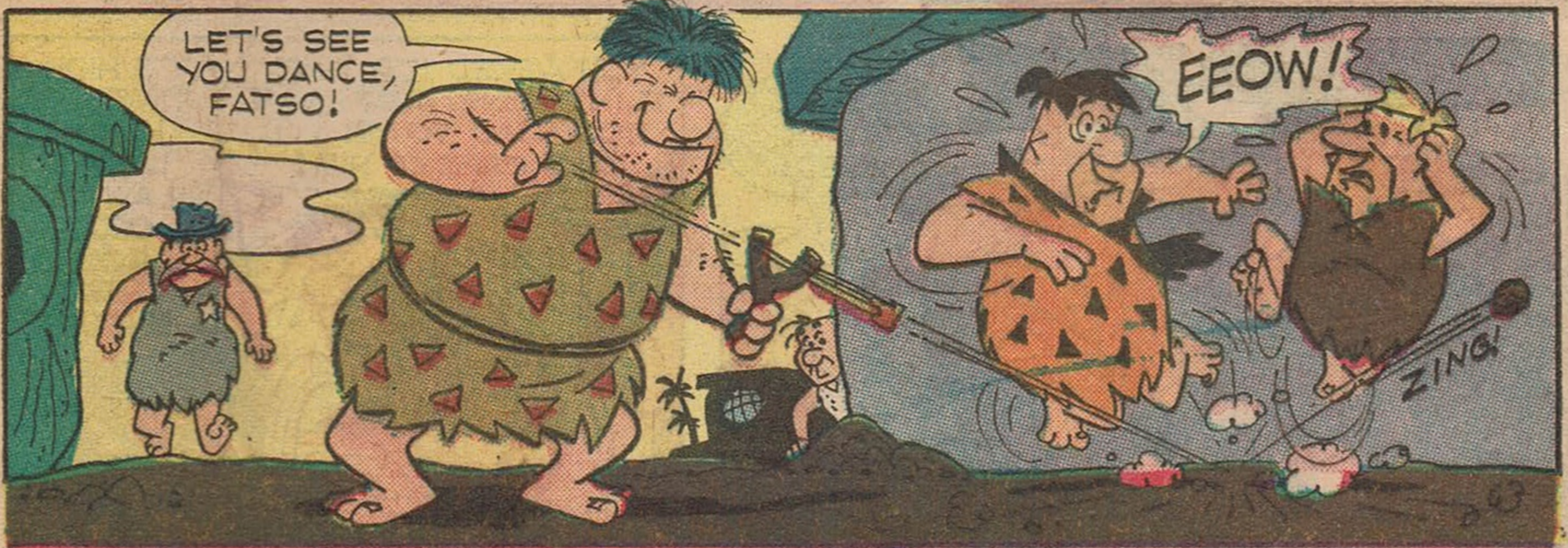
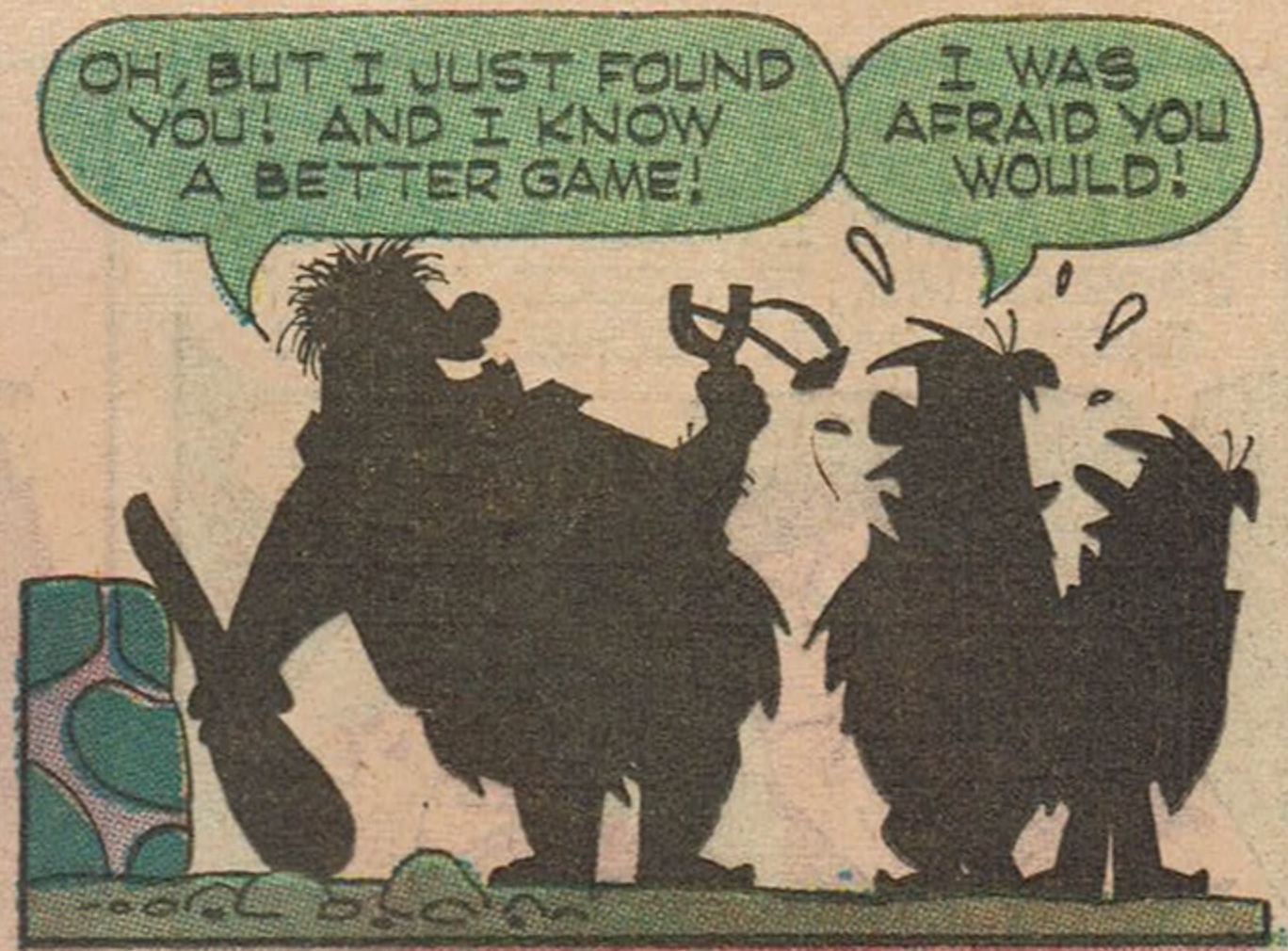


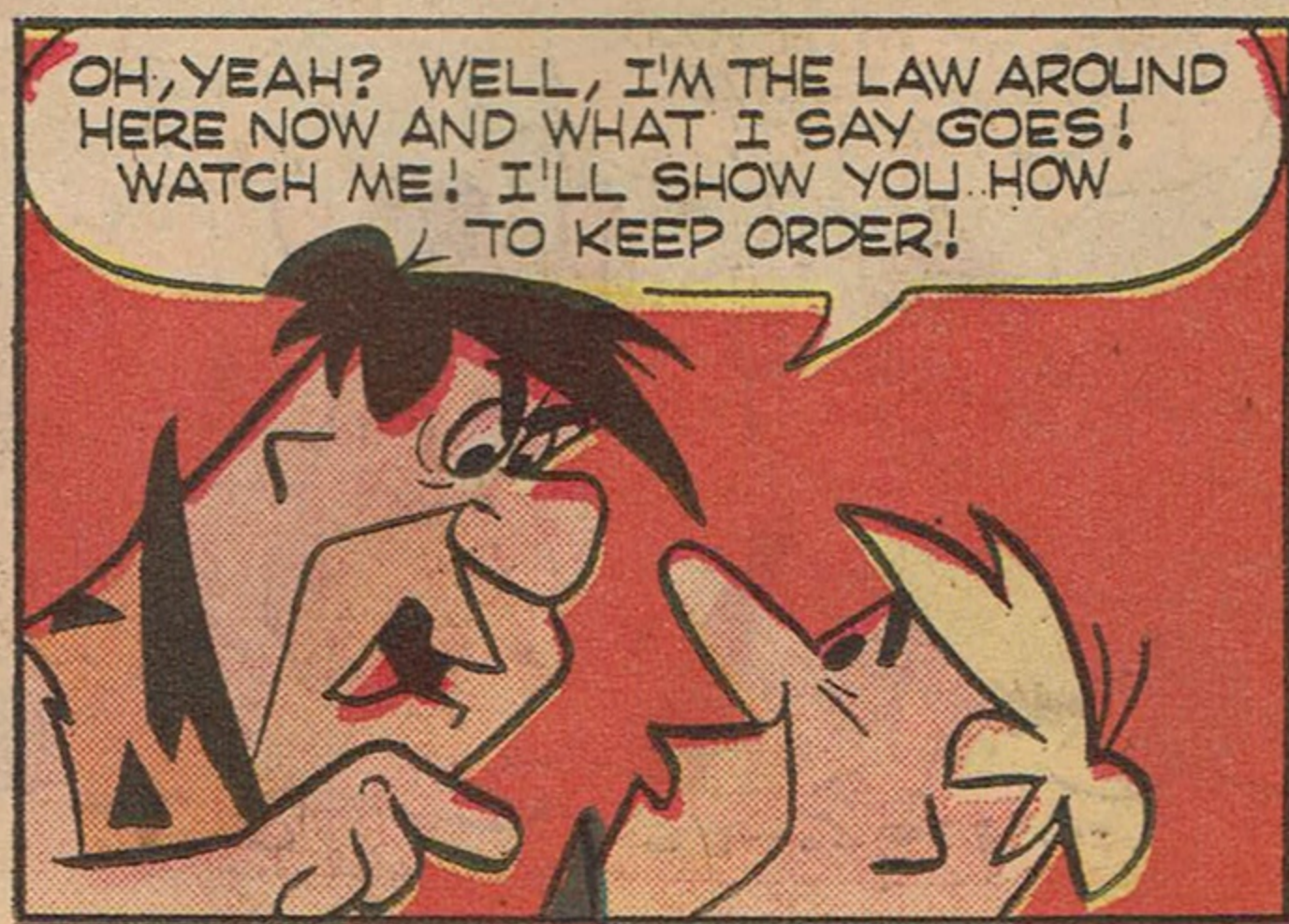
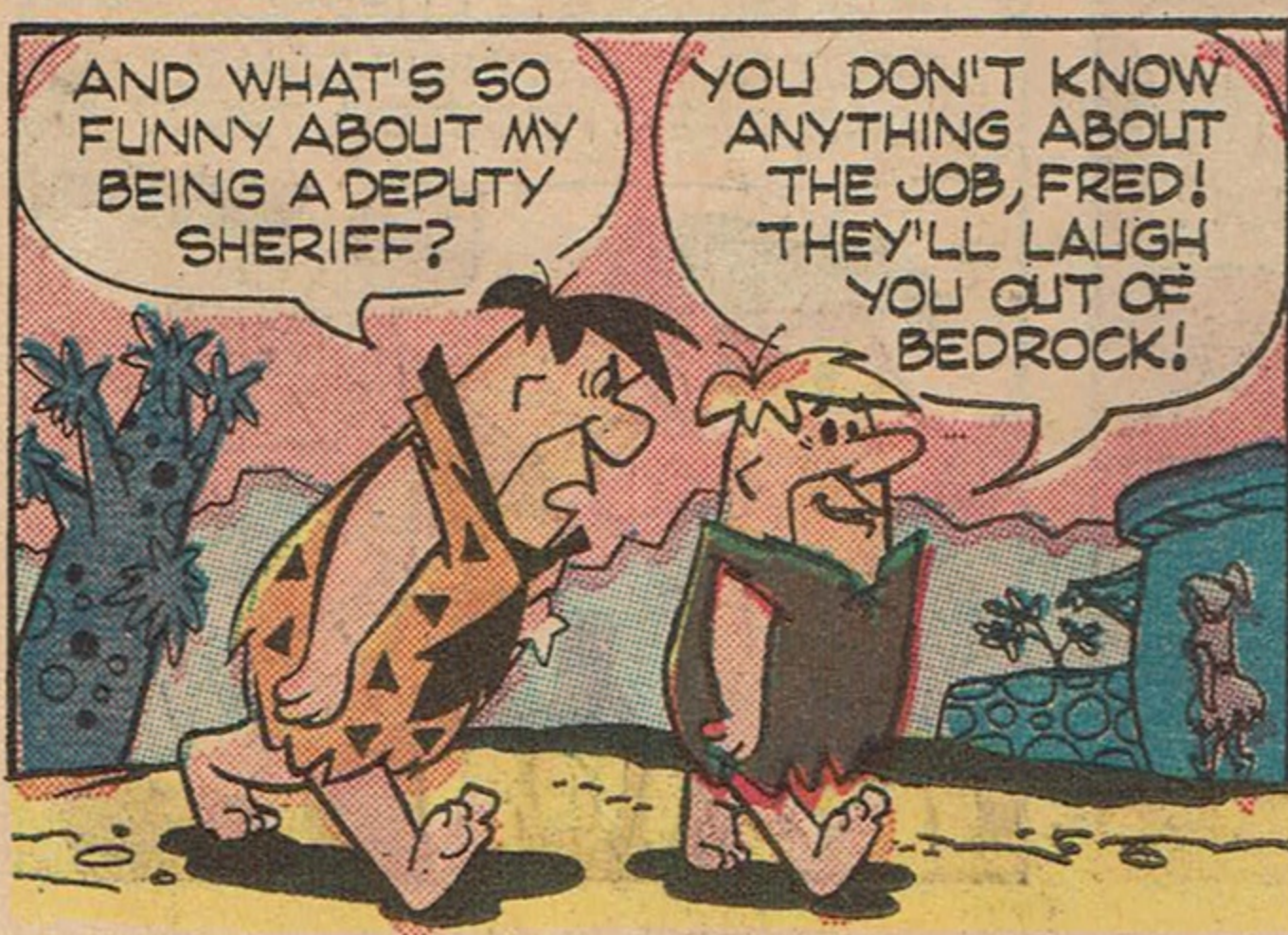
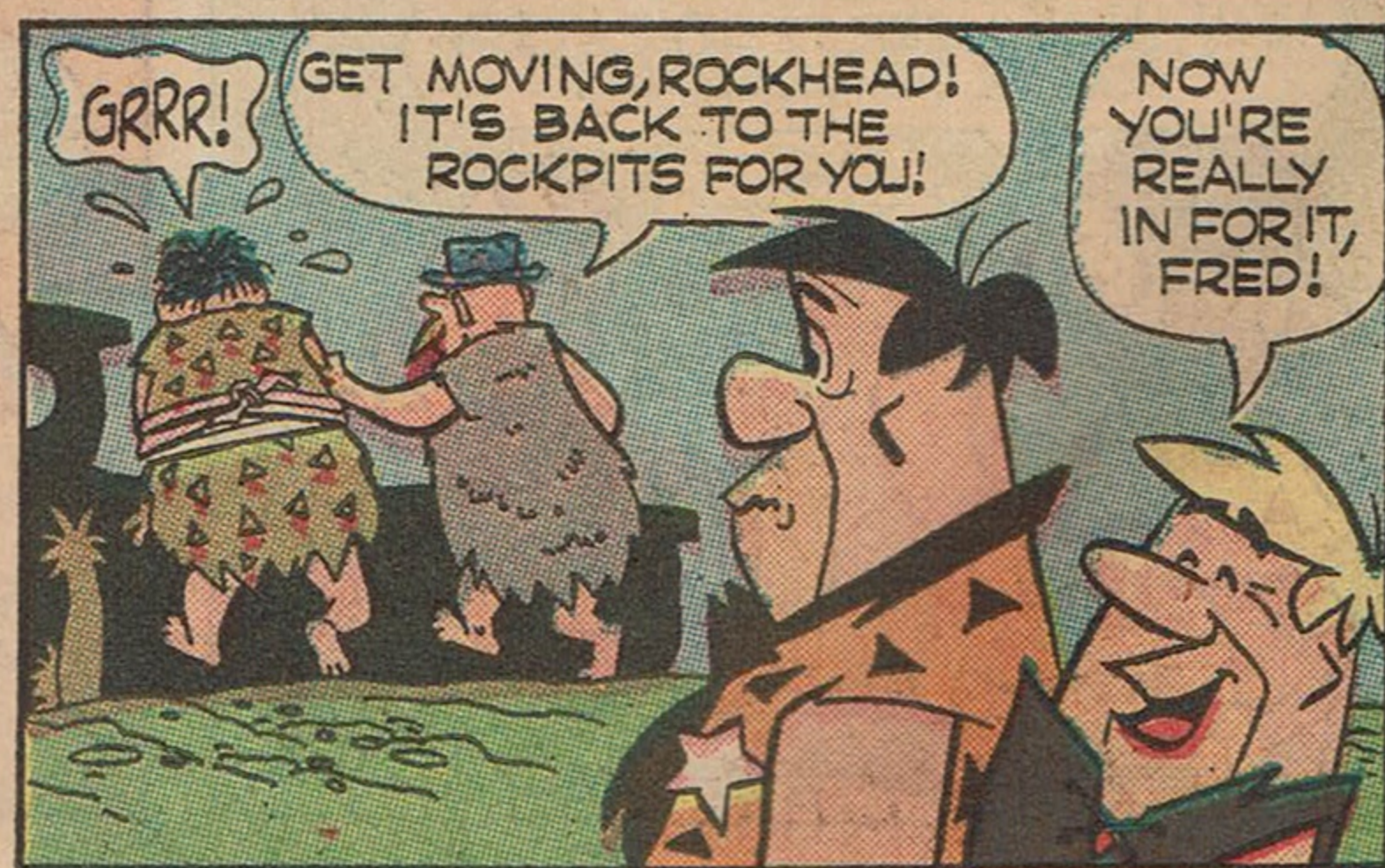
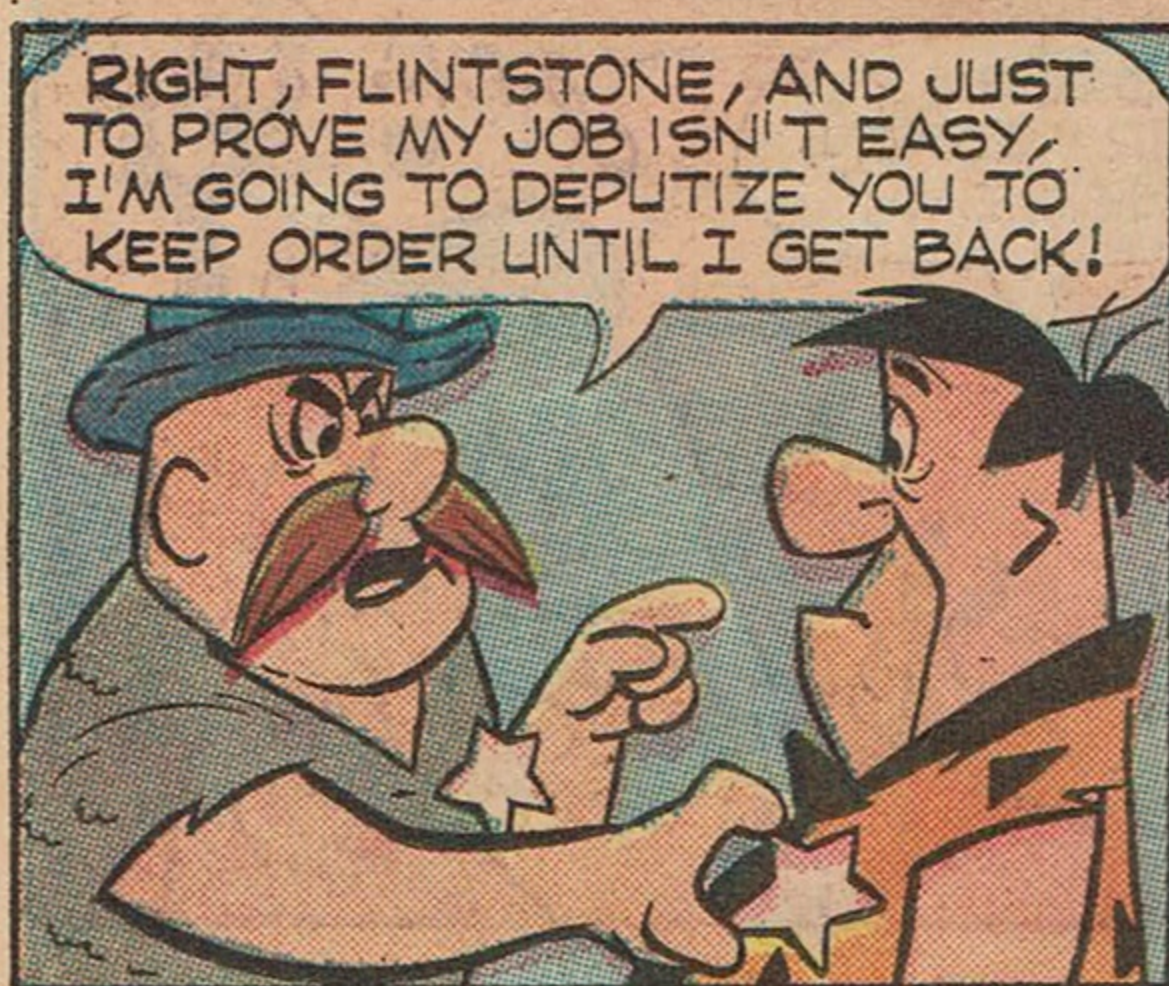
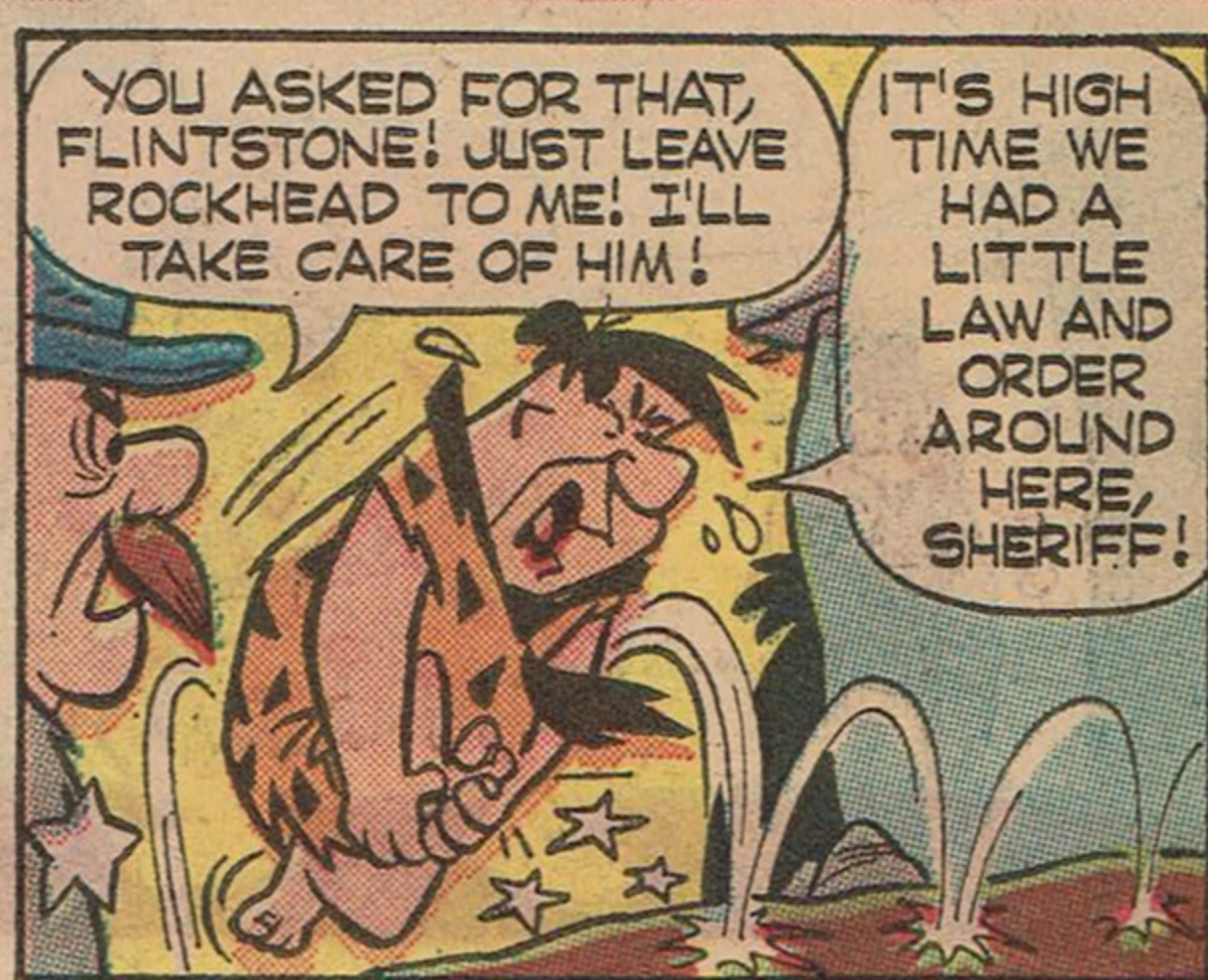
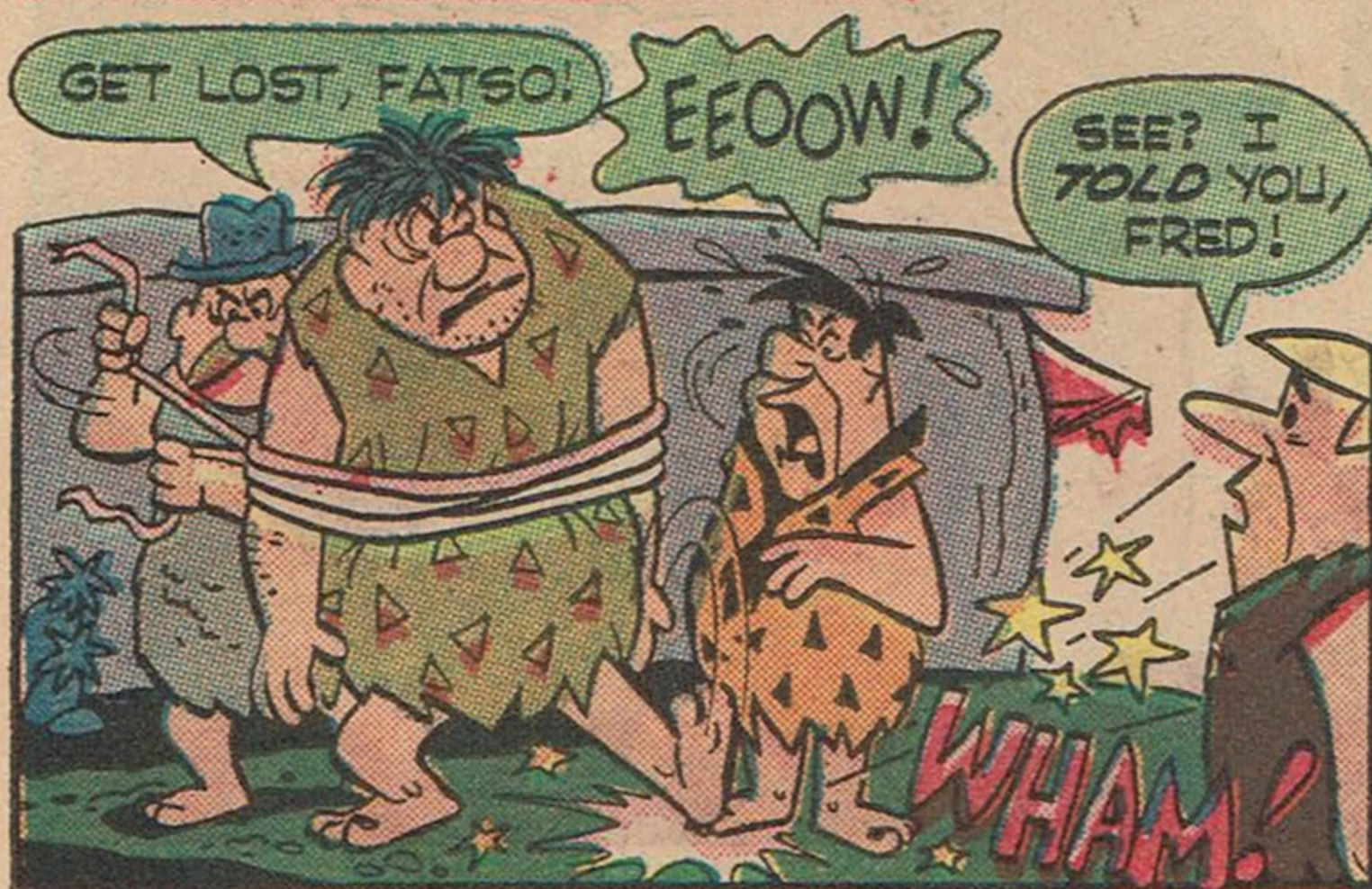
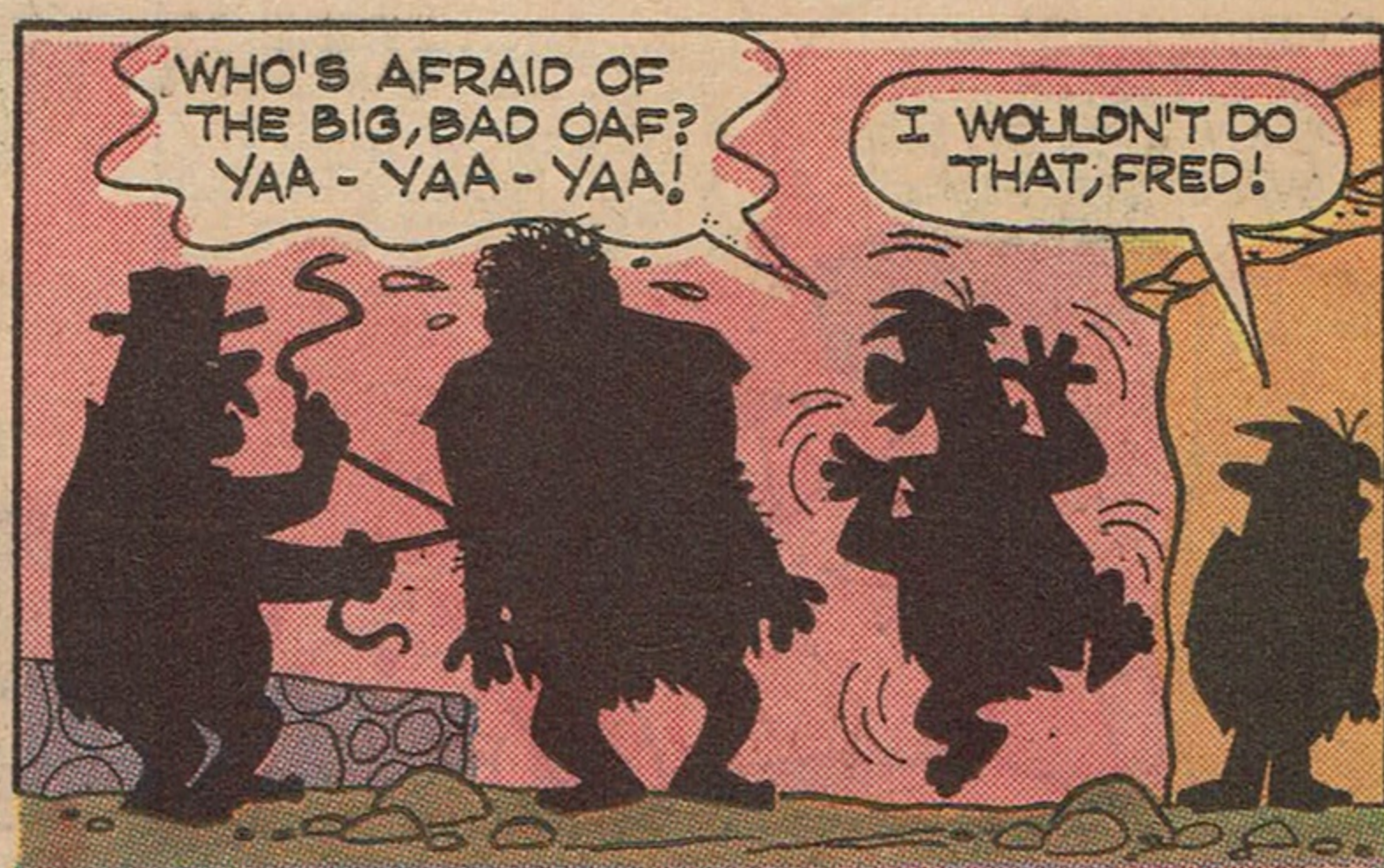
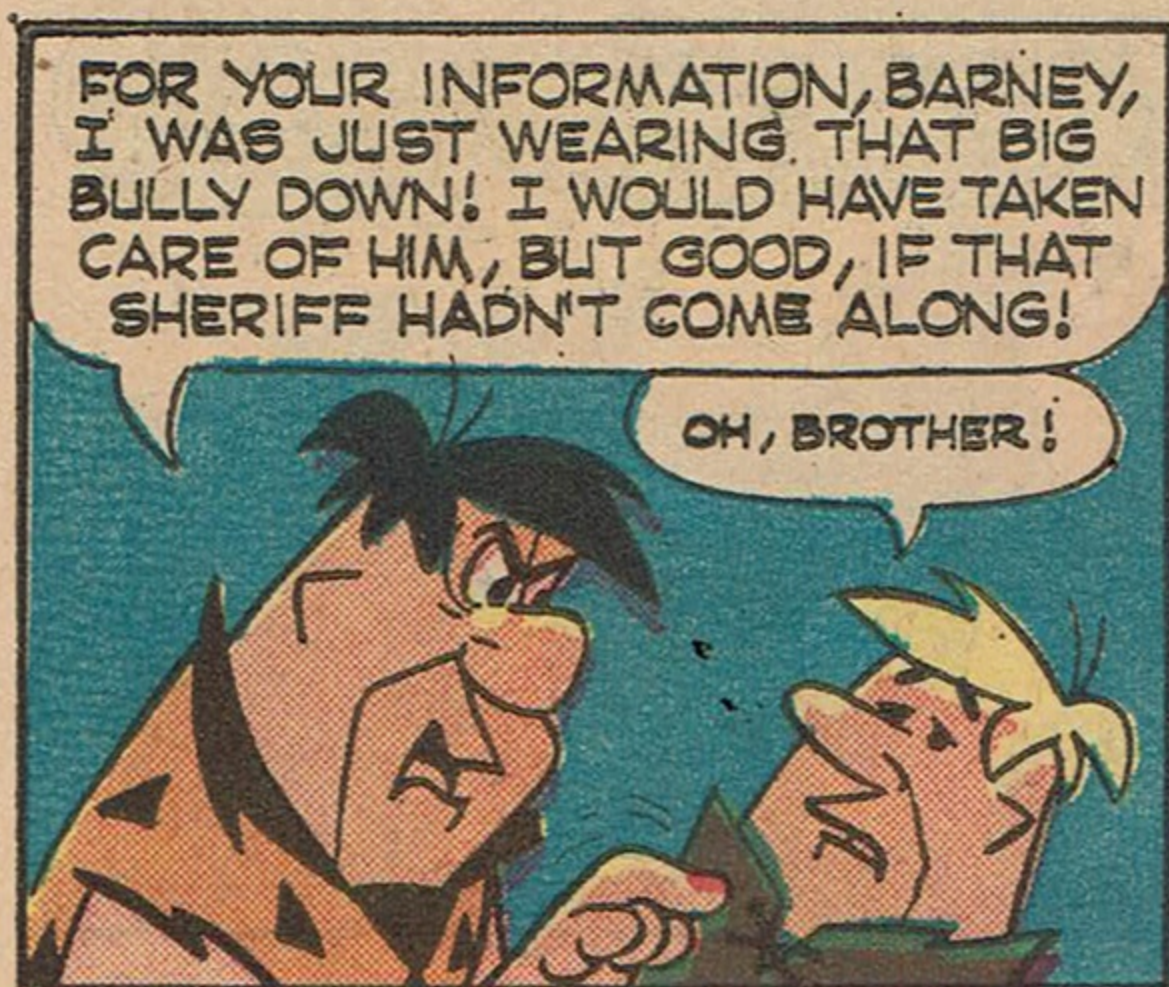


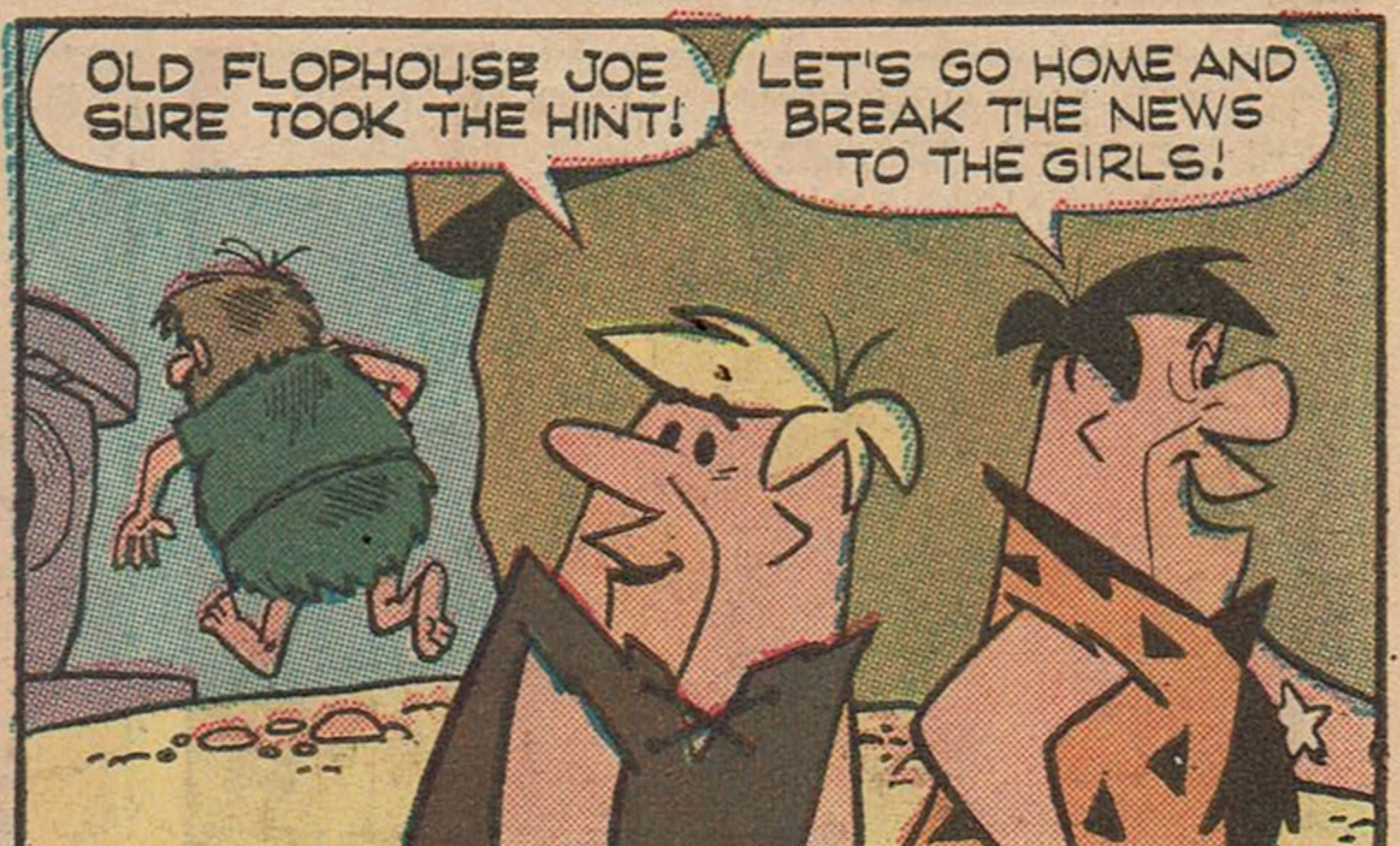
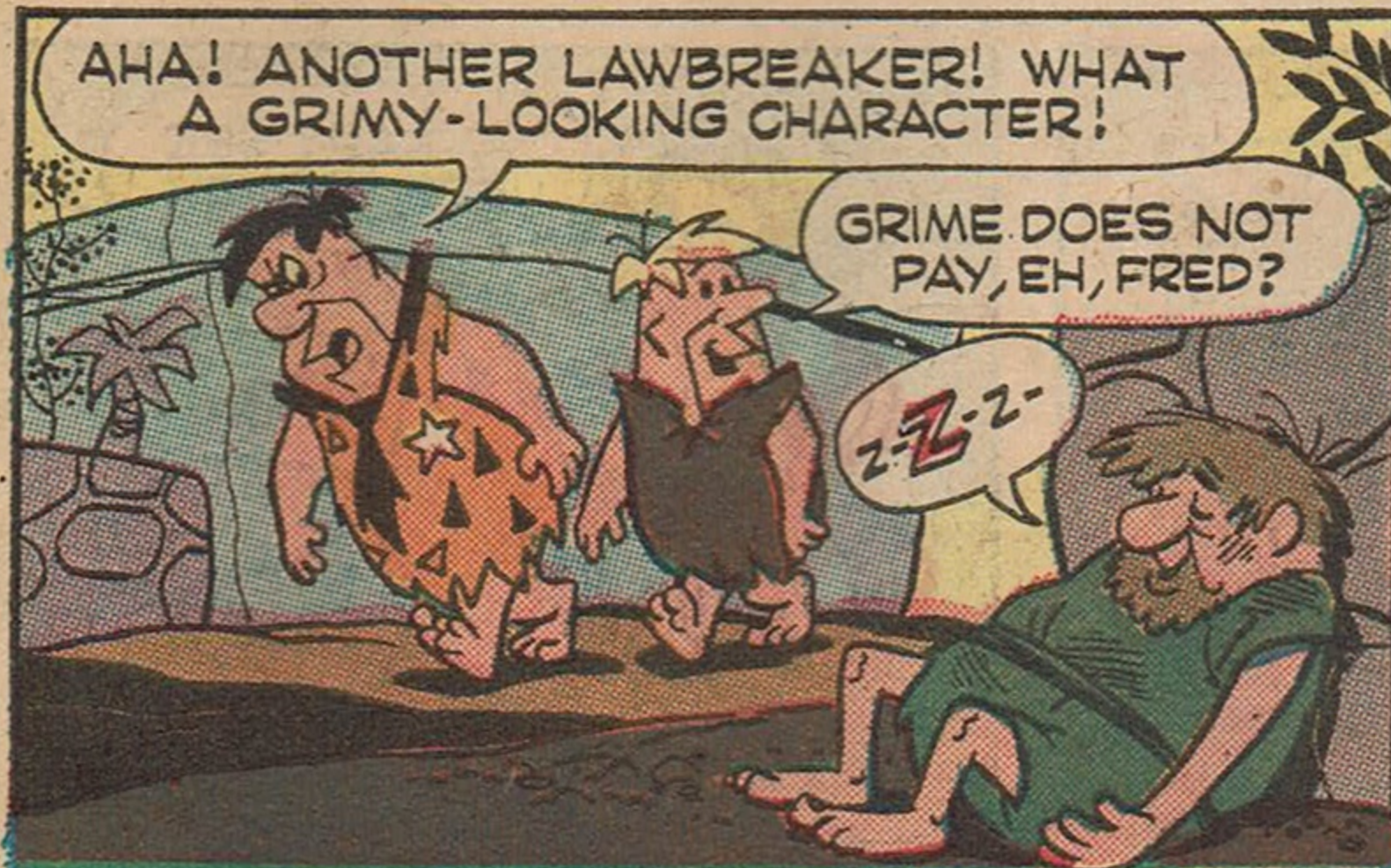
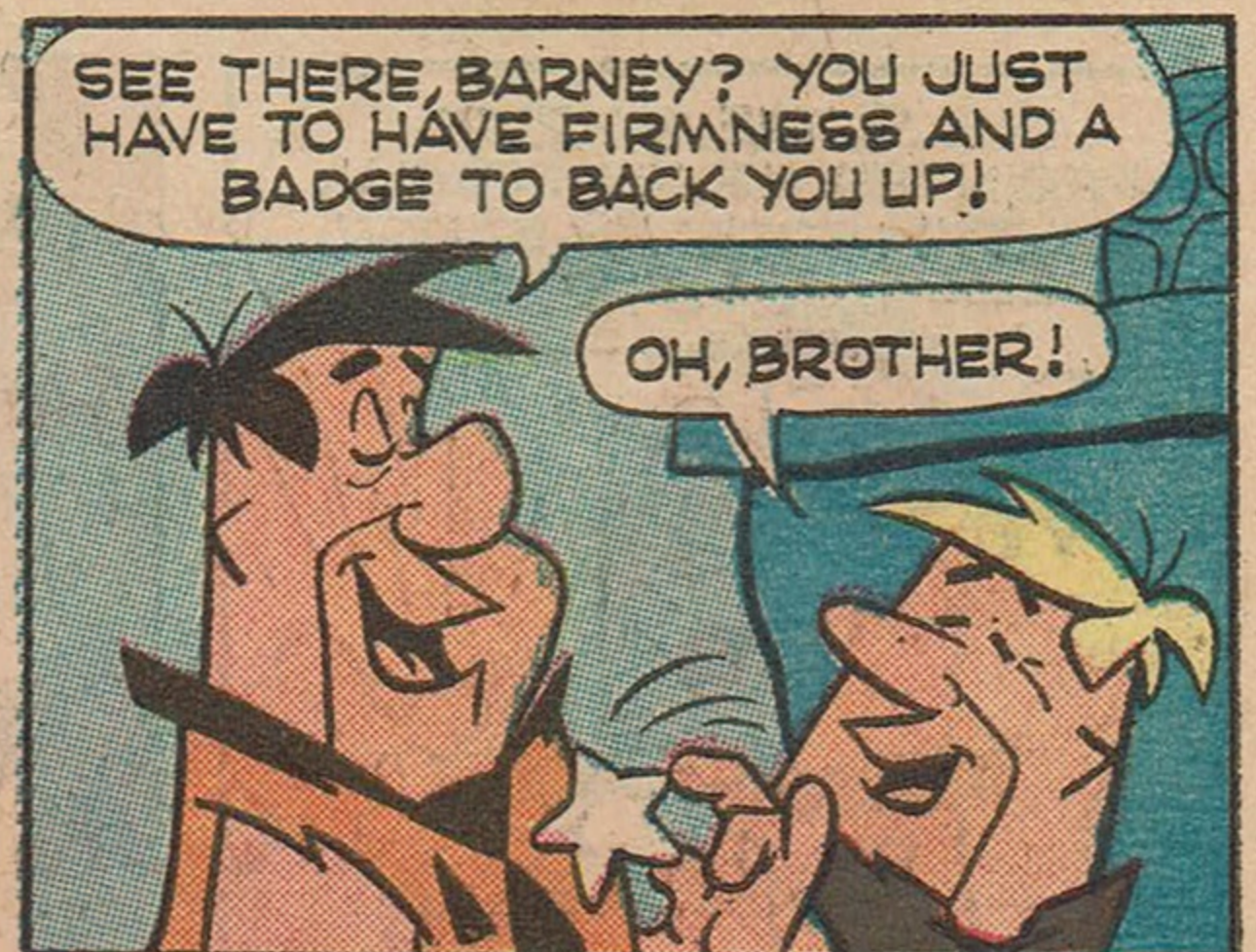


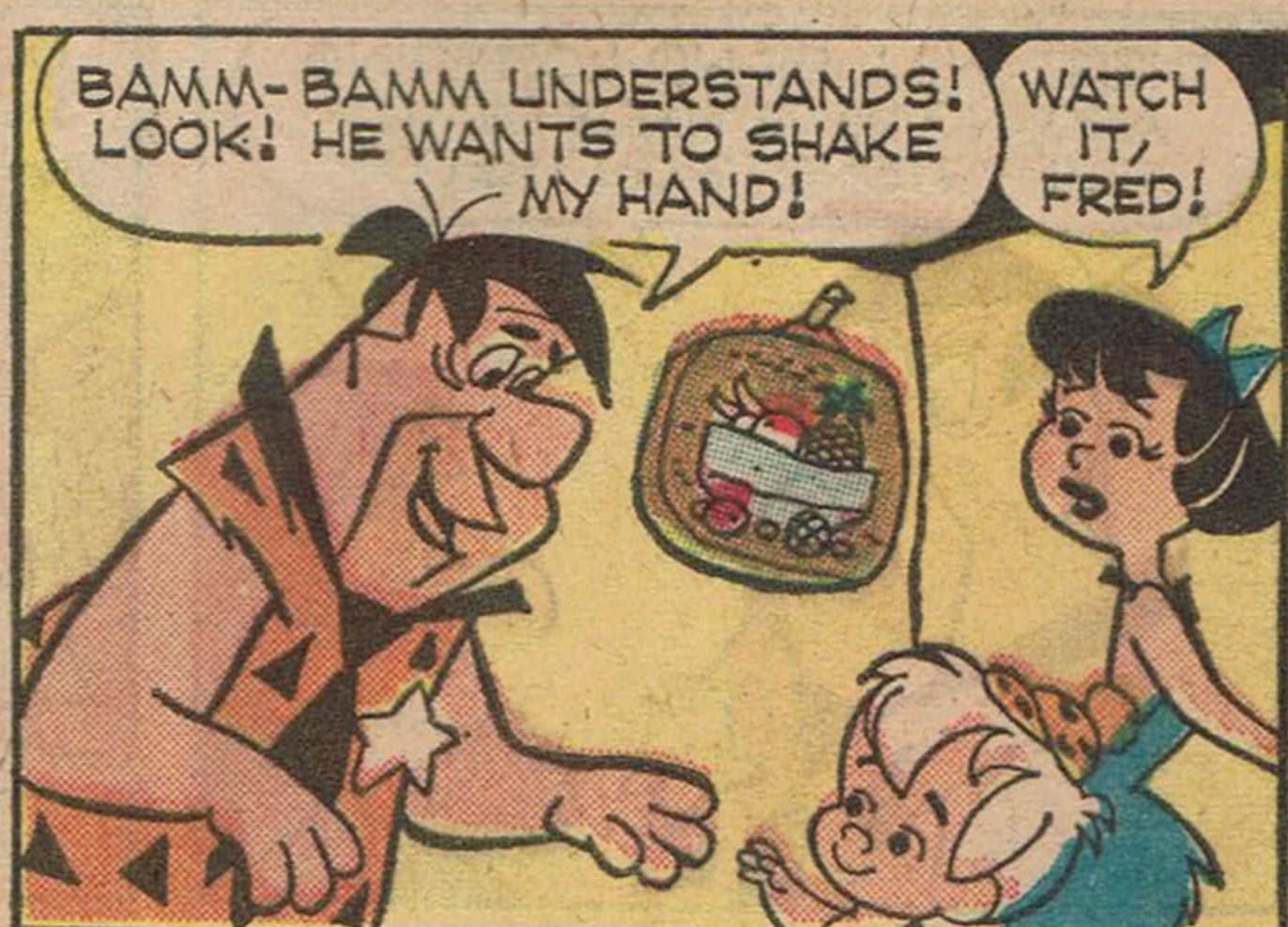
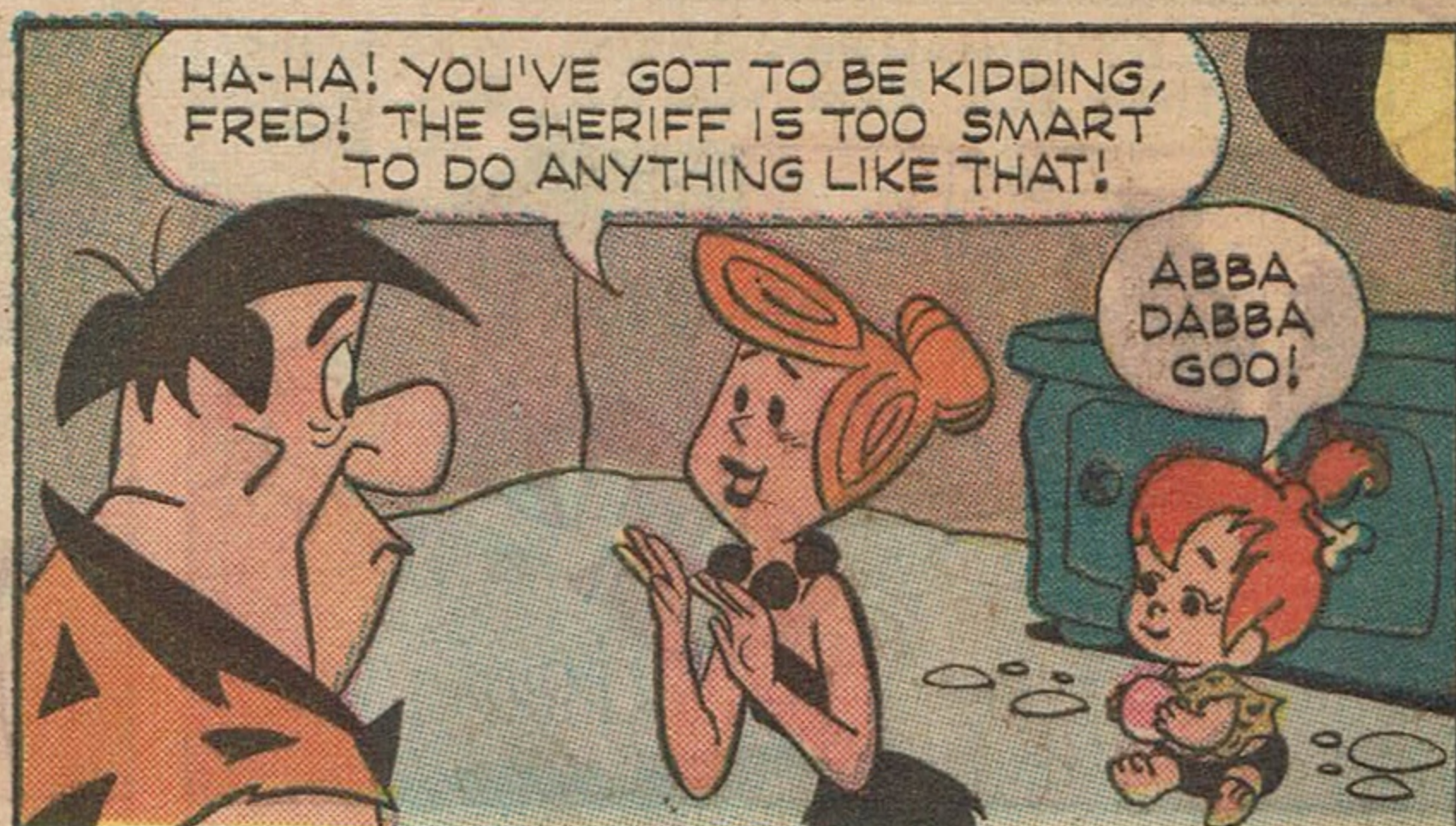
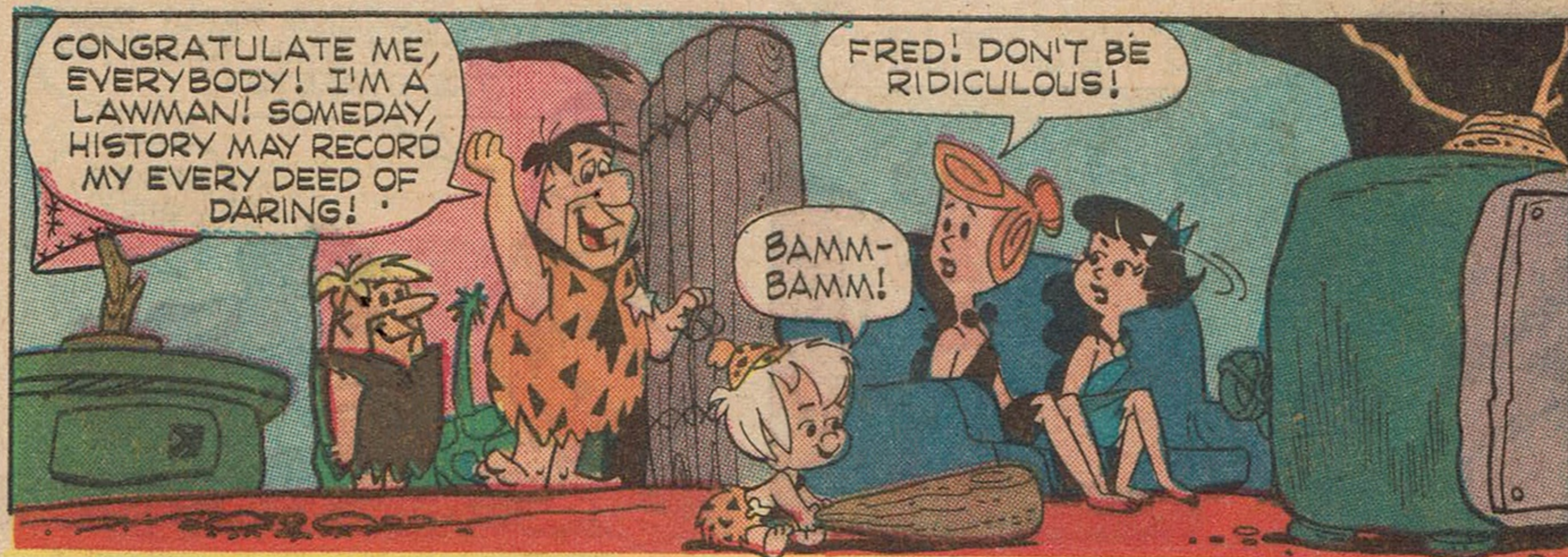
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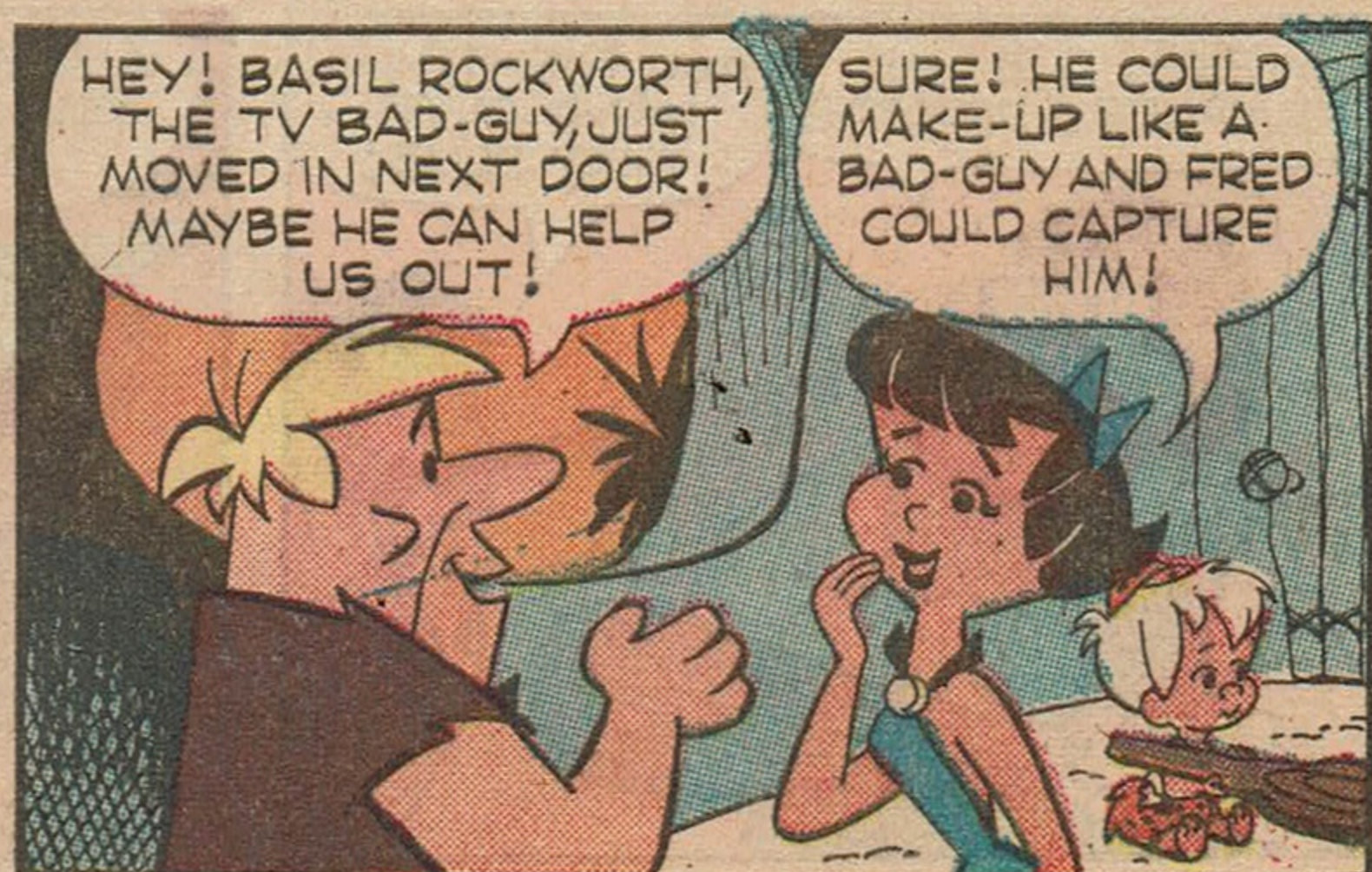
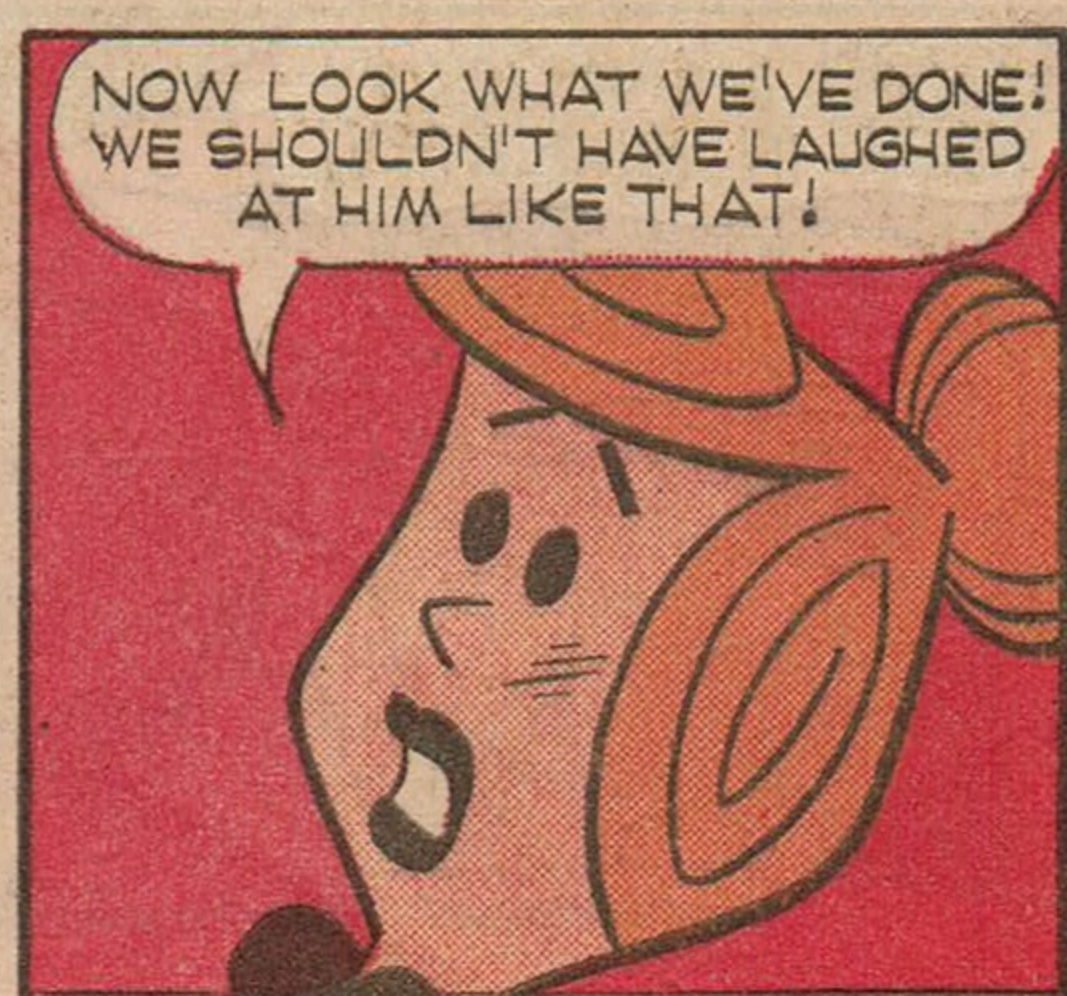
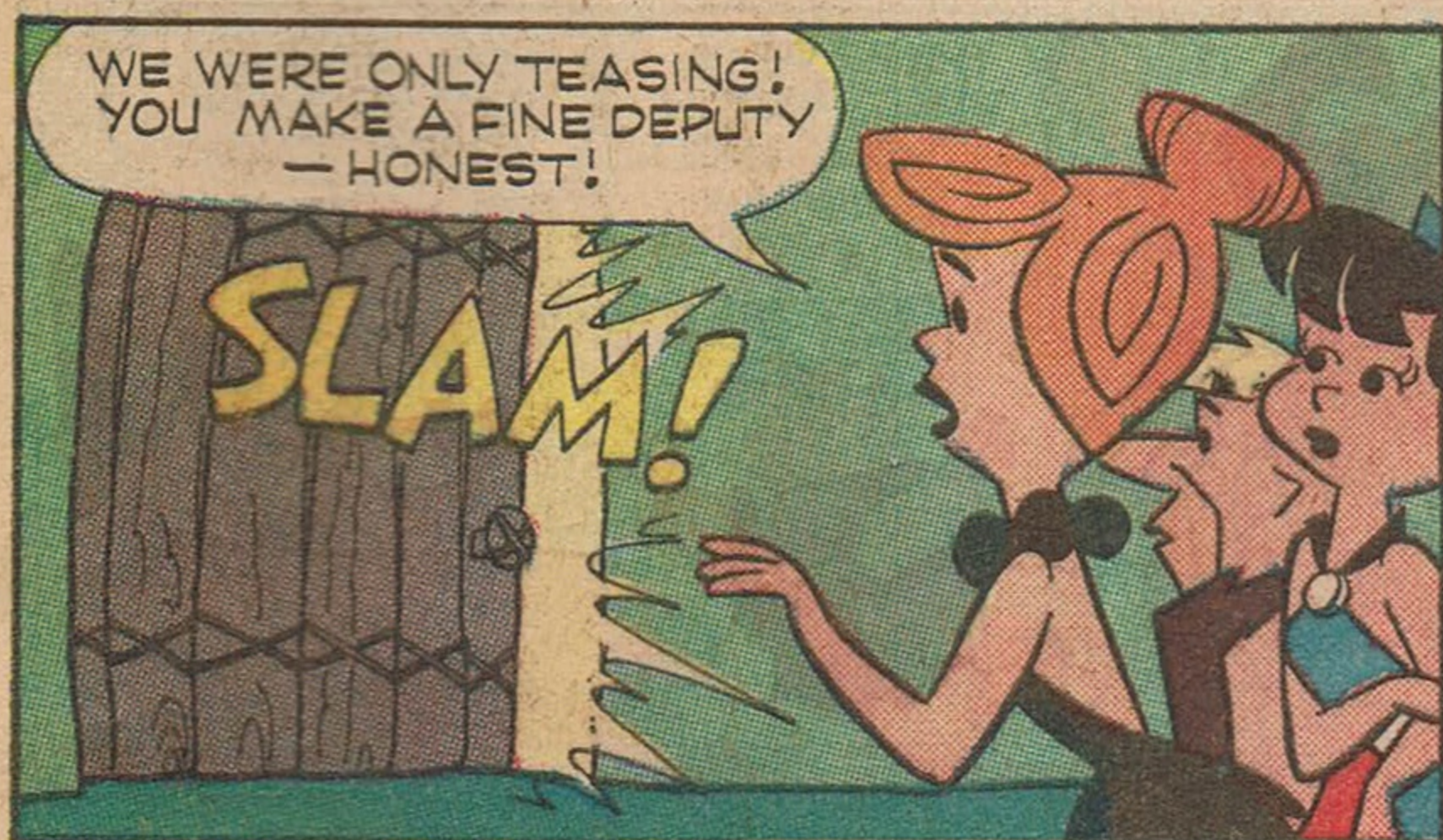
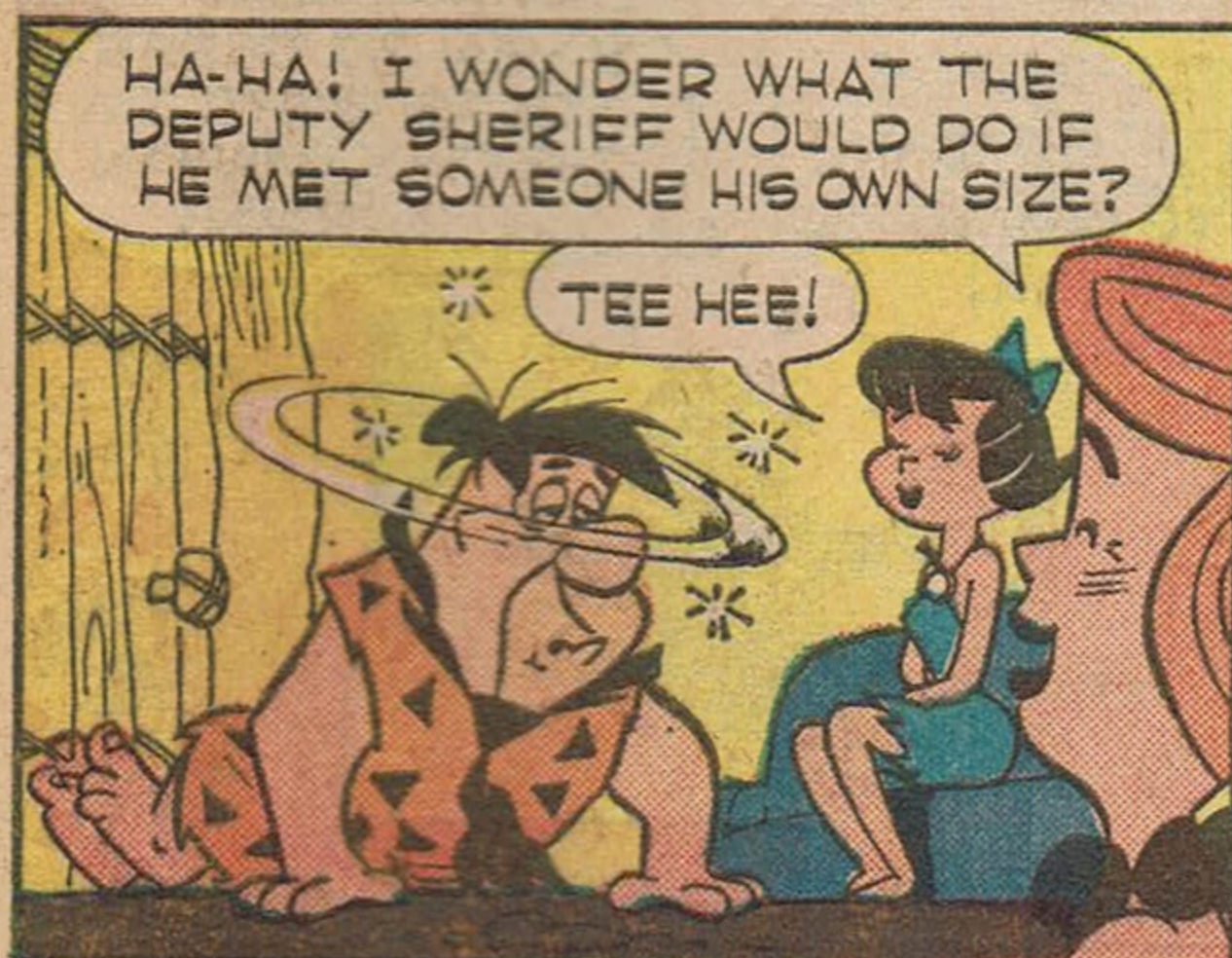
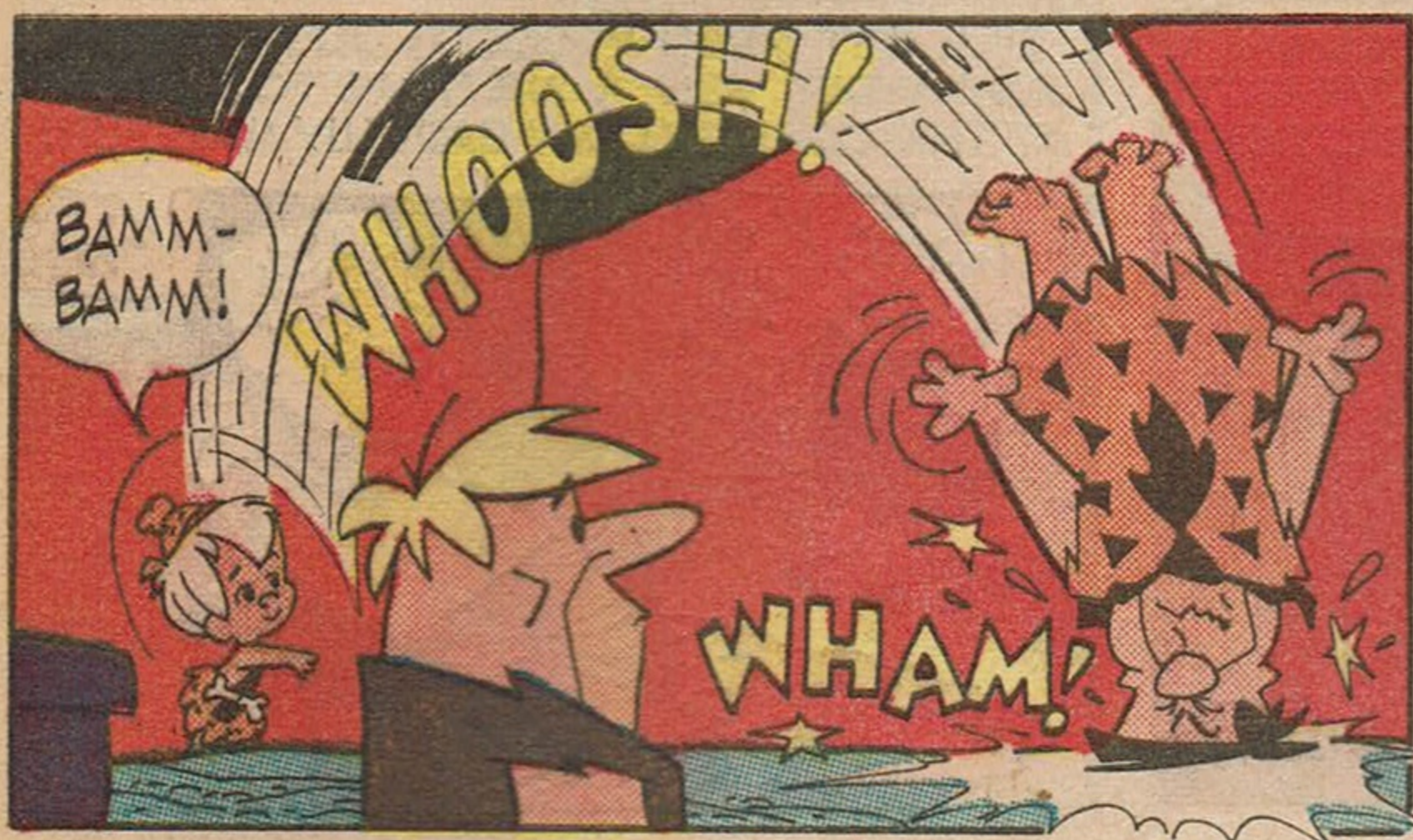




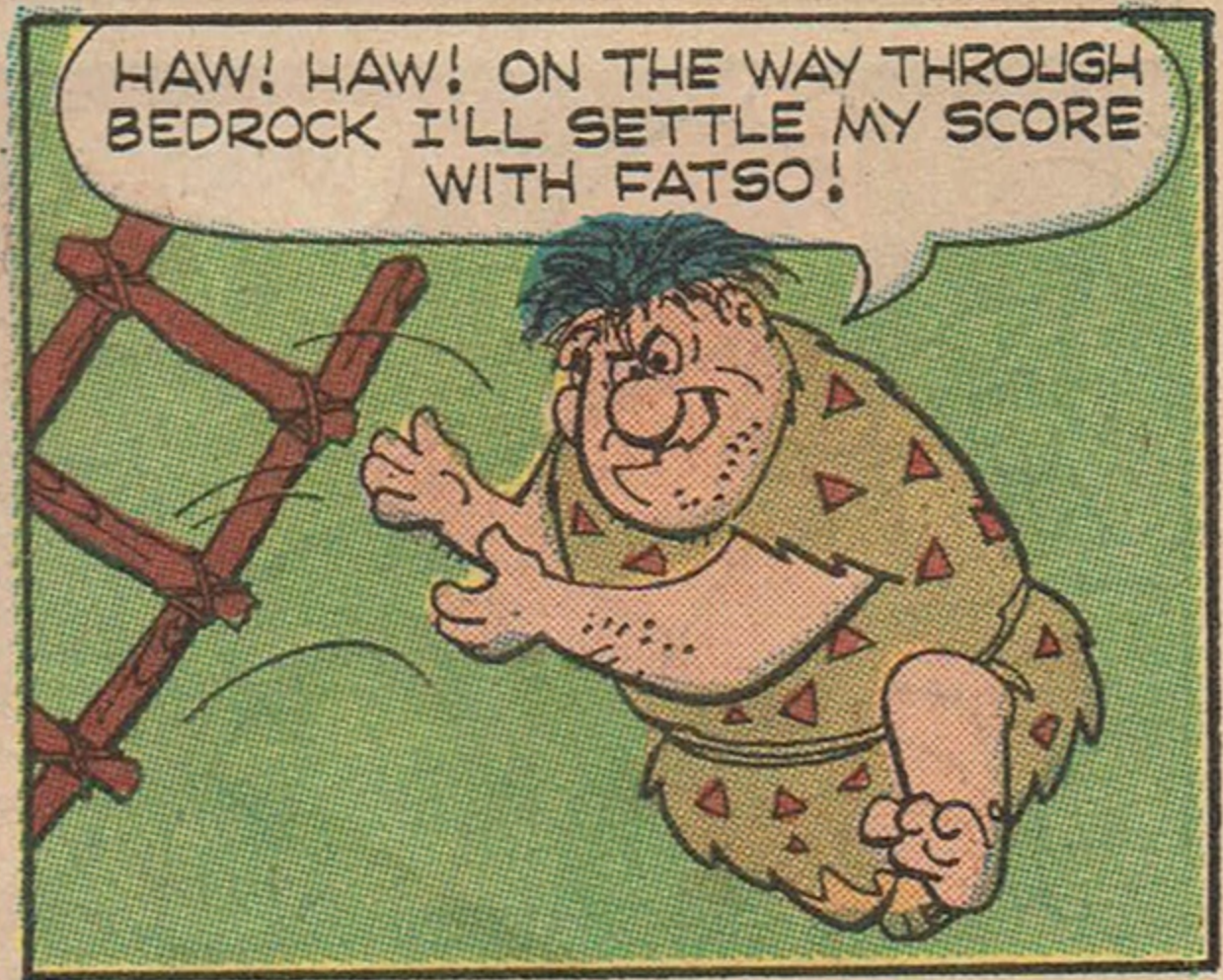
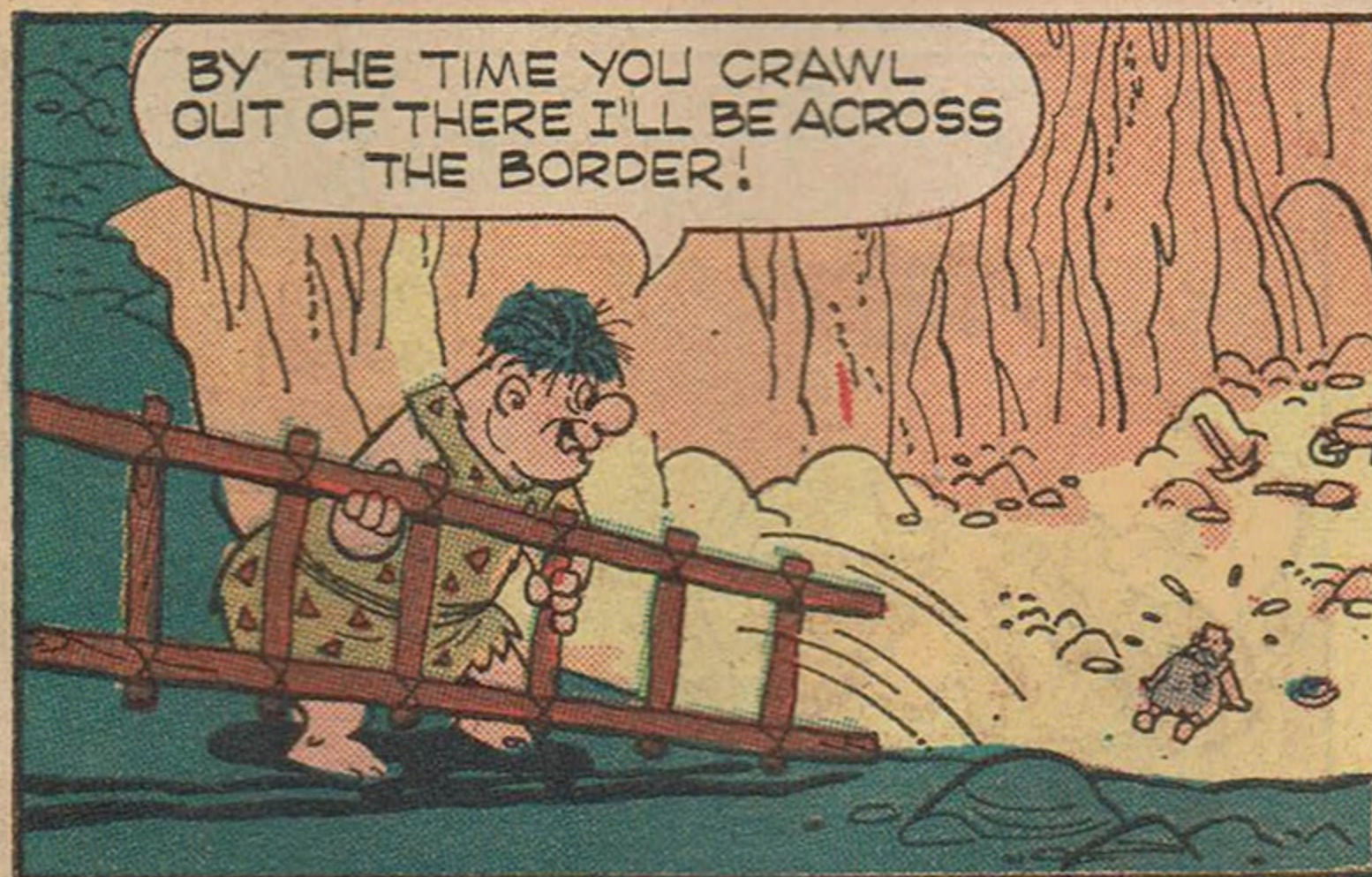
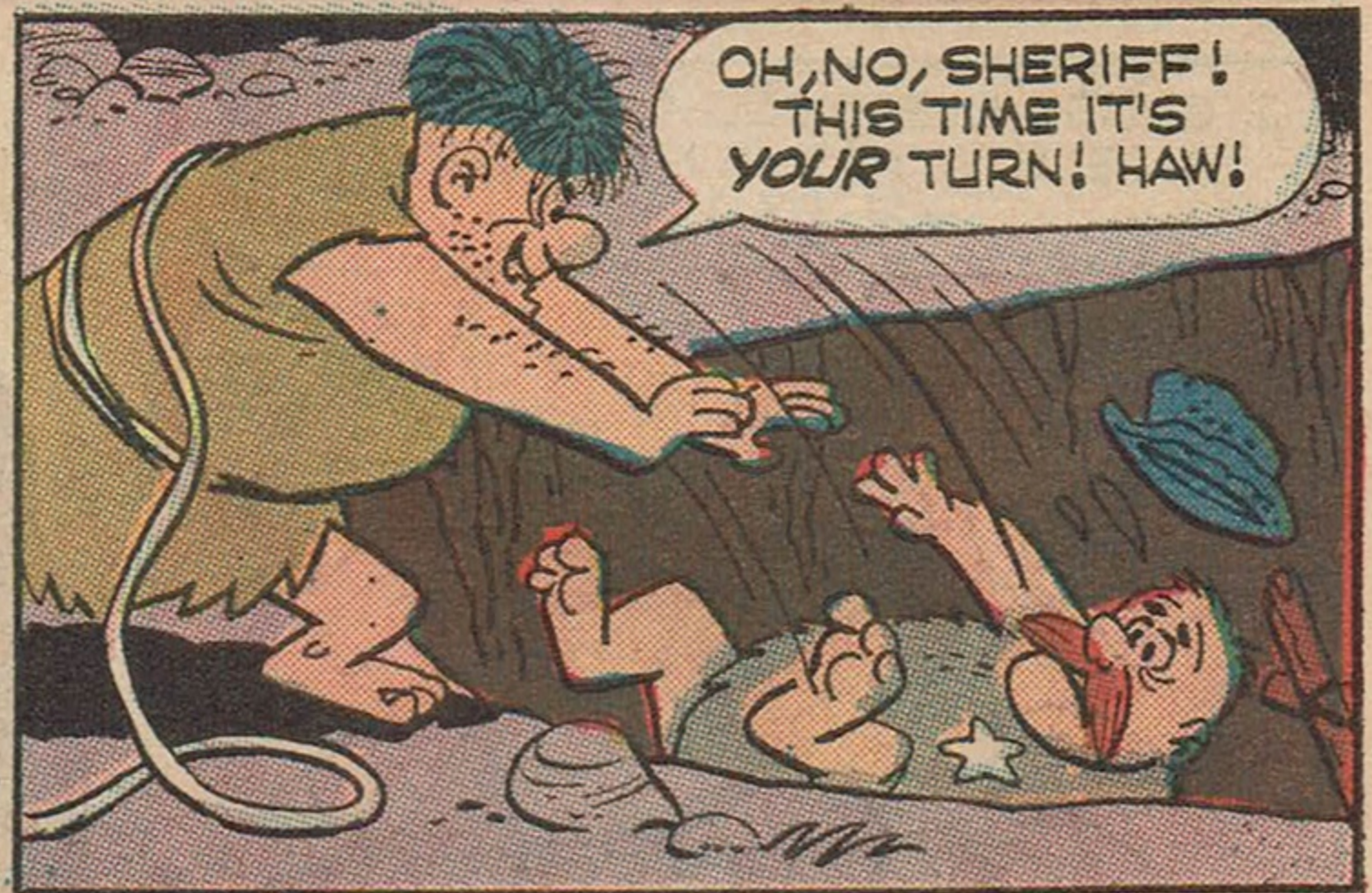
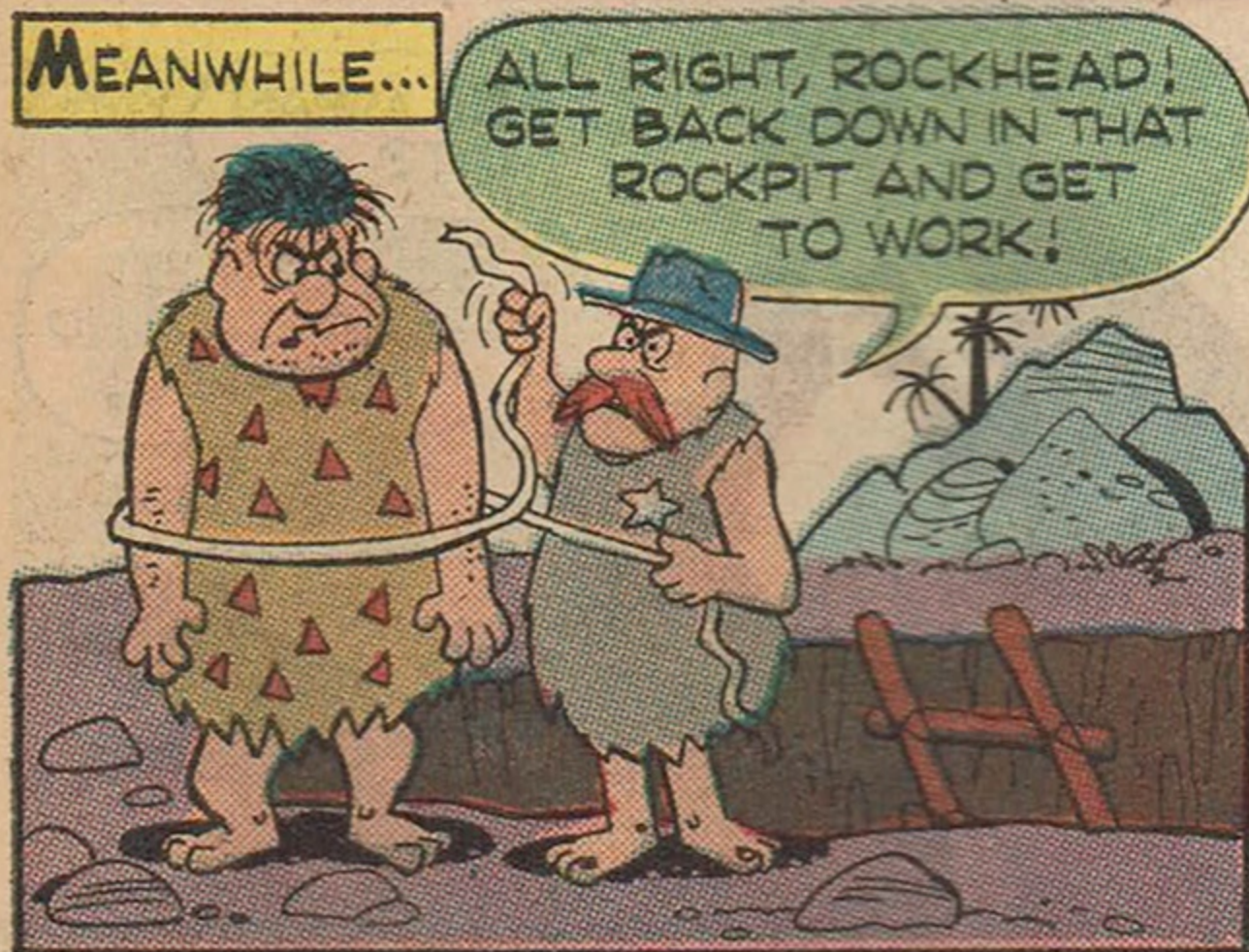


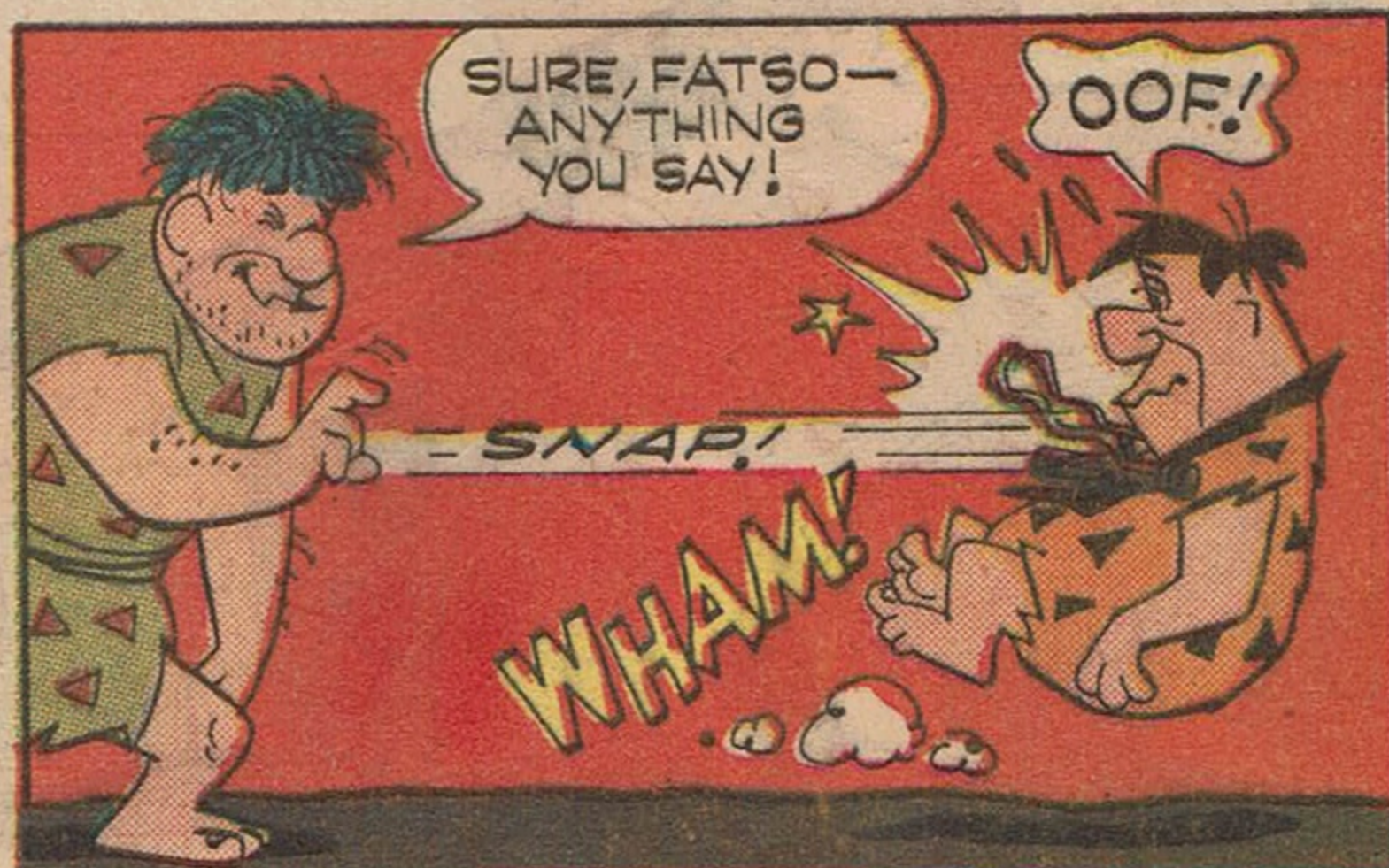
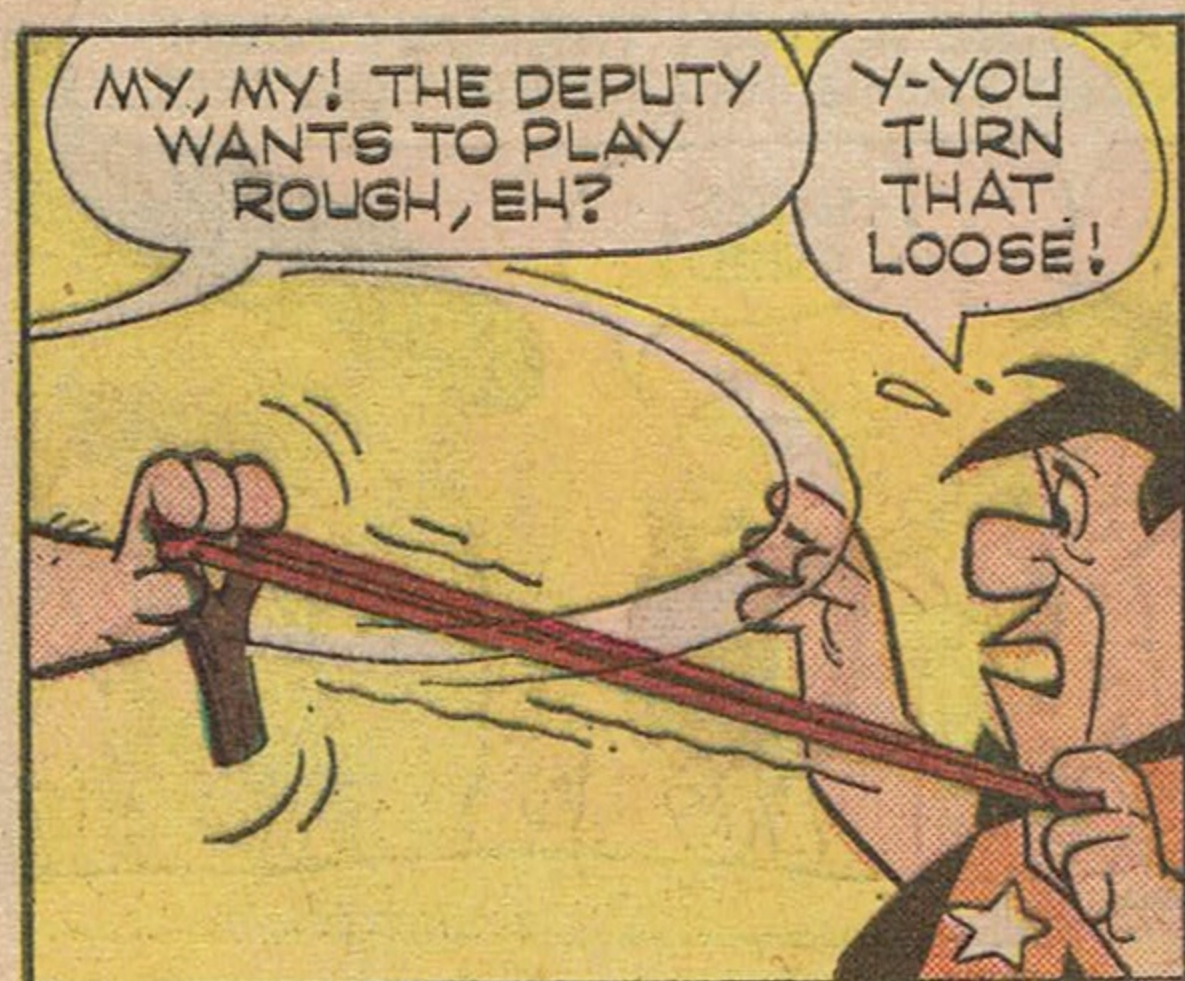
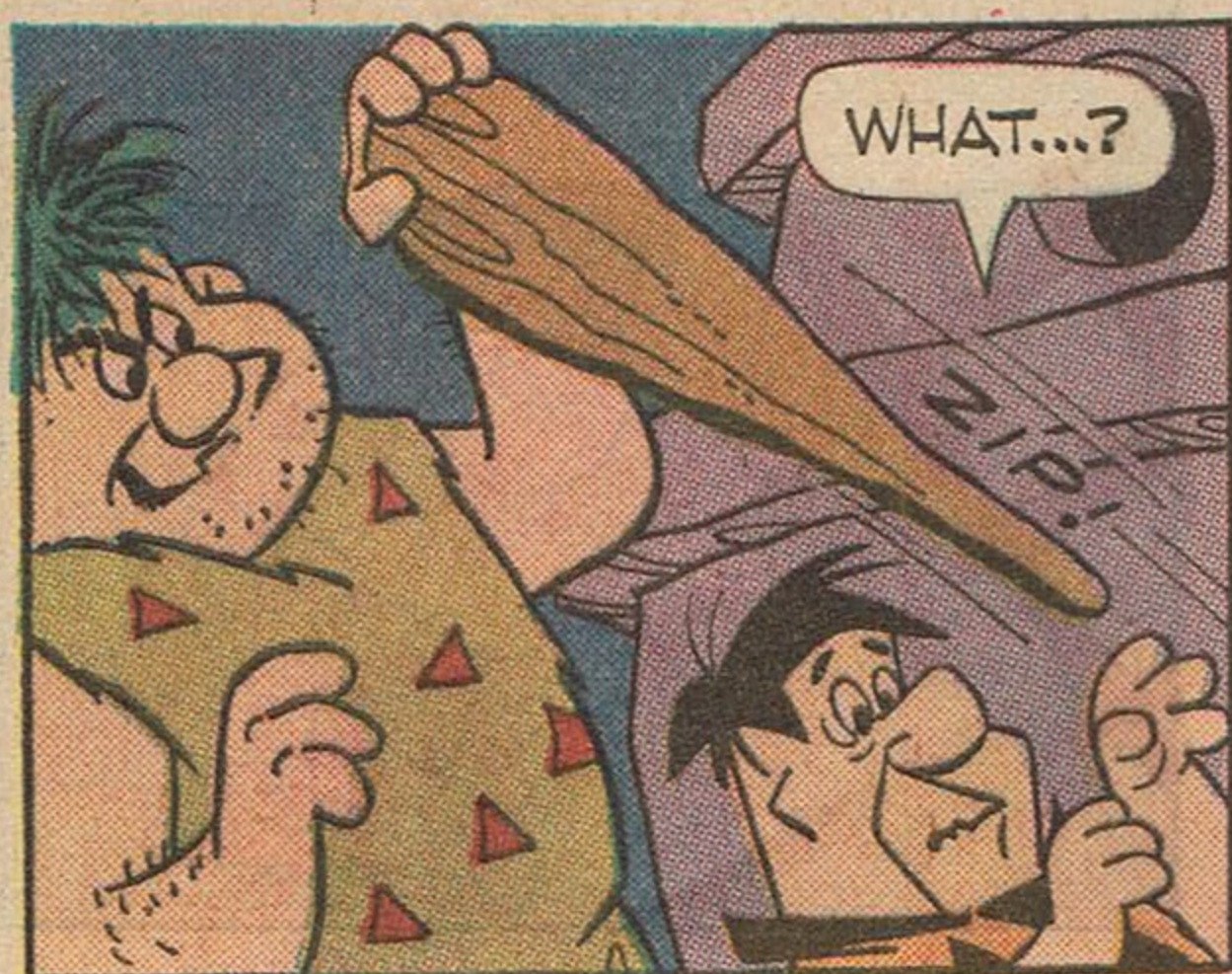


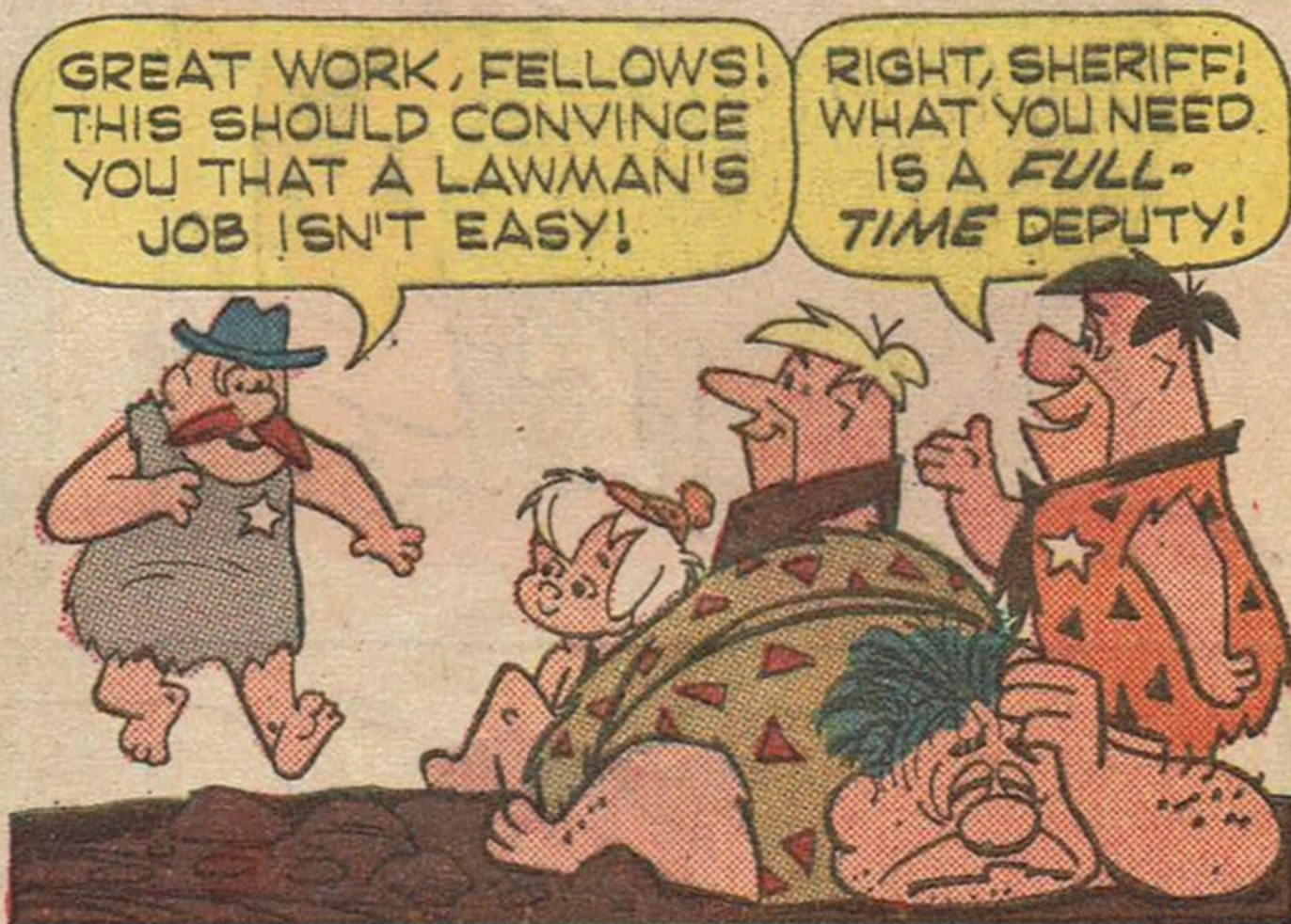
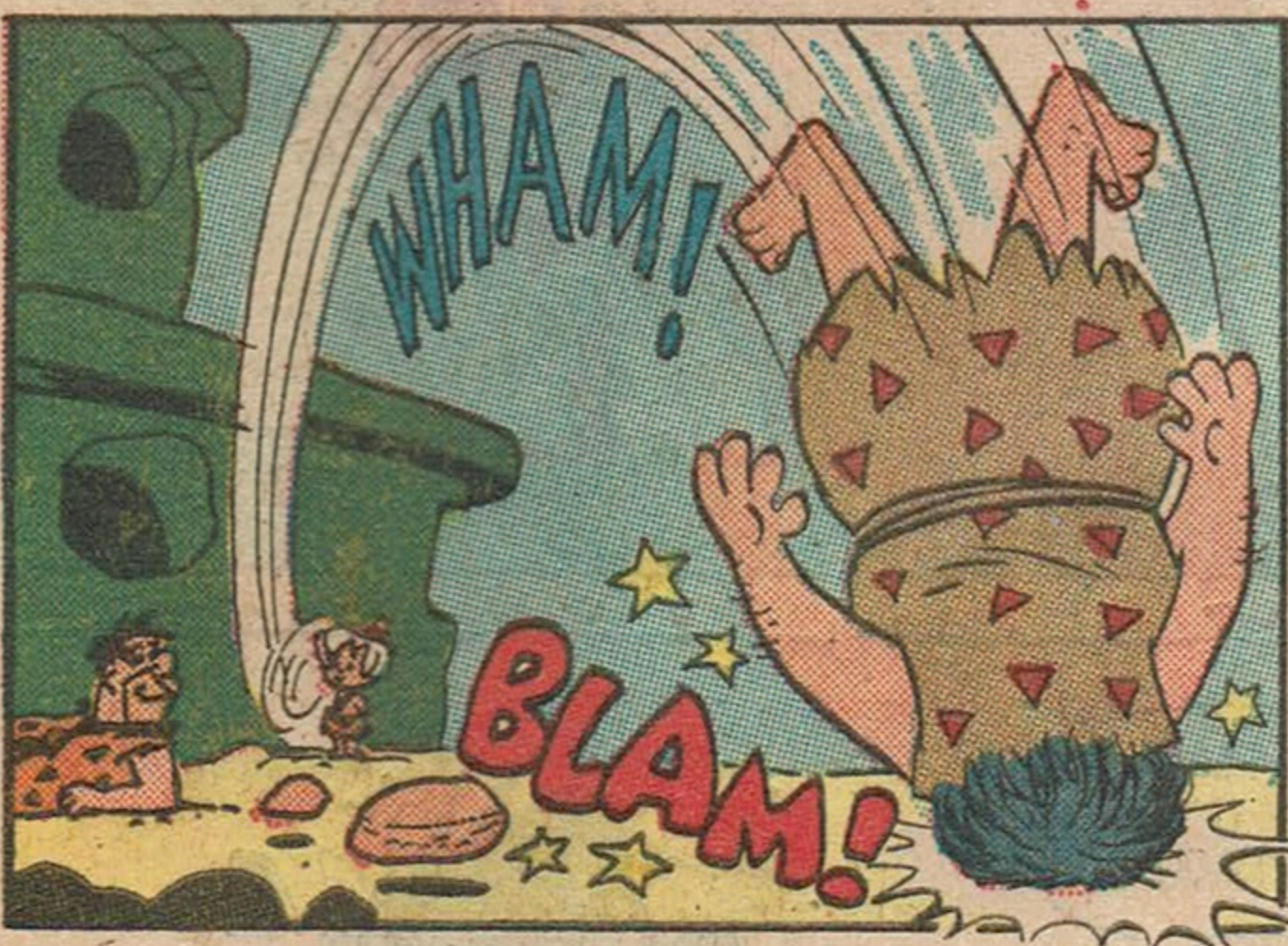
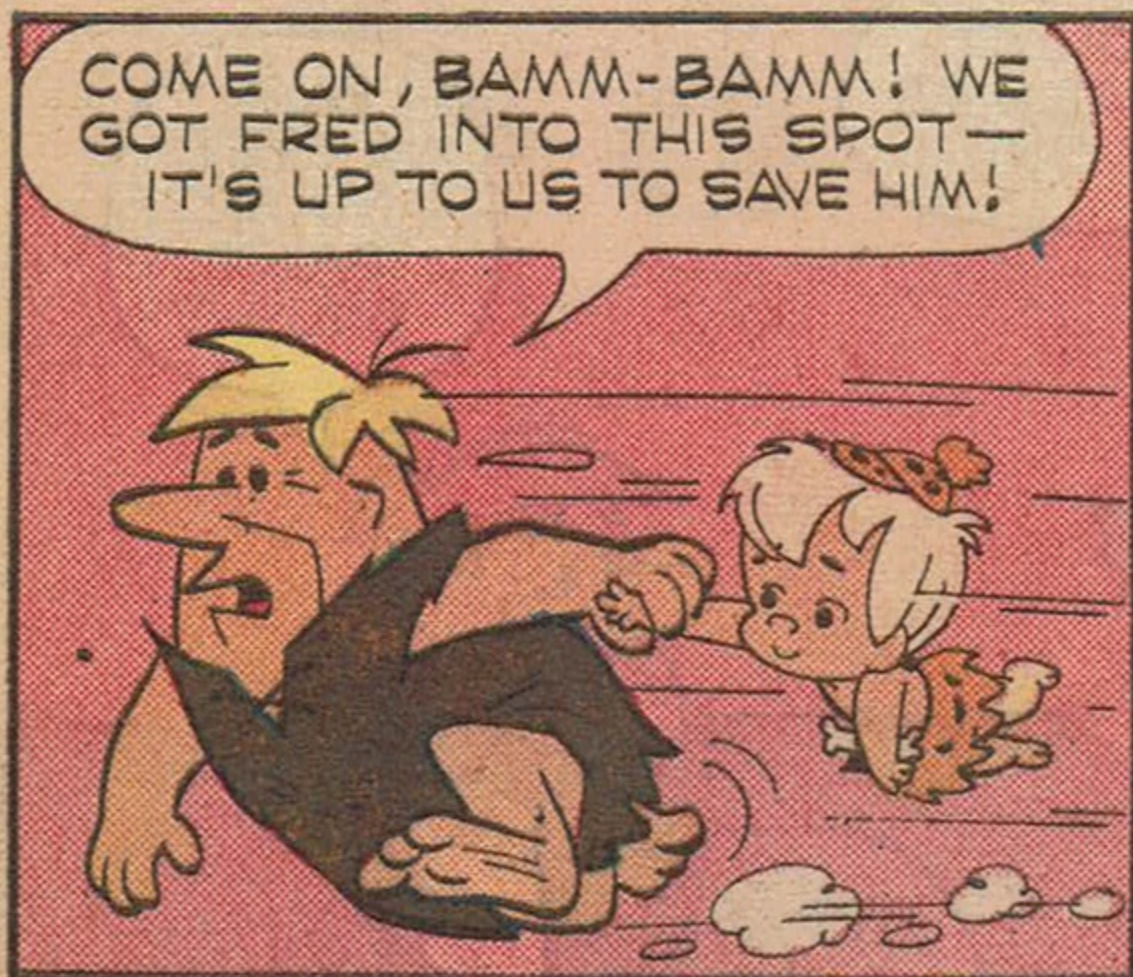












Hanna-Barbera

THE FLINTSTONES

